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Edition de Luxe

The Louvre

Constantinople

By

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

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VOLUME V.

The C. T. Brainard Publishing Co.

Boston New York

EDITION DE LUXE

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THE LOUVRE

Introduction

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER is almost the ideal art critic: he is a painter who has given up painting to take to journalism, and who is not in the least swayed by any desire to praise his own works at the expense of others or to force a pet theory down the throats of his fellows and the public; and he is a writer absolutely without a peer when it is a question of describing form or colour. The deep, intense, all-pervading love of beauty which is his characteristic trait, makes him enjoy good pictures most keenly. The sentiment of profound satisfaction, of intellectual and esthetic delight which then fills his whole being, he communicates to and shares with the reader of his appreciations and criticisms. He describes the works of the great masters so lovingly, so sympathetically, so vividly that they acquire an additional value and exhibit new charms to the student. Gautier enters into the artist's state of

mind; he feels as he must have felt, and thus brings out the real meaning and worth of the work.

He is neither narrow-minded nor indifferent in his tastes. He appreciates the Venetian painters and rejoices in the Florentines; the Romans attract him and the Spaniards make him enthusiastic; the French and Dutch, dissimilar as they are, have equal charms for him. He is tied by no doctrine, fettered by no national prejudice or preference, but wherever he perceives one of the manifold aspects of beauty he is drawn to it, and in his turn draws the reader. A Kermess by Teniers and a Coronation by Fra Angelico da Fiesole are at opposite poles of art, but he adores the Early master and deeply enjoys the realist. Holbein and Watteau are assuredly far from kin, save in that both seek beauty and attain it by different means and in different measure, but Gautier sees no reason why he should despise the one and praise the other only — both interest, both delight him. The severe art of the former satisfies one side of his nature, the delicate daintiness of the other answers to his sense of gracefulness and elegance.

This does not mean that he has not personal preferences, or that he places all painters on an equal foot-

ing; far from it. He has unquestionably a marked affection for Leonardo da Vinci; perhaps, had he been compelled to make a single choice, to declare himself for one painter exclusively, — a cruel necessity to which he was happily not reduced, — Leonardo would have been awarded the palm, but Gautier would have always hungered after a Titian or two, a devotional picture by Murillo, a portrait by Velasquez, an Alchemist by Rembrandt, a Feast by Veronese, a Madonna by Raphael. At a time when the Early masters, whether Italian, German, or Flemish, were neither as well understood nor as much appreciated as they now are, Gautier lovingly pointed out their many beauties, the simplicity of their conceptions, the sincerity of their feeling, the tenderness of their manner, the artlessness of their expression, the purity of their thought. That they were practically ignored in no wise affected his opinion of them; they had striven, and successfully, to reproduce something of the glowing vision of Beauty, and the holiness of Art was on their work. This was, rightly enough, sufficient for him.

His account of the numberless masterpieces in the Louvre is fascinating reading. The man is happy;

every fibre of his artistic being thrills with joy; he drinks deep of the satisfaction noble works give the soul lofty enough to understand them. His temperament is attuned to the divine harmonies of these wondrous compositions; there is perfect accord, complete understanding between them and him. It is no carping criticism he writes, for he cares not for the cheap sneer of the envious incapable. He sees beauty, his goddess, he beholds art, the object of his worship, in all these paintings; and what he sees, the reader must see also. The visitor who roams through the vast galleries must be made to understand and feel the power and charm of the wonderful works spread before him, for Gautier is no believer in the notion that the greatest beauty is at once and plainly perceived by every eye. Beauty is hidden from most mortals, and they must be touched by the wonder-worker ere they can discern it in its fulness. This is precisely what Gautier does in this book — he reveals masterpieces, trains the taste, educates the eye, broadens the mind.

His very language is the painter's speech; he writes with colours; his pen turns into a brush, and in his pages glow all the tints, shine all the lights, darken all the shadows of the originals.

INTRODUCTION

The Museum of the Louvre, one of the very richest in Europe, was founded by the Convention, but fine collections of paintings, drawings, and other works of art existed in France long before that time. At that marvellous epoch called the Renaissance, Francis I, to whom the modern Louvre owes its existence, began to collect paintings and strove to found a school of artists inspired by Italian ideals. Andrea del Sarto was intrusted by him with large sums for the purchase of masterpieces; del Sarto squandered the money, but Primaticcio, the next to be selected, fulfilled his commission more honourably. Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Raphael, Titian are now represented by works acquired by the knightly King. Catherine de' Medici and Cardinal Mazarin were both great collectors — every one knows the clever way in which the latter managed to procure the Barberini Correggio. Louis XIV, whose love of pomp somewhat narrowed his views on art, added many valuable works. It was his secretary, Colbert, who negotiated the purchase of the famous Jabach collection. Versailles, Fontainebleau, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, were full of rare and precious works of art.

It was necessary, however, to collect the finest of

them in some one place where they would be readily accessible to the artists and the public, and under Louis XVI the question of creating a great Museum was earnestly discussed. The Comte d'Andiviller proposed to establish in the Great Gallery of the Louvre a permanent exhibition of the masterpieces of sculpture and painting of all ancient and modern schools, but the unsettled state of public affairs prevented the carrying-out of the project. On May 31, 1791, the National Assembly voted to transform the Tuileries and the Louvre into a national palace to be used partly as a royal residence, but mainly as an Art Museum. Two years later the Convention took up the project and carried it out, the Museum being opened in the month of August. Under the rule of the great Napoleon the collections in the Louvre were prodigiously enriched by the spoils of Italy, Spain, and Germany, but all these works, that combined to make Paris the greatest art centre in the world, had to be restored to their original owners when Napoleon fell. Even after undergoing these losses, the Museum remained one of the most remarkable in all Europe, and there can be no more delightful guide to its picture galleries than Théophile Gautier.

The book itself, which bears in French the long title of "The Amateur's Guide to the Museum of the Louvre, followed by the Lives and Works of some Painters," was written for the *Paris Guide*, a publication comprising articles by most of the leading writers of France, and intended to enlighten visitors to the Exhibition of 1867. In 1882 this section was published in separate book form in the collection of Gautier's works, under the title given above. The essay on Leonardo da Vinci was intended to be the first of a series bearing the title "The Twelve Gods of Painting," to be published in *l'Artiste*. The Leonardo was the only one that appeared, in 1858; it was to have been followed by an essay on Fra Angelico da Fiesole. It was republished in 1863 in "The Gods and Demigods of Painting," to which Arsène Houssaye and Paul de Saint-Victor also contributed, and in 1882, like the essays on Murillo and Reynolds, it was added to the volume on the Louvre.

The essay on Murillo appeared first in *le Moniteur universel* of August 3, 1858; it was republished in *l'Artiste* of December 1, 1867. That on Reynolds was one of a series of articles on the Art Section of the London Exhibition of 1862, and appeared

in *le Moniteur universel* of June 12 of that year. It was republished also in "The Gods and Demigods of Painting" in 1863 and in *l'Artiste* in 1868, before being finally incorporated in the Louvre volume.

The Louvre

THE LOUVRE

I

THE HALL OF THE SEVEN CHIMNEYS

IT is with a feeling of respectful apprehension that I approach the depository in which in successive generations the ideals of all nations have found a resting-place. Beauty has its temple here, and may be admired in its most diverse manifestations. In the centre of the great capital, the Museum is like the cameo that clasps a bracelet of precious stones. Art has marked it with its noblest seal, and it is an arduous task to find words worthy of such a subject.

Let us, then, enter without delay, — for we have a maze of masterpieces to traverse, to which my description shall serve as a guiding thread, — let us cross rapidly the great gallery of the Museum of Napoleon III, to which we shall return at some other time, refuse to be attracted by the terra-cottas of the Campana collection, and enter the great hall which is the

Tribune of the French school. Here are met together Gros, Guérin, Girardet, Gérard, — the four G's, as it was customary formerly to call them, and to whom soon was to be added Géricault. Regnault, Fabre, Prud'hon, Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, and Decamps appear here also. Delacroix is wanting; but glory has to wait in the outer hall for a few years before being admitted to this temple where posterity begins. If I commence with the French school, it is because it is at home here. Like a well-bred mistress of a house, it stands in the first hall to receive visitors and to introduce them into that vast palace of art, which it well deserves to inhabit, and where it holds an honourable place among the masterpieces of all countries and of all schools.

Two great paintings by David fill up one whole side of the hall: "The Rape of the Sabines," and "Leonidas at Thermopylæ." David, whose fame was for a time dimmed by the dust raised about the year 1830 by the great battles between the Romanticists and the Classicists, will nevertheless remain henceforth a master, placed here above all attacks. He found and realised completely a new ideal, — a rare thing in art. Assuredly I have no intention of condemning the

charming, clever, and thoroughly French art of the eighteenth century, but David did require to be possessed of remarkable power to break away so abruptly from his surroundings and withdraw from the silver and azure atmosphere in which fluttered Boucher's Cupids. People do not remember sufficiently nowadays, accustomed as they are to the pale reproductions which followed, how new at that time, how original, how unexpected, how spontaneous was the talent which at one time it was fashionable to look down upon and contemn, along with what was called in studios the Empire Style. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, Vien was not the precursor of David, and it is a waste of time to try to find ancestors for him. He had no precursor, he was born spontaneously, and the Latin line, *prolem sine matre creatam*, may be applied to his work. Never did a more indefatigable will pursue beauty, and if there are natures more fortunately endowed than was David's, there are none more firm, more determined, more resolved in the attainment of their aim. His was a virile genius; he loved art with a strong love and took it seriously. His passion for antiquity, a passion unknown to the eighteenth century, was no doubt responsible for his confounding

Greek statuary with Roman statuary, but Winckelmann, the learned archæologist, committed the same mistake; criticism was not born then and the sculptures of the Parthenon were unknown; but David felt that true beauty lay there, and that it was in these precious remains that one must seek for beautiful lines, heroic feeling, and noble movements.

Besides, it would be a grave mistake to suppose that David did not have the right feeling for nature, or saw it merely through antiquity. His "Portrait of Pope Pius VII" and "Marat in his Bath" prove sufficiently that he was able to represent it in all its simplicity and energy. He was not repelled even by the horrible, in spite of his love for classical beauty. That his style, so noble and so bold, became academic later through imitation is a misfortune for which the artist cannot be held responsible; every original calls forth copies. No one can deny that David possessed a thorough knowledge of drawing, strengthened by the incessant study of models, unified and, as it were, brought back to a general type by his familiarity with antiquity. His composition was original, well balanced, and symmetrical like the plan of a beautiful tragedy. It cannot be denied that his figures sometimes turned to statues, and

his groups were arranged as if they were a marble bas-relief; he often lacked quickening, pulsating life; but through his coldness, which is more apparent than real, intense passion, an unshakable faith, and an iron will, make themselves felt. During a very long period David's authority was immense, uncontested, unrivalled; he controlled like a despot the domain of art. Such dominion is not to be acquired without uncommon power, and — why should I not say it? — without genius. Now that the Romanticist school has enriched the modern palette by the addition of the colours of Venice, Antwerp, and Seville, the colouring of David may strike one as gray, dull, and somewhat cold, but it possesses a severe harmony which does not offend the eye. He has exceedingly true combinations, often very fine in tone. His colouring is historical, as it were, and clothes the idea with a suitable vestment, neither too real nor too abstract.

"The Sabine Women interposing between the Romans and the Sabines" strikes me as being one of the best of David's works. The figure of Romulus about to hurl his javelin at Tatius is of the most elegant juvenility. It is thus, indeed, that genius fancies the hero must have been. His brazen buckler, the

boss of which is in the form of a she-wolf, forms in the centre of the canvas a luminous point to which the eye loves to return. His cleanly drawn muscular legs are as handsome as Apollo's. Tatius, who foresees the hurtling javelin, bends to avoid it. Hersilia springs forward with extended arms between the two combatants and seeks to separate them. Her head, which recalls the Greek type, seems to have been modelled after an antique marble, but the fresh, pure tints which colour her cheeks and her neck impart to them the flush of life. What could be lovelier than the group of children which the young mothers have brought to the battlefield to move the warriors and disarm their anger? The little child, still swathed, sucking its thumb, is charmingly artless. The proud port of the young equerries holding the horses in the right-hand corner of the painting, is full of grace. At the back are seen the buildings of nascent Rome and the continuation of the battle. Against the sky stand out the standards, formed of a handful of hay fastened to the shaft of a lance, which the world was to learn to gaze upon with terror. Everything in this remarkable composition is thought out, studied out, worked out, and carried to the highest perfection of which the artist

was capable. With the means at his disposal he could not have brought about a greater result. Nothing is left to chance; the master will of the painter never sleeps. The colouring of "The Rape of the Sabines" is clearer, more harmonious, more limpid, and less laboured than in the other works of the painter.

"Leonidas at Thermopylæ" is a noble composition, animated by a truly heroic breath. In the narrow gorge which is to be their tomb, the young Spartans, obedient to their orders, prepare to sell their lives dearly. On the path that runs along the mountain-side are seen the slaves retreating with the mules and the useless baggage. In the centre of the painting Leonidas, seated by the altar of Hercules, appears to be sunk in the tranquil and virile thoughtfulness of a man who has accomplished self-sacrifice and casts a last glance upon the world which he will never again see. On the right a Spartan writes on the rock with the hilt of his sword the inscription which is to serve as an epitaph to the valiant phalanx: "Passer-by, go and tell the Lacedæmonians that we died here in obedience to their orders." Agis lays down the crown which he had worn during the sacrifice and exchanges it for his helmet; blind Eurytus is led by a helot and

brandishes his lance; two young Spartans, rarely handsome, spring forward to take their arms hanging on the branches of the trees. The battle is about to begin, for a sentinel signals the approach of the enemy.

The impression made by the scene is solemn, and it is deepened by the brown tone of the colouring. It is beautiful; of a serious, somewhat cold beauty like certain passages in tragedy, but artists who can thoroughly carry out so vast a painting are rare at all times.

This hall also contains David's admirable "Portrait of Pope Pius VII" and "Belisarius asking for Alms." This is a reduction by Girodet and Fabre, retouched by the master, of the great painting exhibited on his return from Rome. We shall meet with David again in the newly opened galleries of the French school.

Two great paintings, narrow and tall, accompany "The Sabine Women interposing between the Romans and the Sabines" and "Leonidas at Thermopylæ." They are Gérard's allegorical figures, "Victory and Fame" on the one hand, and on the other "History and Poetry," which support the edges of a tapestry on which was supposed to be painted the "Battle of

Austerlitz," which formed the ceiling of the Hall of the Council of State at the Tuileries. These figures, by the boldness of the drawing, the accuracy of the foreshortening, the lightness of the flying draperies, and the energetic wealth of colour, appear to me worthy of being placed among the best works of the artist, who has rarely attained to such breadth in decorative work.

"The Battle of Eylau," by Gros, is opposite "Bonaparte in the plague-hospital at Jaffa," another masterpiece by the same artist. In those days of classical reaction, when everything that was not Greek or Roman was judged frivolous and unworthy of occupying the attention of a true historical painter, it was bold indeed to attempt modern subjects, and to place on canvas living heroes in the costume and with the weapons they wore. That honour seemed to be reserved for the heroes of "De Viris Illustribus" alone; yet contemporary glories were great enough to tempt the artist. Gros became the painter of that epic which, save that it lacks a Homer, equals the "Iliad." Although he worshipped antiquity, Gros at bottom was a modern painter; he could see the contemporary world, and did not require the distance of ages to feel the

beauty of a subject and to bring it out. It is a rare quality, especially when he who possesses it has the still rarer gift of idealising the truth, of representing grandiose realities. Besides, — and this was difficult in the environment in which he lived, and in view of the respect which he always testified to his master David, — Gros had a feeling for colour, life, and motion carried to the point of fury. His was an ardent, tumultuous, frantic genius, although he considered his gifts defects.

"Napoleon Visiting the Battlefield of Eylau and passing the Troops in Review" is full of sentiment and grand and sinister in effect. Mounted on his sorrel-coloured horse and wearing a pelisse of gray satin trimmed with fur (which, as a matter of fact, he did wear on that day), the Emperor is traversing the battlefield covered with dead and wounded. Never was that handsome Cæsar's head painted in more poetic, more sublime fashion. The hero contemplates with melancholy the grim spectacle, and raising to heaven his marble hand like that of an antique god, he seems, in the presence of the human hecatomb, to regret the price of glory. Lithuanians embrace his knees to implore mercy, while near him prances

his mounted staff, among whom shines Murat in his theatrical costume. In the foreground are surgeons attending the wounded, half-buried in snow, broken gun-carriages, limbers, dead bodies, and all the hideous detritus of battle. At the back, under a sombre sky, stretches the vast white plain on which shows the silhouette of some horse trying to rise, and rayed by the distant lines of the troops that have fallen where they fought. Burning Eylau lights up the scene with its gloomy torch.

In "Bonaparte in the plague-hospital at Jaffa" Gros did not fear treating the horrible, which filled the artists of antiquity with dismay. A strange subject indeed, in an age of mythology and selected history, — a hospital filled with sick, dying, and dead! The artist has solved his problem in triumphant fashion. There exists a first sketch of this painting which Gros made under the direction of Denon, and in which he is absolutely faithful to the prosaic truth. It was merely a memorandum, and the painter, giving himself up to his genius, turned it into an epic. He threw down the walls of the room in which the historical fact occurred, and showed through the open tracery of the Moorish arcades the Eastern silhouette of Jaffa. The scene,

thus broadened, enabled him to make plain to the eye the moral grandeur of the subject. In the centre of the composition the general-in-chief, Bonaparte, touches, with the security of the hero who trusts in his star, the plague spots of a half-naked sailor who has raised himself on the approach of the general. Berthier, Bessières, Commissary Daure, and Desgenettes, the chief surgeon, follow Bonaparte, terrified at his sublime imprudence. An officer suffering from ophthalmia, his eyes covered with a bandage, feels his way towards the radiant figure. In the corner are patients attended by Turks. Masclet, a young French surgeon who fell a victim to his devotion, supports on his knees a sick man. Dead bodies lie here and there on the floor, and convalescent plague patients take bread brought them by Arabs. Certainly the tragic horror is in no wise diminished, and yet there is a certain beauty in that heaping up of expiring or already dead bodies. The artist has exhibited the ugliness of it, but he has not sought it, and he idealises it either in a touching or a dramatic manner. His painting is like the description of the plague in Virgil, and still preserves the noble colours of the epic. When it was first exhibited it produced

a tremendous sensation, and the public covered the frame of the great composition with palm branches and wreaths.

"The Deluge," "Endymion," and "Atala and Chactas" worthily represent Girodet in this *Salon Carré* of the French school. His was a cultured, ingenious, literary, poetic mind; he was equally good with his pen and his brush; he was learned and wrote verse. Although his most striking gift was painting, Girodet produced but a small number of pictures; on the other hand, he read the great poets, translated, imitated them, and better still, enriched them with drawings full of grace, elegance, and of a pure feeling for antiquity. He illustrated with innumerable compositions Virgil, Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, Racine, and Ossian, the Scottish pseudo-Homer, who was then very popular. Although he is really a painter of very genuine talent and consummate skill, the literary man shows in the thoughtfulness and ingenuity of the composition. In the famous scene of "The Deluge," for instance, the dramatic interest is calculated, managed, and graduated with as much care as the most skilful stage-manager could bring to the arrangement of the final tableau of a sensational act. The waters have covered the earth;

a single rock emerges, topped by a tree, to a branch of which clings with one hand, with all the energy of despair, a man bearing his father on his shoulder; with the other he holds by the right arm his wife, who presses to her breast a child enveloped in a mantle. From the head of the woman, thrown partly backward, falls long hair, to which clings an older child. This bunch of humanity swings pitifully over the abyss. One last effort and the summit will be reached. They will not be saved, for God is implacable, but it will be a momentary truce, an instant during which they may take breath in the midst of horrors. But, oh, woe! the branch bends, breaks, and the group so carefully composed is about to be engulfed by the flood on which floats already, under the green transparency of the wave, the ghastly body of a young maiden, the sister, or the eldest daughter perhaps, of the man who feels breaking away from the despairing clutch of his fingers his last, frail support.

I am very fond of "Endymion asleep." The ideal of beauty among the moderns is centred on woman, and modern painters have very seldom sought to realise it in the expression of the most perfect virile beauty. Among the Greeks that ideal was sexless,

and men represented it fully as much as women. Apollo is no less handsome than Diana is beautiful; Paris may rival Helen. Girodet, in his "Endymion," has given us a truly characteristic painting. He has depicted the handsome sleeper in his grotto on Mount Latmos, lying on his cloak and a tiger-skin. His lovely frame has all the grace of youth, and shows in the penumbra white and perfect as the purest of antique statues. One understands how the chaste Phœbe should have fallen in love with that lovely youth and come down from heaven to visit him. Disguised as a Zephyr, but recognisable by his wings, Eros, parting the leaves, gives passage to the loving moonbeam which breaks passionately in bluish vapour upon the beautiful lips and marble breast of the sleeper. A dog sleeps in a corner of the painting; a bow and arrow lie by the side of Endymion. It does seem, with due regard to proportion, that Apelles would not have treated this subject in any other way. On the plane tree which shelters the sleep of Diana's beloved are written two mysterious words, the first of which is lost in the shadow of the leaves, and the second of which forms in Greek characters the word "Aer." What did this enigmatic inscription, half veiled by

mysterious shadow, mean to the painter? I confess I do not know.

"Atala's Burial" is almost a modern work. In the treatment of his Romanticist subject Girodet preserved completely his elegant purity. Father Aubry supports Atala's body, while the mourning Chactas embraces her knees, and the two lower her into the grave dug under the vault of the grotto. Atala's pale hands press to her breast a crucifix of black wood; she preserves in death the supremest beauty. There can be nothing nobler, purer, or more touching than her head and bust painted by Girodet's chaste brush. On the wall of the grotto is seen the following inscription, which is Atala's epitaph: "I have passed like a flower, I have withered like the grass of the field."

Near "The Battle of Eylau" hangs Guérin's "Marcus Sextus," a painting which won political success, for it was supposed to be an allusion to the return of the *émigrés*. It represents a man proscribed by Scylla, returning to his family and finding his wife dead. Overborne by grief, he sits on the edge of the bed, and his daughter, half sunk to the ground, weeps as she embraces her father's knees. "Marcus Sextus" is an imaginary personage, for his name is not met with

in history. He is the symbol of proscription and its sad consequences, and the painter has attained the end he aimed at. His composition is both dramatic and touching.

In "Clytemnestra" we have a piece of fine tragic staging. The purple curtain, through which flickers the light of a lamp, casts upon the murderers a bloody reflection terrible and lugubrious to behold. Ægisthus urges on from behind Clytemnestra, who hesitates, as thought urges the hand. Agamemnon, king of men, leader of nations, sleeps in a noble pose on his couch. Balzac, in his "Physiology of Marriage," wished that every husband might sleep as majestically as the King of Argos. It did not, however, prevent his being murdered by his wife.

"Phædra and Hyppolitus" has much elegance and nobility. Racine has never been illustrated more poetically. Hyppolitus is quite charming for so unhappy a prince. In Phædra's gesture Girodet seems to have anticipated Mlle. Rachel.

Below the "Phædra and Hyppolitus" hangs Gérard's "Cupid and Psyche," a charming composition full of delicate poesy. Psyche, the lower portion of whose body is enveloped in transparent gauze, receives with

amazement the first kiss of Love, who is gracefully bending towards her. The unknown sensation moves her; she puts her hand to her agitated heart; feelings hitherto dormant awaken in her, and upon her brow flutters the butterfly of the soul. It would be difficult to render better the virginal body of early youth than Gérard has done in this exquisite figure. Cupid also is charming, and his great hawk-wings prevent his looking like the doll Cupids of boudoirs. His slender form and proud elegance recall the Cupid of antiquity, the beautiful Greek Eros. This lovely group stands out brightly against a background of blue sky and wooded hills. It is to be regretted that the excessive care of the painter's touch should have imparted to the flesh the tone of ivory and porcelain.

I have so far spoken of the purely classical school, but with Prud'hon we enter a sphere in which David's influence is no longer felt. Gros himself experienced it. We are now in the presence of an artless, spontaneous genius, which seeks the ideal unaided and along new ways. At the time in which he lived, Prud'hon was an unexpected fact. He created a new form of grace and opened an unknown vein of beauty. His conception of antiquity differs entirely from that of his

contemporaries. The statues which David's pupils drew with sculptural coldness, he appears to see bathed in moonlight, silvered with soft rays, laved in shadow and reflections, undulating with seductive contours, a vague mist enveloping and softening their lines. He applies Correggio's softness to the mythology of the time of the Empire. He possesses a vaporousness, a mysteriousness, a reverie, and a divine smile which are peculiarly his own. But do not imagine that his talent is effeminate, for Prud'hon can be, when necessary, virile, grave, and great.

What more tragic than "Crime Pursued by Justice and Divine Vengeance"? Upon a wild landscape, a mass of stones and brambles, a broad moon pours down a flood of livid light and seems to hang in the heavens like a lamp. Silvered by its pale beams, the body of the victim lies on the ground in the neglect of death, like another Abel slain by another Cain. Its elegant, clean forms, its beautiful head thrown back amid a mass of hair, contrast strikingly with the ignoble, low, mean, bestial appearance of the murderer, who hastens away clutching his bloody dagger. The crime has barely been committed, and already in the heavens, raying the air with their rapid flight, the avenging

deities soar with hurrying wings and flying draperies, about to swoop down upon the trembling assassin. The one holds a torch which casts a reddish glow upon the cold reflections of the moon; the other presses to its breast the balances of law and the sword that punishes the guilty. The head of Vengeance, — or of Nemesis, if you prefer the antique name, — lighted by the torch, is a masterpiece of colouring and modelling. That of Themis expresses calm severity and serene indignation, entirely divine in character.

Although the scene is drawn from the realm of allegory, the truth of the colouring and of the effect gives it a surprising aspect of reality. The broad shadows, the faint reflections, the pale light which touches the contours of the objects and of the figures, produce involuntary terror, and one shudders like the murderer. I know nothing finer or nobler in any school than these two deities that swoop with such sure, tranquil speed through the blue air of night, nothing more dramatic and sinister than the profile of the assassin, or more touching than the victim.

"The Assumption of the Virgin," intended for the chapel of the Tuileries, is of quite another character. Prud'hon wished to paint a heavenly festival, and he

has carried elegance, grace, and freshness almost to the point of profane coquetry. An amorous breath upraises a charming group: it would look more like Flora upborne by the Zephyrs, were it not that the Virgin's head, half thrown back in the celestial light, expresses the deepest ecstasy and the delirious joy of a divine soul which ascends once more to its home. The angels surrounding the Virgin and supporting her are indescribably charming. Prud'hon, as the Greeks in the case of Hermaphrodite, possessed the secret of uniting in either body all the charms of the youth and of the maiden, and of creating, so to speak, a third sex more perfect than either; but instead of an equivocal voluptuousness, these divine youths are full of a caressing and devout innocence. The colouring of this charming picture forms a perfect bouquet.

I must say a word of the magnificent "Portrait of Madame Jarre," which might well take its place by the side of the finest works of Titian, Van Dyck, or Velasquez. It represents a velvety-eyed brunette in all the fulness of her beauty. She wears a low-cut dress of white gauze embroidered with gold, with the waist up to her bosom in Empire fashion. The light spreads complacently over a bosom most admirably modelled,

which seems to swell with the breath of life, and the contours of her seductive face melt into suave shadows that Correggio alone could have rivalled. Prud'hon, who was thoroughly acquainted with the technical side of his art, too much neglected by the artists of his day, sketched out his compositions in monochrome, then painted them over with glacis, and used white in the shadows instead of deepening them with bitumen and Naples yellow. The consequence is that his paintings have preserved their bloom, while those of his contemporaries have lost their tone, have become green in every shaded part, and have cracked through the abuse of siccatives. During his lifetime Prud'hon, who belonged to the flock of unfortunate talents of which Auguste Barbier speaks in his sonnet on Masaccio, was not as highly thought of as he deserved; more popular reputations occupied the stage; but his fame has grown steadily, and his halo becomes more and more luminous. At the present day his smallest paintings are worth their weight in gold.

Below the "Marius" by Drouais, the "Education of Achilles" by Regnault, and Fabre's "Philoctetes," fair paintings which it is sufficient to name, shines a huge canvas "The Wreck of the Medusa" by Géri-

cault. On either side of this masterpiece are placed, as guards of honour, the "Officer of the Light Cavalry of the Imperial Guard Charging," and the "Wounded Cuirassier going to the Rear." The "Officer of Light Cavalry," exhibited in 1812 under the title of "Equestrian Portrait of M. Dieudonné serving in the Guards of the Empire," was painted in twelve days with the dash, fury, and audacity of genius. At the sight of this strange painting, so violent, so full of motion, so proud, so splendid in drawing and colour, David, terrified, cried, "Where does that come from? I do not know the touch." It came from a new idea, from a seething brain which the old forms could not satisfy and which burst the old moulds. Géricault was then twenty, and his teachers kindly advised him to give up painting, for which he was not born. They sought contour and motionless purity; he strove after life, passion, and colour. He worshipped Rubens, then proscribed; all the violent, all the fiery painters, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt; he was a Romanticist long before Romanticism. So Géricault could not get along with the reigning school. His "Light Cavalryman," turning so proudly upon his rearing horse, its quarters covered with a tiger-skin, while its fore-feet

seem to beat the air, produced, on its appearance, a sort of stupor. The public did not know whether to admire or blame, and in case of doubt people generally do the latter; but the "Light Cavalryman" possessed an imperious sort of beauty which compelled attention, and along with many hostile criticisms were heard enthusiastic praises. Originality is what succeeds least in France.

The "Wreck of the Medusa," which Géricault painted in the foyer of the Théâtre Favart, on his return from Italy, proved to be more than an event, it was a revolution. It is difficult to understand at the present day how deeply such a subject was bound to shock the public, and especially the artists of that time. Subjects drawn from mythology or classical antiquity were alone considered worthy of an historical painter. The idea of crowding upon a raft beaten by the waves a crowd of wretches worn out by privation, the strongest of whom could scarce maintain themselves upon heaps of dying and dead, would certainly appear, and did, as a matter of fact, appear monstrous. It might have been pardoned had the shipwreck represented been Homeric or Virgilian, but these poor devils were modern, real contemporaries; the disaster was no older

than 1816, and the painting which represented it with all the horror of truth was exhibited in the Salon of 1819. Thanks to one of those fits of blindness which posterity can with difficulty understand, although they recur at the appearance of every original genius, this masterpiece was greatly condemned as detestable. People remained insensible to the dramatic effect of the gloomy sky, of the sinister green sea breaking in foam upon the bodies tossing between the spars of the raft, mocking with its briny waters the thirst of the dying, and tossing upon its vast billows the frail plank upbearing agony and despair. The profound knowledge of anatomy, the powerful colouring, the broad touch, the grandiose energy which recalled Michael Angelo, called forth but disdain and reprobation.

After Géricault's death, which occurred in 1824, the "Wreck of the Medusa," which the artist's heirs wanted to cut into four pieces because the size of the canvas made it difficult to store, was saved by the cares of M. Dreux d'Orcy and the Count de Forbin. Purchased for six thousand francs, this masterpiece, one of the glories of the French school, was not cut up, and now beams, admired by all, upon its vast wall.

It would be unjust to leave this hall without a word

of praise for the elegant, graceful, and very French talent of Madame Vigée-Lebrun, which is seen here in two charming portraits. If I do not mention Decamps' "Towing Horses" it is because I mean to wait until the artist is represented by some painting such as "The Defeat of the Cymri," "The Bazaar at Smyrna," or "The Torture of Hooks."

II

THE GALLERY OF APOLLO

LET us now traverse the gallery of Apollo to reach the Salon Carré, where are collected the masterpieces of the various schools. It is a magnificent gallery, admirably restored, the centre filled with glass cases containing silver vases, golden cups, ornaments in onyx, jade, gems, enamels, and all those precious objects in which the workmanship is of greater value than the material, precious though it may be. There can be seen the models which Blaise des Goffes renders so accurately. Portraits of painters, sculptors, and architects in Gobelins tapestry set within rich frames adorn the walls.

On reaching the centre of the gallery, do not forget to look up, and you will be dazzled by Eugène Delacroix's "Apollo Purging the Earth of Monsters," which swarm in the primitive mud. The god, springing upon his golden car, drawn by horses as radiant as fire, as brilliant as light, bends forward and shoots his

arrows at the deformed creatures, the abortions of unsuccessful Nature, which writhe hideously in convulsions of agony. His sister Diana helps him in the divine task of making light succeed shadow, harmony chaos, beauty ugliness. The chorus of beneficent gods has joined him, and the genii of evil are hurled into the abyss. Admire in the foreground the nymph seen from behind, near whom rolls a panther, and acknowledge that, so far as colour goes, France has nothing more to envy Italy, Flanders, or Spain. Delacroix in that work, in which his fiery talent has been given free scope, gave proof of an understanding of decorative painting surpassed by none. It is impossible, while preserving one's own genius, to conform more admirably to the style of the gallery and of the time. It might be a flamboyant and romantic Le Brun.

III

THE SALON CARRÉ

IN this vast and magnificent hall, hung with sombre tan-coloured tapestry in imitation of Cordova leather, with ebony mouldings, and which is faultless, save perhaps for its great elevation, which causes the light to fall from rather high up on the paintings, has been brought together the most superb assembly of painters in the world: Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Sebastiano del Piombo, Giorgione, Paolo Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, Guercino, Guido, Francia, Ghirlandajo, Van Eyck, Antonello da Messina, Murillo, Ribera, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Claude Lorrain, Poussin, Le Sueur, Jouvenet, Philippe de Champagne, Gaspar Netscher, Metsu, Ostade, Gerard Dow, and a few more, whose names might make a litany. The only one wanting is Velasquez, for whom a corner should have been kept in this glorious reunion of paintings for his little "Infanta Marguerite." A *Tribuna* in

which the great Don Diego Velasquez da Silva is not represented will always appear incomplete.

On entering this sanctuary of art, in the centre of which now rises an elegant statue of Diana, on the very place formerly occupied by a table the top of which consisted of a painting, my first impulse is always to contemplate before anything else Leonardo da Vinci's "La Gioconda," the miracle of painting, the work in which, in opinion, art most nearly approached to perfection.

My admiration and love for that divine Mona Lisa del Gioconda are not of recent growth, and many a passion for a real being has lasted less long. It is twelve years since I wrote the following lines, somewhat too enthusiastic, perhaps, but which exactly express the impression I felt: —

"'La Gioconda,' thou sphinx of beauty, that smilest so mysteriously in Leonardo da Vinci's frame, and seemest to propose to the admiration of centuries a riddle they have not yet solved! an invisible attraction always draws me back to thee! But, indeed, who has not spent long hours before that head bathed in twilight half-tints, enveloped in transparent veils, and whose features, melodiously melting into a violet vapour, ap-

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Mona Lisa, la Gioconda

pear like the creation of a dream through the black gauze of sleep? From what planet fell into the midst of this azure landscape that strange being with its glance full of the promise of unknown voluptuousness, and its divinely ironical expression? Leonardo da Vinci imprints on his faces such a mark of superiority that one is troubled in their presence; the shadows of their deep eyes conceal secrets forbidden to the profane, and the curl of their mocking lip would suit the omniscient gods, quickly contemptuous of human vulgarity. What troublous fixity in the dark eyes, what a supreme sardonic touch on the lips formed like Cupid's bow! Does it not seem as though La Gioconda were the Isis of a mystic religion, who, believing herself alone, draws aside the folds of her veil, careless whether the imprudent man who should surprise her should go mad and die? Never did the ideal of woman assume a more irresistibly seductive form. You may be sure that had Don Juan met Mona Lisa, he would have saved himself the trouble of writing three thousand names of women on his list: he would have written but one, for the wings of his desire would have refused to bear him farther; they would have melted and fallen in the black sunshine of those eyes."

Many a time since then have I seen her again, that adorable Gioconda, and my declaration of love does not strike me as too fervid. She is still there, smiling with mocking voluptuousness upon her innumerable lovers, on her brow the serenity of the woman sure of being eternally beautiful, and who feels herself superior to the ideal of all poets, of all artists.

The divine Leonardo spent four years in painting this portrait, which he could not bring himself to abandon, and which he never considered completely finished. During the sittings musicians performed in order to enliven the lovely model, and to prevent her charming features from assuming a look of weariness and fatigue.

Is it to be regretted that the particular kind of black which Leonardo employed, and which he had invented, should have been so largely used in the tints of the Mona Lisa and have imparted to them that delightful violet harmony, that abstract tonality which seems to be the colour of the ideal? I think not, for mystery is added to charm, and perhaps the painting in its original bloom was less seductive than it is now.

What divine suavity, what celestial intimacy, in "The Virgin and Saint Anne!" With charming familiarity the Virgin, leaning upon the lap of Saint

Anne, bends tenderly towards the Child Jesus who is playing with a lamb. It is like a sweet chain of protection binding together old age, childhood, and the innocent animal. Saint Anne's head is lovely; never was an old woman represented more charmingly by an artist's brush. The outrage of time has, in her case, turned to a caress, her beautiful wrinkles are most graceful. The Virgin is of the type peculiar to Leonardo da Vinci, — sweet, tender, smiling, penetrated with a secret joy which radiates luminously around her. She is so angelic and so feminine, so maidenly and so maternal at one and the same time. Her lovely body in its bent attitude yields with such suppleness under its chaste draperies that it seems like a pure Greek statue bowed by the whim of the painter. Illusion may be forgiven when one sees the tip of that foot with its elegant, slender toes, like the foot of a goddess of antiquity, which emerges from below the dress. The Child Jesus has all the grace of childhood, which no one ever reproduced like Leonardo da Vinci; and the scene, so human in its cordiality, so familiar, so tender, while still so divine, is set in the midst of a lovely, bright landscape, with azure distances and those bluish mountains the singular breaks and ravines in

which Leonardo was so fond of. The colouring in this marvellous painting is not darkened, as in the other works of the artist; it has remained golden, amber-like, and of an exquisite *vaghezza*.

As a painter Leonardo da Vinci is refined, delicate, exquisite, and almost subtle, full of a mysterious charm which particularly delights refined people; but he can be, when he chooses, grand, noble, profound, and pathetic, as he has proved in his sublime fresco of "The Last Supper," alas! half effaced, the shadow of a masterpiece, by the side of which all other masterpieces pale.

Wonderfully endowed, Leonardo knew everything and divined everything; he was at once painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, musician, and poet; and in his manuscripts, written in a reversed hand, — for there was always a touch of singularity in Leonardo's actions, — most modern discoveries are already foreseen. He was one of the first, as he was the greatest, of the encyclopædic minds of the Renaissance.

The Louvre possesses four other paintings by this divine master, which we shall come upon presently.

After Leonardo, Raphael alone can be spoken of, for he alone is pure, noble, and elevated enough to

prevent the transition being too abrupt. Although his life was too brief, Raphael traversed the whole realm of art; his three manners sum up all possible phases of painting. He starts from Perugino in the "Sposalizio," and almost reaches to Le Brun in the "Battle of Constantine." From Gothic artlessness, he reaches in a few years the summit of art, the absolute perfection, beyond which nothing but decadence is possible. Unquestionably Raphael was marvellously endowed; he possessed genius, beauty, happiness, an amiable and charming character which made everything easy; but his supreme quality was the harmony resulting from the facility he possessed of incorporating into his talent, with an amazing accuracy of proportion, whatever struck him as beautiful. A few remains in the Baths of Titus, a few statues brought to light, initiated him into the feeling for antiquity which he appropriated without the least effort; a portière raised by Bramante in the Sistine Chapel sufficed to add to his natural charm the loftiness and vigour of Michael Angelo.

"Saint Michael overthrowing Satan" occupies in a corner of the Salon, on a panel with an ebony frame, a place which might be considered the place of honour, if there could be one in a Tribuna where every painting

is a masterpiece. The simple and beautiful composition proves how naturally sublime was Raphael, and with what easy flight he reached the loftiest summits of art. The warrior archangel, wearing a breastplate of steel and gold to mark his power — for he needs no armour — descends from heaven with half-opened wings like a bird about to alight. His scarf flies out behind him in fluttering folds, and this scarf, indeed, has three ends, a piquant singularity which at first is not noticed, and which reasoning alone accounts for. His foot, divinely elegant, accustomed as it is to treading on light, barely touches the shoulder of the demon, thrown to the ground and writhing in powerless rage. The archangel lowers the point of his lance against his enemy, but it is merely in sign of triumph; the struggle had ended before it had begun. It is impossible to express with more ideal nobility than Raphael has done, the careless and somewhat disdainful serenity of the archangel carrying out God's orders against the rebellious angel, once his companion in glory.

Besides the legendary meaning of the scene which he painted, it would seem that the artist desired to represent eternal beauty driving into the abyss ugliness in revolt against supreme harmony. In the beautiful

angel, so pure, so gentle, and yet so proud, we seem to catch a glimpse of Raphael himself repelling trivial and grimacing forms. What aerial lightness, what delicate energy, the product of the will rather than of the muscles! What supernatural elegance in the flying figure, which is in no wise vaporous, however, and which is drawn with almost sculptural firmness. It soars by the impulse of its own motion, by the irresistible dash of its own outline. The marvellous work is signed, not in a corner of the painting, but upon the very edge of the archangel's vestment, where is to be read the following inscription: *Raphael Urbinas pingebat, M. D. XVIII.* The painter apparently desired to imprint his name indelibly upon his work.

A picture which Raphael painted at the same time, and which was intended for the Queen, as the "Saint Michael" was intended for Francis I, equals it in beauty. It is the "Holy Family." Raphael, who had attained the apogee of his talent, has never produced anything more perfect. Painting has never passed the bounds which he then reached, and it is doubtful whether it can ever overpass that supreme limit at which human means fail genius in its endeavour to attain the highest ideal. The whole composition is balanced in

a most perfect rhythm, as harmonious as that of music, and the lines are combined and correspond in the formation of the happiest contrasts. The beauty of the drawing, the nobility of the faces, the purity of the outlines, the splendid flow and the exquisite taste of the draperies, leave nothing to be envied in Greek statuary. In this masterpiece Christian spirituality has idealised plastic perfection; it is not only beautiful bodies that we behold, but divine souls; Raphael created them in his own image.

The Child Jesus springs from his cradle into the arms of the Virgin seated on the right and bending towards him with graceful maternal complacence; Saint John, presented by Saint Elizabeth seated on the left, worships the Child God; an angel, divinely elegant, scatters flowers over the Virgin, as if to conform with Virgil's line, *Manibus date lilia plenis;* a second angel is prostrating himself, and Saint Joseph contemplates the scene with a quiet, majestic air.

No one has equalled Raphael in imparting to the Mother of Jesus a beauty at once ideal and real, maidenly and feminine, a purity of glance, a charming smile which is the smile of the soul even more than that of the lips. He has forever settled the type of

the Madonna, and it is always under the features of one of Raphael's Virgins that the devotee, the poet, the artist thinks of "Mary, full of grace." He has relieved her of her mediæval sadness, suffering, and ugliness; he has clothed her with all the ideal perfections which are attributed to her in the litanies,—Star of the Morning, Mystical Rose, Gate of Ivory; he has made her the ideal of modern beauty, as Venus was the ideal of antique beauty.

I am speaking now of the Madonna such as the painter of Urbino conceived her in the later portion of his life, when he had reached the perfection of his third manner. In his second and in his first manner, when he was still under the influence of Perugino's teaching, Raphael imagined the Virgin in a more artless, timid, though none the less charming way, which yet smacked somewhat of archaism. He then placed her amid landscapes adorned with towers and buildings which have nothing in common with Judæa, and against the bright sky he outlined slender little trees with scant foliage. The "Belle Jardinière," the name given to the charming composition in which are met the Virgin, Saint John, and the Child Jesus, in a small frame arched above, is not draped after the antique fashion

like the Virgin of the "Holy Family." She wears a red bodice trimmed with black, like a mere *contadina*; she is, besides, more of a girl and less of a woman; her features, exquisitely delicate and pure, have an almost ingenuous grace. One feels that she is less the Queen of Paradise, the Queen of Angels, than the woman who, in spite of her humility, is conscious of having brought forth a God. She is as much the elder sister of Jesus, watching him at play with his little comrade, as the Mother of the divine Child. Saint John, kneeling, presents to Jesus a frail cross of reeds, an image of the cross of Calvary. It is only a plaything now, later it will be the instrument of execution, but no one thinks of that in the happy and innocent group.

With what tender grace is maternal adoration expressed in "The Virgin with the Veil"! The Blessed Virgin, her head encircled by a small diadem, kneels before the Child Jesus asleep on the pillow. She softly raises the veil that covers Him and shows Him to the little Saint John kneeling by her side. Perhaps it was from this picture that originated the popular expression, "He sleeps like the Infant Jesus." How easy, how softly relaxed is the plump, dimpled body of the Child

resting under its Mother's eye! One could swear to seeing the soft perspiration of sleep pearling the satin-like skin. And how gently pure is the profile of the Virgin, how artless that of Saint John, clasping his little hands and praying in ecstasy! This Virgin with the diadem, while it is not yet the equal of the "Madonna della Sedia" or the Madonna of "The Holy Family," has no longer the rustic simplicity of the "Belle Jardinière."

Notice also in the Salon Carré two small paintings by Raphael in his first manner, so charming, which yet bears the imprint of the naïve art of the ante-Renaissance days. "Saint Michael fighting the Dragon," that curls around his leg, amidst chimerical monsters, burning ruins, and demons torturing the damned, might be, like "Saint George smiting the Dragon," which he has already pierced with his lance, a marvellous miniature taken from a romance of chivalry and representing a paladin achieving an adventure in spite of the spells of a necromancer.

After the chaste grace of Raphael, one may admire the voluptuous grace of Corregio, who created a whole delightful world of undulating shapes, heavenly smiles, silvery lights, transparent shadows, and magical reflec-

tions. If Correggio was not absolutely the inventor of chiaroscuro, he at least drew from it new harmonies and effects hitherto unknown. His knowledge of foreshortening and of the perspective of bodies enables him, by unexpected aspects, by the curve of lines, heads thrown back or forward, and boldly projected poses, to change the usual aspect of figures and groups; for that delicate and tender painter is ever a deeply learned man. He possesses force as well as grace, and the giant apostles in the Duomo at Parma prove it. No one, not even Michael Angelo, whose "Last Judgment" is of a later date, drew in grander or finer fashion. Then Correggio's drawing is enveloped in admirable colouring. He is perhaps the most original of painters. He taught himself, and drew his whole inspiration from himself. It has been impossible to ascertain accurately the names of any of his masters, and he does not appear to have ever left his native country. His supposed trips to Rome, Venice, and Florence are still hypothetical. He owes everything to his own genius, and to nature which had endowed him so richly. He attained perfection at once and almost without an effort; he was scarcely twenty when he was in full possession of his talent. Scarcely in his

first two or three paintings are noticeable a certain dryness and symmetry which connect them with the works of the school that preceded him. Like Raphael he traversed, in the course of a very short life, the whole cycle of art; with this difference, however, that he worked alone, and did not have, to carry out his thoughts, an army of enthusiastic and respectful pupils who, for the most part, were great painters themselves.

Although he was not poor, as biographers, who are fonder of pathos than of truth, have said, he did not enjoy the brilliant and happy life, favoured by gods and men, which was the reward of the Angel of Urbino. Although he spared nothing to make his paintings last, and employed the most expensive colours, the most carefully prepared canvases and panels, his masterpieces were during his life-time bought for comparatively low prices; but posterity, seduced by the intoxicating charm of his Virgins and his nymphs, has given him a throne of ivory among the gods of art in the Olympus of painting.

The Louvre is not so rich in Correggios as the Dresden Gallery, but the two paintings of the master which it possesses are of the first rank, and count as gems in the master's casket. The one is a profane,

the other a sacred subject, and each exhibits the genius of the artist under a different aspect. Every one knows the "Antiope" and the "Mystical Marriage of Saint Catharine."

Antiope, idly lying upon a blue drapery, one arm curved above her head, sleeps without suspecting that the secret of her charms has been betrayed, and that Jupiter, under the aspect of a satyr, but still preserving under his disguise his majestic Olympian beauty, has, with a libertine and inquisitive hand, raised the veil which concealed them. Bending over Antiope, the god admires her fair body relaxed in sleep. Notwithstanding the warm, fair whiteness, bathed in half-tints that soften the contours and impart to it the roundness of life, under the torso so tenderly and softly graceful one feels the anatomical details which are lost in the mass, thanks to a science concealed under beauty; for it must not be forgotten that Correggio, with Michael Angelo, was one of the best draughtsmen in the world. At the feet of Antiope, Cupid, his quiver lying near him, pretends to be asleep, and lies on the sward in an attitude of childish gracefulness; but it is quite certain that he sleeps with one eye open, sees what is going on, and favours it. A rich landscape, kept well down,

in tones of tawny velvet, forms the background of this voluptuous mythological scene, and brings out superbly the warm fairness of Antiope, who forms the central light in the painting. Although she has the body of a nymph, Antiope is still a woman; she is no mere coloured marble, she lives, she breathes, and her breath makes her bosom rise and fall.

Correggio gives an almost childish grace to his heads of women and Virgins, and in his work the heads, which are younger than the beauteous, fully developed bodies, preserve an air of innocent and candid astonishment. Most piquant indeed is this contrast, which is managed with infinite art. In the "Marriage of Saint Catharine" the Virgin possesses that bloom of extreme youth, and the saint herself is scarcely older. The lines of that charming composition are most graceful. The Child Jesus is seated on his mother's lap, and she helps him to place the ring on Saint Catharine's finger. It is the loveliest bouquet of heads that a painter ever grouped in the centre of a painting. They seem to be made of the substance of lilies, so pure, delicate, and noble are they, with their slender fingers with the tips a little turned up. The expression of loving ecstasy of the saint, who weds with all her soul and for eternity

the unthinking Child, is admirably rendered. Behind Saint Catharine stands Saint Sebastian, marvellously beautiful, who has, thanks to the arrows in his hand — the symbol of his martyrdom — the look of a Cupid.

In the background are represented scenes of the martyrdom of the two saints; but these episodes, justified by the custom of those days, which tolerated double or triple subjects in the same canvas, are of small size, lightly sketched in, lost in shadow, and so treated that they do not draw the attention away from the principal subject. They have to be sought out in the very background, and the eye is almost unwilling to leave the delightful figures of the Virgin, Saint Catharine, and the Child Jesus, on which it rests lovingly.

Under the golden glow which time has cast over the painting, one feels a silvery freshness, bluish reflections, pearly tones, and the whole series of charming tints forming part of that mystery of chiaroscuro, in which Correggio has absolutely no rival.

Above the "Antiope," Guido's "Dejanira" traverses a stream, standing on the back of the Centaur Nessus.

I began with Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Correggio; but — I am quite sure of it — your gaze, while fixed upon the wonderful marvels I am describing,

turns almost invincibly towards the great canvas by Paolo Veronese, which represents the "Wedding at Cana." As soon as one enters the Salon Carré, one's eyes are attracted by that superb work, which, as regards composition, arrangement, and colour is the very highest expression of decorative painting. The Venetian genius breathes in full in that splendid masterpiece with its cosmopolitan carelessness, its mingling of all costumes, its love of pomp, its theatrical and decorative taste, its passion for life and brilliancy. There is no painting more thoroughly Venetian than the "Wedding at Cana," which, owing to an intentional anachronism, does not take place in Judæa, in some wretched whitewashed house, but on the banks of the Grand Canal or the Brenta, in the marble palace of a wealthy senator of the Most Serene Republic, whose name is inscribed in the Golden Book, — a Foscari, a Loredan, a Vendramin, or some other of that race whose portraits have been handed down to us by Titian and Paris Bordone. What Veronese sought was to display in a great banquet hall, amid elegant and grand architecture, a varied multitude of faces and costumes; to exhibit the sheen of satin and velvet, and especially to manifest strength, health, and the joy of

life in radiant faces free from care, and in robustly superb bodies. As for the religious side of the subject, the painter thought as little about it as the spectator who contemplates the painting. It is quite true that in the centre of the horse-shoe table are seen the Christ and His divine Mother, recognisable by their haloes and their garments, which are not cut in the latest Venetian fashion; indeed, the Christ is even making the sign which is to work the miracle and change the water into wine, while servants pour into great, superbly chased amphoræ the tasteless drink transformed into a generous liquor. But who could be induced to believe that that sumptuous palace, with its pillars of marble and porphyry, its rich balustrades showing white against the azure of the sky, has so poorly provided a cellar? The wines of Spain, of Cyprus, and Samos must abound there. But what matters it, after all? The object is to feast the eye with the most gorgeous spectacle that the palette can realise, and assuredly the artist has well carried out his purpose. It is pleasure in painting itself carried to its highest power, apart from the idea, from the subject, from historical truth. One is charmed and delighted by the purely picturesque means employed; by the purity of the tone, the har-

mony of the tints, the equilibrium of the forms. There are certain passages of Rossini's music which have given me the same feeling of simply artistic pleasure as Paolo Veronese's paintings. They enchant through the very beauty of the melody itself, independently of any thought, any passion, any drama. It is a dilettante's enjoyment, and no people were greater dilettanti than the Venetians.

In this gigantic composition, one of the largest ever undertaken in painting, Paolo Veronese has introduced the portraits of a great number of famous contemporary personages. A written tradition, preserved in the convent of San Giorgio Maggiore, where the "Wedding at Cana" was originally placed, and of which Zanetti obtained a copy, gives the names, like one of those keys which enable one to penetrate the secret of La Bruyère's "Caractères." According to this key, the bridegroom, seated on the left of the table, is Don Alphonso d'Avalos, Marquis de Guast. A negro, standing on the other side, offers him a cup of the miraculous wine. The young woman seated by him represents Eleanor of Austria, Queen of France; behind her the jester, with his quaint cap and bells, shows his face between two pillars. Close to the

young woman is seen Francis I; then comes Mary, Queen of England, wearing a yellow robe. Farther on, Soliman I, Emperor of the Turks, seems in no wise surprised at being present with Jesus Christ at a wedding in Cana. Besides, there is plenty of company for him. A negro prince, no doubt a descendant of the Abyssinian king and mage, or of Prester John, speaks to the servants, while Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, is biting a toothpick at the corner of the table. The Emperor Charles V, careless of chronology, wears quietly round his neck the order of the Golden Fleece.

There is a space left free in the centre of the painting by the three sides of the horse-shoe table; Veronese has represented himself in it, with his friends, playing upon different instruments. The musician who plays the viola, wearing a sort of white damask dalmatic, is the artist himself, Paolo Cagliari; behind him is Tintoretto, who accompanies him; Titian plays on the double-bass, and old Bassano on the flute. The elegant individual holding a cup of wine, who seems to be drinking a health, is Benedetto Cagliari, Paolo's brother. Upon the platform along the balustrade there is a host of servants bearing dishes, or fetching plates and ewers

from huge dressers which can be seen between the pillars. Curious spectators cluster on the projections of the building. There are some even on the Campanile, that stands out white against the light blue of the sky, on which float a few milky clouds, — a sky to be seen in Venice and Constantinople only; a sky made on purpose for that country of colourists. Several large dogs, of the breed which Paolo Veronese loved and which he introduced into all his paintings as a sort of signature, further enliven this colossal composition, tumultuously calm, as is all well ordered feasting. A big cat, its four feet pressed against an amphora, rolls on the floor and voluptuously rubs its back in the corner to the right.

Besides the firmness of the drawing and the brilliancy and harmony of the colouring which years and restorations have been unable to dull, the chief merit of the vast composition lies in the fact that the glance takes it all in at once. There are not several chief lights, as often happens in paintings of extraordinary dimensions. The groups are so thoroughly linked by connected tones or lines that not one of them stands out from the rest in such a way as to kill them. Although there is a crowd, there is no confusion; every figure

has solid ground under its feet, and one could walk without difficulty from the edge of the frame to the back of the painting.

This marvel did not cost very dear. Paolo Veronese received, from June 6, 1562, to September 8, 1563, from the monks for whom he made it, the sum which had been agreed upon, namely, three hundred and twenty-four silver ducats, besides his food and a barrel of wine, or scarcely six thousand francs of our money. What would our modern artists say to so modest a price, — they who will not part with the smallest painting for less than fifteen or twenty thousand francs, and even then claim that they are not properly treated by an ungrateful age?

Opposite the "Wedding at Cana" is hung the "Feast in the House of Simon," another huge canvas, which, without being as important as the first, is none the less a magnificent painting. Besides these two feasts Paolo Veronese painted two more: the "Feast in the House of Levi," which used to hang in the refectory of the Convent of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, and the "Feast in the House of Simon the Leper," for the refectory of San Sebastiano in Venice. These four banquets, wondrous *agapæ* of painting, were all

brought together in Paris in the years VII and VIII of the Republic, though the art of that day does not seem to have profited greatly as regards colour from that prodigious spectacle.

The Magdalen, prostrate rather than kneeling, in an attitude of loving adoration, wipes with her opulent hair of Venetian fairness the feet of the Christ, who is seated at the corner of the table, and which she has just anointed with myrrh and cinnamon. Standing by another table, Judas seems to reproach the fair penitent with her profusion, the price of which would better be spent in alms. The Christ, with a gentle, majestic gesture, protects the humble, tender, loving woman, who obeys the impulse of her heart, from the invectives of the miserly apostle. The scene is under a circular portico, between the pillars of which rich buildings are seen in the distance. The apostles and various members of Simon's family and his guests are seated at two tables. Their air of Venetian patricians makes them look like members of the Council of Ten; for Paolo Veronese, who cared little for archæology, did not rummage in the vestiaries of ages for the costumes of his personages. He was satisfied if the stuffs were rich in colour and fell in handsome folds. If a head

was characteristic, although it had no relation whatever to the subject, he would copy it, preferring to be human rather than historical, and being fonder of truth than of accuracy. Look at the woman standing on wooden pattens, leaning against the pillar on the left of the spectator. How easy are her motions, how free and spontaneous the drawing, how natural the touch! One may well say of her that she is drawn and painted from life, — such things are not to be invented.

"Jupiter striking down Crime," which is also in the Salon Carré, exhibits the genius of Paolo Veronese under another aspect. In this case he is no longer merely a decorative painter, displaying for the pleasure of the eye superb composition combined with the richest colouring that the magical palette of Venice ever furnished; he is the deeply learned artist, who attempts with facility the boldest foreshortening, and who draws the human body in the most unexpected ways, with a style, a beauty, and a colour which need fear no comparison. This painting, which was a ceiling, was originally placed in the Hall of the Council of Ten, in the Palace of the Doges. The allegory is self-explanatory. Jupiter, angered by the crimes committed on earth, descends from the summit of Olympus, his

black brows bent, holding in his mighty hand flaming thunderbolts. Most noble, majestic, Homerically antique, is the figure of the god. Below him a genius, soaring on outspread wings and holding a book in which are written the decisions of eternal justice, lashes the Crimes, which hurry away in tumultuous terror. It recalls the descent of Phœbus Apollo described at the beginning of the Iliad. The Crimes are rapine, treason, luxuriousness, and fraud, punished by the Council of Ten, and Paolo Veronese has incarnated them in a most ingenious and poetic manner without indulging in ugliness. In painting especially, monsters "embellished by art" must please the eyes, and the Venetian painters never forgot that precept. Paolo Veronese executed this noble ceiling after a trip to Rome, where he became acquainted with antiquity and the works of Michael Angelo. However great an artist may be, he can but improve his style by contact with that splendid genius. Raphael himself emerged stronger from the Sistine Chapel, which had been opened to him for a moment.

The superb portrait of the young woman, whose green velvet dress, half undone, exposes her bosom, is usually called "Titian and his Mistress," or even

more briefly, "Titian's Mistress." With one hand she raises the mass of her hair, of that red gold so dear to the ladies and the painters of Venice, and in the other holds a vial of perfume. A chemisette of a golden-white, the tone of which is almost the same as that of the amber flesh tones of the skin, concentrates the light upon her delicate and splendid bosom worthy of being modelled in Parian marble. Her head, somewhat inclined towards the shoulder, has the serenity of the antique ideal, the vigorous touch of life which is peculiar to Titian. He seems, in that lovely face, to have foreseen the type of the Venus of Milo, which was not discovered until several centuries later. Titian is the healthiest, the most robust, and the calmest of modern artists. No effort is visible in his work; he reaches beauty easily and at once, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. His figures are endowed with the health, the serene joy, the perfect balance of Greek statues, and antique paintings such as we may suppose them to have been; no feverishness, no uneasiness deforms them. They bloom quietly in the plenitude of their strength and beauty, happy to have received life from Titian's brush.

To this beautiful woman a brown-bearded man, kept in the shadow, offers a couple of mirrors so that she may behold herself in every aspect. I would that tradition told the truth, and that this voluptuous, proud beauty had been the mistress and the inspiring type of the artist, but it seems that the poetic legend must be given up. According to the scholars, who reduce vague traditions to accurate facts, the man with the mirrors is Alphonso I, Duke of Ferrara, fourth husband of Lucrezia Borgia, whom Victor Hugo has depicted as so terrible; and the woman with the red-gold hair is Laura de' Dianti, who was first the duke's mistress, and later became his wife. Titian had painted her half nude before she became a duchess; he painted her dressed when she was raised to the rank of wife. If she is indeed Laura de' Dianti, one must approve Alphonso de Ferrara, and acknowledge the justice of the name Eustochia (happy choice) which he bestowed on his new duchess.

One is almost ashamed to write a eulogy of such a masterpiece; it seems like crass idiocy to express one's admiration for the grand, simple drawing, the colouring so warm and clear, the powerful and supple modelling, the bloom of life overspreading everything, which are

the characteristic traits of Titian. The best that one can say is, "Look!"

The "Entombment" is a beautiful, noble, serious work, though it lacks the deep Christian melancholy called for by the subject, a melancholy that Titian expressed completely only in his last painting, representing also an "Entombment of Christ," which he executed at the age of ninety-nine, and which was completed by Palma the younger, after the great painter's death, killed by the plague when he had almost reached the century mark. Venetian painters excel in expressing joy, health, wealth, and happiness, and before Titian could dull his colouring and inspire it with the religious gloom suitable to such a lugubrious scene, the shadow of death had to fall upon him. Nevertheless, this "Entombment" is a painting of the first rank. The body of Christ supported by Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and Saint John, is about to be placed within the sepulchre. On the left Mary Magdalen sustains the Virgin, who swoons with grief in the arms of the saint. Many an anachronism may be noted in the costumes, and here and there a garment seems to have come from the wardrobe of the Doge; but what life, colour, and truth there are in the painting,

and how handsome the auburn-haired youth in a yellow tunic striped with red, who half supports the inert body of the Christ.

If Titian lived for a century, Giorgione (Giorgio Barbarelli) died at the age of thirty-three, and his fortunate rival owes him much. A pupil of Giovanni Bellini, Titian in his early works imitated his somewhat dry manner and his Gothic artlessness. Giorgione's frescoes and paintings revealed to him the magic of colour and the breadth of modelling which sacrifices details to the general effect. It may be said in praise of Giorgione, that Titian equalled, but did not surpass him. There is in the Salon Carré a painting by this artist of genius, whose frescoes are vanishing like faint shadows on the façades of the houses of Venice. It is a "Pastoral Concert," curiously composed and amazingly intense in colour. In the centre of one of those landscapes of rich, warm tone well kept down, which Titian has recalled many a time, a young lord is playing on the lute, and another seems to listen; in the foreground a young woman, nude, seen from behind, seated upon the thick, golden-green sward, puts a flute to her lips; on the left another young woman whose sole garment is a bit of white drapery, leans on

the edge of a sort of marble trough filled with water and fills from it a glass bottle. The two young nobles wear elegant Venetian costumes in the style of Vittore Carpaccio's. They do not seem to be in the least degree troubled by the contrast between their rich garments and the nudity of their companions. The painter, with the supreme artistic indifference which thinks of beauty alone, saw in his subject merely a happy contrast of lovely stuffs and lovely flesh, and as a matter of fact, it is nothing but that. The torso of the woman bending over the trough and the back of the flute-player are two magnificent pieces of painting. Never did fairer, warmer, richer, and more consistent colouring clothe robust, and splendid feminine forms.

Giorgione's "Pastoral Concert," a painting which has no subject and tells no story, probably does not attract the crowd much, but you may be sure that all those who seek after the secrets of colour stop before it a long time; and without carrying fetichism so far as did Sir David Wilkie with "Los Borrachos," of which he studied a square inch only each day, they sketch and copy it, and hang these reproductions on their studio walls as the surest test of colour which an artist can

consult. One may affirm that Giorgione created the Venetian palette. Titian, Bonifazzio, Tintoretto, Paris Bordone, Palma Vecchia, Palma the younger, Paolo Veronese, — the most illustrious as well as the least known, — have all freely made use of it.

It is quite impossible to pass without stopping before a "Portrait of a Man," dressed in black, with a head-gear of the same colour; his hand rests on a stone sill, and his thin face, marked by intense thought and deep melancholy, is framed in by sombre hair as by an aureole of darkness. It is a delicate, troubling, mysterious painting, so perfect that, as the author was not known, it was attributed to Raphael as the one most worthy of putting his name to such a masterpiece. Now, as the result of investigations which appear to be conclusive, the sublime portrait has been given back to Francia; and although Francia was a great admirer of Raphael, and even addressed to him a charming sonnet of praise, his shade must be satisfied at having regained possession of this glorious work.

There are also in the same hall two precious small paintings by Francia: "The Nativity," and "The Crucified Christ." The latter is signed "Francia Aurifaber," for the painter was a goldsmith as well, and,

with artistic coquetry easily understood, signed his goldsmith work "Francia Pictor." Besides, Francia was but a pseudonym; his real name was Francesco Raibolini. The famous Andrea del Sarto is scarcely known by his name, Andrea Vannucchi. His nickname was given to him by his contemporaries because his father was a tailor; posterity has preserved the familiar appellation and has made it into a halo. Was he really called Andrea Vannucchi? Modern erudition doubts it. As a matter of fact, his monogram is composed of two interlaced A's instead of an A and a V as was at first believed. But what matters it? Andrea del Sarto was none the less proclaimed the unerring master, *senza errori*. Yet it is not to this fact that his glory is due. He managed to attain, among all those geniuses and talents of the days of the Renaissance, a grand, broad, simple manner, in which much naturalness and a certain charming artlessness are mingled with the finest of styles and the richest of colouring, — a merit rare indeed in Florence, where drawing was thought more important than colour. Andrea del Sarto's manner is deeply original, and his paintings are recognised at a glance. His Madonnas, his Charities, have a certain family air, and recall the features

of Lucrezia Fede, whom he loved madly, and who was the cause of his destruction; for he spent on her the money which Francis I had given him for the purpose of purchasing works of art in Italy. But I must stay my pen. I have not now to write the troubles of that unfortunate whom Alfred de Musset has made the hero of his truthful, human, and most touching drama. Let me describe his "Holy Family," which is not the least of the ornaments of the Salon.

The Virgin, seated on the ground, on the left of the painting, presents the Child Jesus to Saint Elizabeth. The young Saint John, held back by his mother, stands and raises his hand to heaven. Two angels in an attitude of tender adoration, are behind the Virgin. The drawing of this fine composition is marked by the fullest Florentine elegance, without falling into the troubled mannerism of lines which even Michael Angelo himself has not always managed to avoid. The contours, painted in rich, warm impasto, are not too heavy or harsh, and although the group shows that Andrea del Sarto sought eurhythmy, it is not stiffened into sculptural attitudes. Curiously enough, this painter, who was so very unhappy in life, gives to the faces in his paintings an air of candid happiness

and of artless kindness; a sort of innocent joy curls their lips; they beam with innocent serenity in the warm, rich atmosphere in which the artist has plunged them. The painter represents his dream, not his life.

There are to be met with in art marvellous idlers who, after having attained perfection, seem to disdain it as being too easy and who cease to work. They are satisfied with having given proof of their strength in a few masterpieces and having it acknowledged by others. Sebastiano del Piombo is of them. He painted some admirable pictures, and showed such talent that Michael Angelo thought, by helping him with his advice, and sometimes, it is said, with his drawings, that he might be made into a fit rival of Raphael. That is easily understood when the "Visitation" in the Louvre is looked at. Most pure, most noble, and most striking is the Virgin, veiling with her draperies the signs of advancing maternity as she proceeds towards Saint Elizabeth, the other miraculous mother, who meets Mary with admiring and tender deference. If Michael Angelo had been a colourist, this is the way he would have painted.

Let me not forget Bernardo Luini, whose paintings have often been honoured by being attributed to Leo-

nardo da Vinci, though nothing proves that he was his immediate pupil; yet the pupils of the great masters are not always to be found in their school; admiring and passionate study often teaches as much as regular lessons. Besides, it would be a mistake to see in Luini merely a reflection of Leonardo; he has his own originality, an accent peculiar to himself, a mysterious, sweet manner, types of his own, and a special ideal, which enable him to be easily recognised through the softly graduated and deep shadows which he has borrowed from Leonardo da Vinci.

Luini has in the Salon Carré a "Salome," the daughter of Herodias, receiving in a basin the head of Saint John presented to her by the executioner, whose arm alone is seen. That hand, holding the head and issuing mysteriously from the shadow, produces a strange and sinister effect, which is made more striking still by the perfection of the execution. Salome is superbly dressed; her head, seen in three quarters, is framed in by delicately wavy hair, of which the Milanese school was so fond; she receives in her silver basin, as if it were an orange or sweets, the livid head with its convulsed eyes and its bluish lips on which still trembles the shudder of the last

agony; but she looks vaguely before her with her limpid glance, and a delicate smile fluttering on her charming lips. How well she expresses the gentle cruelty of fatal women! She must have been the painter's mistress, for he painted her very often.

So far, I have spoken of the Italian school only, although the schools of all countries are represented in this sanctuary of art by glorious specimens. Rembrandt did indeed live in foggy Holland, but he also is a god of painting, and has a place among the most illustrious. He is a Romanticist genius in the fullest extent of the term. An alchemist of colour, a wizard of light, his work might be symbolised by the marvellous etching in which he shows us Dr. Faustus, or some other alchemist, in his dark cell, rising from his arm-chair at the sight of the dazzling microcosm which shines through the shadows in his study. Rembrandt's genius is a star emerging from the shadows. Unquestionably he does not possess the plastic beauty, the lofty ideal, and the nobility of style of the great Italians, but he has discovered a world in which he reigns as master and which he seems to have created in its entirety. He has developed an eccentric, fantastic, mysterious, grim manner peculiarly his own. If he

does not possess beauty, he does possess character, and his faces, often ugly and sometimes repulsive, are always thoroughly human and pathetic. He cares as little as the Venetians do about historical accuracy in costume; it is in the Juden Gasse, in the bric-à-brac shops, in the cosmopolitan second-hand shops of the Rideck that he picks out the turbans, pelisses, cuirasses, morions, and queer costumes which he puts upon his personages. These are what he calls his antiques, and although he has both casts and engravings in his studio, he consults none others.

We have seen Paolo Veronese, in the "Wedding at Cana," give to a mere Jewish wedding the splendour, the sumptuousness, and the grandeur of a royal banquet; he seats as guests at this transfigured wedding the most illustrious and the most powerful characters of his day. Rembrandt, in his "Holy Family," works in precisely the opposite fashion. He takes for background a humble Dutch interior, with its walls brown in tone, its projecting mantelpiece lost in the shadow, and its narrow window, through the yellow panes of which filters a ray of light. He makes the mother bending over the child's cradle a mother, nothing more, with her bosom illumined by a side light; near

her an old matron, and by the window a carpenter planing pieces of wood. Thus it is he understood the Virgin, Saint Anne, the Child Jesus, and Saint Joseph. He makes this scene more intimate, more human, more truthful, if you like, than it has ever been painted. Of course one may choose to see in it merely a poor carpenter's family, but the beam that lights upon the cradle of the Child Jesus shows that He is God, and that from the humble cradle shall spring the Light of the World. This painting, so contrary to the Italian genius, is the Gospel translated into the vulgar tongue for the use of the poor and the meek, whom the solemn elegance and the rhythmic attitudes of the lovely Madonnas would distract. Feeling takes the place of mysticism, and the powerful triviality of genius equals the purity of the most classical style.

The Amsterdam painter has scarcely ever painted a "Portrait of a Woman" to be compared, as regards relative beauty of type, with the one which hangs in this Salon near "Titian's Mistress," a formidable neighbourhood which in no wise diminishes its worth. It is that of a young woman of about twenty-five years, with regular though somewhat heavy features, brown eyes, thick red lips, abundant, wavy hair of a brown

which is almost red, a quiet, engaging, gentle face. A fur-lined jacket covers her shoulders, and exposes her soft, fat neck and her swelling breasts, only half concealed by a pleated chemisette. It is impossible to imagine the incredible vigour of life which Rembrandt has put into that face, bathed in the regal gold of magic colour. The shadows on the cheeks, the lights and shadows on the neck, the golden tone of the linen, the warm, transparent brown of the fur and of the hair which seems full of sunshine, the light on the nose and brow, the amazing touch of the brush, which by a sort of dabbing reproduces the grain of the skin and the solidity of the flesh, make of this portrait an unrivalled painting, one of the masterpieces of art. Even Titian does not possess such deep power of colour and intensity of light; his amber pales somewhat by the side of this gold.

Not far off hangs the "Woman with the Dropsy," by Gerard Dow, a precious painting worth its weight in gold, a masterpiece in its way, a marvel of finish, delicacy, and cleanness. Never did careful Holland dust nature to better effect than in this painting. But patience is not genius, and in order to do it the justice it deserves, the "Woman with the Dropsy"

should be looked at before Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Woman."

Note attentively the "Virgin" by Van Eyck, the inventor of oil painting, a process that transformed art, so to speak; the first thing that strikes one is the amazing preservation of the painting, more than four centuries old. It is perfectly intact, and seems, judging by the freshness of the tints, to have been brought but yesterday from the artist's studio. It is contrary to logic, no doubt, but the older a painting, the better does it preserve its original colouring. One would think that the progress of chemistry should have placed at the disposal of painters more lasting colours, but it is not so. Those worthy artists, themselves workmen, who ground their own colours, knew a good deal more about them than chemists, and Van Eyck's painting proves it. In a rich Gothic chamber, through the arcades at the back of which is seen a mediæval city with its infinite details, the Blessed Virgin, before whom kneels a grave personage, modestly bends her head under the golden crown starred with gems brought her by the angel. Most pure, chaste, and delicate is she; still somewhat awkward and of Gothic symmetry, but drawn with incredible

delicacy and accuracy. As for the colouring, instead of darkening with time, it has become like an agate, and has acquired the changeless brilliancy of hard stones.

Transitions are impossible in pages containing the description of masterpieces as these happen to come along, collected in the same room, without any distinction of countries, schools, or times; so I shall pass from Van Eyck to Rubens, from one pole of art to the other. The great painter is honourably represented in the Salon Carré by his "Queen Thomyris," and his "Portrait of Helen Fourment," accompanied by her two sons. But a corner of the wall is not sufficient for him; he needs a whole gallery to display his prodigious abundance and his Titanic exaggeration.

Thomyris, Queen of the Scythians, having defeated Cyrus, causes to be plunged — humane in her cruelty — the head of the vanquished hero in a vase filled with blood, so that the head may, even though dead, indulge in its favourite drink. The young queen, in her robe of white satin, surrounded by a fierce and savage court which contrasts with her brilliant dress, bends from her throne to contemplate the spectacle, at once satisfying and revolting.

The "Portrait of Helen Fourment" is a marvel of lightness and transparency. It has been dashed off with a touch of the brush, and is amazingly successful as an improvisation. It is a mass of rubbings penetrated by the light, of touches apparently put on haphazard, but every one of which expresses what it means better than the most minute work; of sparkling relief lights splashed exactly on the right places. What painting could come up to such a sketch?

In this work, delightful in its freshness, Rubens kept his ruddy ardour within bounds; he is golden, silvery, pearly, like satin and light.

Near the "Wedding at Cana" is Van Dyck's "Charles I" in his chivalrous and melancholy attitude, dressed in white satin, splendidly plumed, personifying the royal gentleman too weak to struggle against revolutionary times. His lace collar seems to conceal the narrow red line that marks a head predestined to the axe.

Ostade's peasants, Terburg with his handsome women and his cavaliers, Metzu with his calm interiors, maintain the reputation of the Dutch and Flemish schools; but we shall come upon them elsewhere; let it suffice to mention that they are present in this *Tribuna*.

I have not yet spoken of the Spanish school, which, although it is not fully represented in the Louvre, has nevertheless enough there to give visitors an idea of its power, its brilliancy, and its originality. Murillo's famous "Assumption," so warmly fought over at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection, shines amid the darker canvases with all the silvery brilliancy of its celestial light. The Virgin in a white robe, a blue mantle on her shoulder, a starry crown on her head, and her feet resting on the crescent of the moon, rises light as vapour towards the divine realm where a throne awaits her. Her lovely hands are crossed on her bosom, and her eyes, filled with ecstasy, eagerly drink in the eternal light. She is about to meet in heaven, in the full splendour of His glory and seated at the right of His Father, the Son whom she had seen dying on the cross. Around the Virgin floats, in a luminous haze of azure, silver, and gold, a band of lovely cherubs, angelically beautiful, sweet as loves, playing, fluttering, and crowding around with blessed delight. Never did Daniel Seghers, the Antwerp Jesuit, paint a fresher wreath of roses around a Madonna by Rubens, for the cherubs of Murillo are of a yet fresher, lighter, and more tender tone. The flow-

ers of Paradise surpass those of earth. Nevertheless this painting, wonderful as it is, does not come up, in my opinion, to the "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary" in the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid, nor even to the "Saint Anthony of Padua receiving the Child Jesus from the Hands of the Virgin," which is in the cathedral at Seville; but it is adorably charming, irresistibly attractive. It mingles with a feeling of the most profound Catholicity a sort of pious coquetry, of celestial mannerism, and of amorously devout grace which a devout painter of deep conviction could alone render.

Another painting by Murillo, representing the "Immaculate Conception," hangs also in the Salon Carré. Although it is not as brilliant as the painting I have just described, it nevertheless exhibits the eminent qualities of the master. It differs from the former by a mingling of idealism and realism which forms a very happy contrast. Below the vaporous group of the Virgin, and the angels holding a scroll on which are the words, "*In principio dilexisti eam*," is seen a group of five personages, half-length, contemplating the Queen of Heaven in attitudes of profound adoration. Every one of the heads is wondrously realistic, for Murillo painted men as admirably as he did angels.

"The Adoration of the Shepherds" by José Ribera, called Spagnoletto, is in the tempered style of the master, usually more fiery, more violent, and wilder. Ribera, whose fierce genius had something of the bravo, of the executioner, and the torturer, and who delighted in the representation of martyrs given over to executioners, of old men in the last stages of decrepitude, subjects which he reproduced with dreadful truth and an unsurpassed vigour of effect and touch, was nevertheless capable of feeling and reproducing pure beauty. No further proof of this is needed than the exquisite head of the Virgin in the "Adoration of the Shepherds," which so charmingly recalls the Spanish type. Her lovely black eyes are full of light, and if she is not wholly the Mother of Heaven, she is at least the most beautiful earthly Mary the brush can produce. The Child Jesus rests in a wooden cradle filled with straw, surrounded by three shepherds and a woman in worship. They have not gold, frankincense, and myrrh like the Magi, but they offer what they possess, the tribute of their poverty, a little new-born kid. At the back an angel announces the glad tidings to shepherds watching their flocks upon the mountains. But under the voluntary gentleness, one feels self-

mastered strength, and the colouring, though luminous and golden, is intensely vigorous.

Quite recently there came from the Portalès Gallery to the Louvre Antonelli da Messina's "Head of a Condottiere," a marvel, a masterpiece, a miracle of painting. Antonelli da Messina, who did not hesitate to commit a crime in order to secure the secret of painting in oils, was not the less a great artist because he was a scoundrel. He has imparted to that harsh and fierce face such a feeling of life, strength, and reality that one seems to see the man himself, the physical and the moral man. It is portraiture absolutely; the proudest style is wondrously united to the most accurate truth. The drawing reproduces the forms with amazing precision, and an unchanging colour like that of mosaics is spread over a modelling so fine and so vigorous as to be unrivalled. In this painting, he attained his aim at his very first attempt. Men have done differently since, but not better. Holbein's admirable "Portrait of Erasmus," which hangs not far from that of Antonelli da Messina, looks like a thin silhouette when compared with this robust painting, even though it is treated so carefully.

Let me mention also Holbein's "Portrait of Anne

of Cleves," remarkable for its symmetrical attitude, the red and gold costume, the head, minutely and charmingly modelled, the delicate, aristocratically white hands.

But is there not in this *Tribuna* of art a single painting of the old French school? Have we produced nothing that can stand being placed by these great masters of Italy, Flanders, and Spain? Be reassured; here is Poussin with his "Landscape" and "Diogenes," in his noble, proud style which makes of this picture a type of classical landscape-painting; Claude Lorraine and his colouring interpenetrated with light; the tender Le Sueur and his "Vision of Saint Bernard," as graceful as a Raphael; Jouvenet and his great "Descent from the Cross," which recalls the beautifully balanced compositions which do honour to Daniele da Volterra; Philippe de Champagne, so austerely Jansenist in his painting of "Christ" stretched on his white shroud, and so accurate a portrait painter in his "Cardinal de Richelieu." Nor let me forget Hyacinthe Rigaud, the brilliant, warm colourist, whose portraits are not out of place among those of Titian, Van Dyck, and Velasquez.

IV

THE HALL OF THE EARLY MASTERS

ON the right, at the beginning of the gallery which runs by the water-side and joins the Tuileries, there is an oblong hall (formerly called *Salle des Sept Mètres* and now *des Primitifs*) not less rich in wonderful paintings than the Salon Carré. In the very first rank shine four pictures by Leonardo da Vinci: a Holy Family, known as "la Vierge aux Rochers," "Saint John the Baptist," the "Belle Ferronnière," and "Bacchus."

The "Holy Family" has been made popular through engravings. It is a composition breathing the strange, mysterious grace of the master. In a weird landscape forming a sort of grotto, bristling with stalactites and sharp rocks, the Virgin presents the little Saint John to the Child Jesus, who blesses him with upraised finger. An angel with lovely proud mien, a celestial her-

maphrodite, half maiden, half youth, but superior to both in its ideal beauty, accompanies and supports the Child Jesus, with a mixture of respect and protection, like a page of noble family watching over a king's child. Its hair, with innumerable wavy curls, frames in a delicate face of aristocratic distinction. This angel unquestionably occupies a very high place in the celestial hierarchy; he must be a Throne, a Dominion, or a Principality at the very least. The Child Jesus, drawn up on himself in a pose full of skilful foreshortening, is of marvellous plumpness and modelling. The Virgin is of the charming Lombard type, in which, under innocent modesty, shows the somewhat satirical playfulness which Vinci excels in expressing. The colouring of this masterly painting has darkened in the shadows, but it has lost nothing of its harmony. Perhaps even it might be less ideally poetic, had it retained its original freshness and the tones of life.

Doubts have been expressed about this painting. Certain critics insist that it is only a composition by Leonardo da Vinci painted by another hand, or even no more than a copy of a similar painting executed for the Chapel of the Conception in the Franciscan Church

at Milan; but no one save Vinci could have drawn those firm, clean contours, could have managed that modelling with its skilful degradation which imparts the roundness of sculpture to the bodies with all the grain of the skin, or rendered his favourite types in so masterly and so delicate a fashion.

"Saint John the Baptist" is an enigmatic painting, in which it is very difficult to recognise the fierce ascete, who, his loins girded with the skin of a wild beast, lived in the desert and fed on locusts. The figure, emerging from the deep shadow, and pointing to heaven with one hand while in the other it holds a reed cross, is assuredly not a man. The arm, bent back over the body, conceals the bosom, it is true, but it is so very round, delicate, and white that it can scarce belong to a member of the sterner sex. As for the head, slightly inclined towards the left, its features strangely recall those of the "Gioconda." They are marked by a voluptuous and sardonic expression, a troubling slyness, a sphinx-like imperturbability, which no one has expressed like da Vinci. The swelling of the pectoral muscles, due to the pressure of the arm on the flesh, simulates rather ambiguously the nascent roundness of the female bosom, while the

lamb-skin conceals the rest. The hair is long and curly. It is not impossible that Leonardo da Vinci represented under this disguise, of which many other examples can be found, the type of beauty which preoccupied him, and inspired him with at least artistic love. Saint John, in that case, would be, with a certain disguise in order to blind the vulgar, another portrait of Mona Lisa, more ideal, mysterious, and strange even than the other, — a portrait free from literal resemblance and exhibiting the soul through the veil of the body.

On the contrary, spite of his garland of vine leaves and his thyrsus, "Bacchus," seated in the midst of a pastoral landscape, one leg crossed on the other, seems to have been originally a Saint John the Baptist; but doubtless his pagan god's beauty, the smile on his sinuous lips, the secret joy which illumines his mocking eyes, compelled the taking from his profane hand the humble cross of reeds. In this painting Leonardo cannot have employed the famous black which he invented, and which has deepened and darkened the shadows in his paintings. The colouring is rich, radiant, tender as gold under the red smoke of time. The "Bacchus" is of the size called kit-cat, but it is

painted in such a grand, proud, divine style that, in its small frame, it seems more than life-size.

The portrait known as the "Belle Ferronnière" does not represent, as is commonly supposed, the mistress of Francis I, but Lucrezia Crevelli, who was loved by Lodovico Sforza. The gem suspended from a black silk tress that adorns her brow, and which is even to-day called a *ferronnière*, no doubt caused that name to be given to the painting. However it may be, the head is admirable, astonishingly firm in drawing and modelling, and set off by a rich dress of orange-red velvet edged with gold braid and cut square on the bosom.

Andrea Mantegna, the pupil of Squarcione, who had brought back from Greece casts and drawings of sculptures, became, when quite young, deeply attached to antiquity, and made successful efforts to attain the pure, noble taste characteristic of the works of the ancients, then practically unknown in Italy. Unquestionably Mantegna never managed to get entirely rid of Gothic stiffness and dryness, but his style is already superior, and shows that a new element has been introduced into art. He has elegance and a feeling for beauty, with a naïve eccentricity of invention which is but an additional charm. The "Triumph of Julius

Cæsar," a series of distemper paintings on canvas now at Hampstead Court in England, exhibit a fertility of imagination, an elevation of style and an understanding of movement of which but few examples then existed. The first beams of the Renaissance fell upon Mantegna. After the long Byzantine and Gothic night, beauty returned to delight an amazed world.

This is the feeling aroused by the "Parnassus," an allegorical composition by Mantegna, in the Louvre. The artist is plainly delighted with his own imagination, as novel to him as to others. As he works, he makes discoveries, surprises himself; he exhibits his newly acquired knowledge, of which he is very proud. It is a happy moment for art, with a charm of puberty that passes all too soon. In this strange and seductive painting, Mantegna has turned to account all his knowledge of mythology. First comes Apollo, with the sacred chorus of the Muses dancing to the strains of his lyre; then Mercury, with his caduceus, leaning on a winged Pegasus covered with gems; in the middle distance Helicon, from which flows Hippocrene, the irresistible source of beautiful verse, and on a rock pierced in the shape of an arch, Venus in her fair nudity by the side of Mars in armour; on one side

Cupid shooting arrows; on the other, in his den, Vulcan, furiously threatening the lovers. What was the idea which the artist concealed in this strange composition? I do not know, and I shall not strive to ascertain it. I am content to admire the elegance of the Muses, the nobility of their pose, the ingenious draping of their garments, the sculptural beauty of the group formed by Mars and Venus, the pose of Mercury, the flow of draperies, the attention paid to detail; and this exhibition of mythology in the very depths of the Middle Ages, which strikes one as might Helen in Faust's feudal palace, with her antique nudity and her floating draperies, the lightness of which causes her some slight embarrassment.

"Wisdom Triumphant over Vice," represents Minerva, preceded by Diana as the incarnation of chastity, and Philosophy armed with a torch, driving away the deformed and bestial horde of vices, — Lust, with its goat's hoofs, Inertia and Idleness in their slough, Fraud, Malice, Drunkenness, and Ignorance, carried by Ingratitude and Avarice. In the heavens soar the Virtues which are to take the place on the purified earth of the monsters that Wisdom has driven away. Since those days allegory has been overdone, but at

that time it was a novelty, and the artist found in it an opportunity of contrasting types of ugliness and of beauty. In this painting Mantegna has given proof of fertility of invention, and exhibits an abundance of motives which clever painters even now turn to account. Certain figures or groups admired in modern paintings much lauded at the Salon, could be traced back without much difficulty to the works of the old master.

It is not customary to see the gentle Madonna surrounded by knights armed from top to toe, but this time it is the "Virgin of Victory" that Mantegna desired to represent. She is seated on a throne of precious marbles enriched with golden *bassi-relievi*, within a niche of garlands of verdure forming a dome, mingled with flowers, fruits, corals, pearls, and gems. The archangel Saint Michael and Saint George the good knight, wearing magnificent armour, support her mantle; Saint Longinus in a red helmet, and Saint Andrew, patron of Mantua, stand near the throne; Saint John is by Saint Elizabeth, who kneels, a coral chaplet in her hand; and on the steps of the throne the Marquis of Mantua, Giovanni Francesco Gonzaga, clad in steel from neck to heels, the collar of the Order

of Saint Maurice around his neck, does homage to the Virgin, who extends over him her protecting hand, and to the Divine Child, who blesses him. This was excessive gratitude indeed for the defeat of Formia, where the Marquis's forty thousand Italians had been defeated by the nine thousand Frenchmen of Charles VIII; but no matter, Mantegna's painting is a masterpiece. It is a page of chivalry in a devotional picture. The holy warriors, the lovely armour, the abundance of gems and flowers, give devotion an unusual aspect of pride and triumph, and renovate a somewhat trite subject.

We come across Raphael, too, in this hall. His "Portrait of Joanna of Aragon" is one of those works which, besides their artistic merit, have the attraction of fascination. It is impossible for any one who has seen it ever to forget it. Joanna of Aragon remains in one's memory as one of the types of feminine perfection, dreamed of but which it is hopeless to expect to meet in this life. It is said that the head alone was painted by Raphael, and that the remainder of the painting is the work of Giulio Romano from the master's cartoons; but time has passed its harmonising hand over the whole, and it is very difficult to-day

to distinguish the master's work from the disciple's. Giulio Romano himself is a painter of the first order, and when, in his pupil's devotion, he absorbs himself in Raphael's personality, you may be sure that he does not spoil it.

The Princess is seen in three-quarters. She wears a hood of carnation-coloured velvet embroidered with gems, a gown of the same stuff and the same colour. One hand rests on her lap; with the other she draws aside the fur that covers her shoulders. The background is a hall of rich architecture opening upon gardens. The head, framed in by long, wavy, puffing fair hair, is marked by aristocratic delicacy and patrician elegance; she is a princely beauty in the widest sense of the word, and imagination would place by her a royal coat of arms, even did we not know that it is Joanna of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon, Duke of Montalto, and granddaughter of Ferdinand I, Prince of Naples, married to Prince Ascanio Colonna, Constable of Naples. Happy Ascanio, indeed, to have possessed the original of such a copy! The hands, which are extremely high-bred, are the loveliest possible, and the warmth of the velvet further augments their fairness.

A word about the "Portrait" by Balthazar Castiglione, the painter of "The Courtier" (Il Cortegiano), who in his day had a great deal of success, and who united in himself all the qualities which, in his day, went to make up an accomplished gentleman. It is a beautiful, manly, intelligent head, with a beard and moustaches, the brown tone of which harmonises with the sober black dress slashed with gray.

Who has not stopped before this "Head of a Young Man," with its fair hair, its black toque, the elbow leaning upon a stone sill, and the cheek supported by the hand, while the gaze seems to follow in its nonchalant reverie some delightful dream? It is the ideal of prettiness, and never did young girl imagine more suave features for the fair unknown whom she awaits. Tradition holds that this is a portrait of Raphael painted by himself in early youth, when he still possessed a face like that of an angel recently come to earth; but it is difficult to accept the pleasant legend. In this delightful portrait the third manner of the painter is plain. He must have painted it towards the end of his life; but by way of compromise it may be supposed that it is a remembrance of his youth, and that the artist, having reached the topmost summit of glory, enjoyed

representing himself such as he was when he entered upon life.

His "Saint Margaret" tramples under her lovely feet a dragon that writhes and twists in coils no less tortuous than those of Racine's monster, and that opens, in one corner of the painting, a terrific mouth, a perfect abyss of teeth, whence issue smoke and flames. Most sweet, pure, and virginal are the features of the saint, amazed at her power over monsters, and holding like a flower of the fields the palm of her martyrdom.

I shall call, as the catalogue does, "Portrait of Avalos, Marquis of Guast," the amazing painting by Titian, the meaning of which is still unsolved, in spite of the ingenious guesses of the commentators. What is absolutely clear in this masterpiece is its immortal beauty. A young woman, seated, holds on her knees a crystal ball. Never was the bloom of life represented with more adorable power. The light spreads broad and rich, filled with gold, sunshine, and amber, on that flesh with its marble grain. The face expresses the enjoyment of perfect beauty, the calm of absolute harmony. Near the splendid creature a man with imposing, serious face, his head bare, wearing an

armour the tawny tones of which shimmer in the shadow, stands and puts quietly one hand on her bosom, enclosing her breast in his palm. Curiously enough, the young woman does not seem to be troubled by this taking possession of her beauty, and looks at a little Cupid which holds out to her a bundle of arrows. Another young woman, or rather a nymph, seen in profile and crowned with myrtle, seems to do homage to the Marquis's mistress; and farther off another figure, of which the head thrown back and the hands upraised are alone seen, holds up a basket of flowers.

A letter from the Marquis to Pietro Aretino states his wish to have Titian paint his own portrait as Mars, that of his wife as Venus, and that of his son as Cupid. Now is the painting we are looking at the realisation of that artistic fancy? It strikes me that the composition is very gallant and voluptuous for a family picture.

Now look at the "Portrait of Francis I" in a costume slashed with carnation-red and white, and its profile with its bold, sarcastic, sensual expression. This is indeed the knightly King, the Protector of letters, the hero who on the night of Marignan had but the fragments of three great swords. Was it painted from

life? That is scarcely possible if dates are taken into account. It is difficult to bring together in Italy Titian and Francis I at the age suggested by the portrait. It may be supposed with some likelihood that it was painted from some of the medals which the Renaissance artists knew how to model so well; for such an artist as Titian, that would suffice for the production of a work full of life, colour, and resemblance. Francis I lives forever in the imagination of people under the aspect which the great Venetian artist has given him. He lives through this canvas.

I cannot describe at length two or three portraits of men by Titian, representing grave personages dressed in black, men of great families, magnificos of Venice, strongly drawn, beautifully painted, and of unapproachable pride of port. Titian, with Velasquez, is the greatest portrait painter in the world.

Let me speak of the "Holy Family," known under the name of "Vierge au lapin." Happy the paintings which have familiar and popular names repeated by every one; and yet works of great merit have not been so fortunate. The Virgin, seated on the ground, places her hand on a white rabbit which the Child Jesus, borne by Saint John, seems to long for with

childish impatience. The white spot in the centre of the painting is the keynote that settles the values of the colouring, intensely rich and of wondrous luminousness and warmth. In the middle distance Saint Joseph, watching a flock, caresses a black ewe. The background, formed of trees, meadows, and hills, proves what a wonderful landscape-painter Titian was, and how he managed to make the sky, the grass, and the water subordinate to the figures without diminishing their own value; the background of his paintings alone, without any figures, would have sufficed to win him fame.

In the "Pilgrims at Emmaüs," Titian, indulging in the Venetian liberty of anachronism, which did not hesitate to introduce modern personages amid scenes of anterior times, has placed, says tradition, on the right of the Saviour, in the garments of a pilgrim, the Emperor Charles V, and on the left, in a similar disguise, Cardinal Ximenes. The page who brings a dish to the table is said to be Philip II, King of Spain. Near the Christ, who is blessing the bread, a servant, bare-armed, his thumbs stuck in his belt, awaits the orders of the guests. Under the table, covered with a cloth at least as beautiful as the cloth in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," a cat and a dog are playing familiarly. The

whole painting is superb, luminous, full of strength and health, light, sunshine, and robust life. Such qualities make one easily forgive a few errors in costume and local colour.

Palma Vecchio has in this hall a superb painting long attributed to Titian, which is not surprising considering the warmth, luminousness, broad colouring, and fine tone of the painting. This superb composition, which is an *ex-voto*, for it contains the portrait of the giver kneeling behind the Virgin, is called "The Annunciation to the Shepherds." Mary, seated, presents the Child Jesus, in a cradle of plaited strips of bark, to a young shepherd, who, his hands crossed on his breast, bends before the divine Child in an attitude of adoration. A little farther away two other shepherds contemplate with surprise two angels sweeping through the sombre blue of air. Saint Joseph, standing behind the Virgin, completes the composition. The beauty of the heads, the pose of the figures, the softness of the drapery, the brilliancy of the colouring, make of this "Annunciation to the Shepherds" one of the finest works of the Venetian school.

Andrea del Sarto's "Charity" shows incomparably radiant on these walls hung with masterpieces. Seated

on a mound, a young woman of robust and gentle attitude, smiling like Love, prodigal like Fecundity, shelters two children within her hospitable lap; one of her breasts, swollen with milk, emerges from her half-opened dress; at her feet on a fold of her drapery sleeps a young boy with the carelessness of a being that knows it is protected by the vigilant eyes of love. Charity wears gay colours, pale rose and turquoise blue, for Charity, to the unfortunate, is Hope. The whole group beams with tranquil majesty. Never did kindness have more charming features or more lovely grace, and yet the painter has managed to impart an indefinable expression of indifference to the face of this Virtue; for Charity is not Maternity; she has not borne within her womb the children she suckles; all the unfortunate are her children. The dead, clear tone of this painting recalls the tone of frescoes, the grandeur of which it possesses. On a paper cast on the ground in a corner of the painting runs the painter's signature: "*Andreas Sartus Florentinus me pinxit, M.D.X.V.IIV.*"

I have shown you Mantegna under his mythological and naïve aspect; he succeeded no less well in religious paintings. His "Christ Crucified between the

Two Thieves" is a pathetic composition, in no wise impaired by a certain ingenious strangeness of arrangement and attitude which is the mark of the master. Placed between the good and the wicked thieves, one of whom grimaces convulsively while the other appears celestially happy, Christ is dying on a cross as high as the gibbet on which Haman was hanged. The Roman soldiers are casting lots for the Just One's tunic; others on horseback are watching the execution; Saint John stands at the foot of the Cross in an attitude of despair; farther away the Virgin swoons amid the Holy Women. In the foreground, in a depression, is a half-length figure, helmeted and bearing a lance, which is claimed to be the painter's portrait. The group stands out against a background of rocks with curious outlines, through which winds the road leading to a fantastically Eastern Jerusalem. This painting, in distemper, like those of the early masters, came from the church of San Zeno in Venice. While Mantegna still follows tradition in the figures of Christ and the holy personages, his Roman soldiers already exhibit the feeling for antiquity. This remarkable painting is at once the evening and the dawn; the Middle Ages are closing, the Renaissance is beginning.

Beltraffio was a gentleman of Milan, and a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, who painted only when he chose, and whose works are very rare. The "Madonna of the Casio Family" which the Louvre owns, possesses, besides its qualities as a painting, the merit of being undoubtedly authentic, for Beltraffio's pictures have often been attributed to better-known artists. What a happy time it was which possessed such able amateurs! Beltraffio's Madonna has a peculiar character. The head is of the Lombard type; a small veil of black gauze half conceals the brow, and the mysterious depth of the modelling makes it almost the cousin of Mona Lisa. She holds in her lap the Child Jesus, blessing the two givers of the painting, one of whom, presented by Saint John the Baptist, is Girolamo Casio (or de Casio), the father of Giacomo, who is kneeling on the right, his biretta in his hand, and wearing a crown of laurel in virtue of being a poet. Near him is a nude Saint Sebastian tied to a stake, pierced with arrows, and beautiful as Apollo. Behind the figures extends a bluish landscape in which rises a slender tree with dull, scanty foliage. In the heavens soars on outspread wings an angel playing on the mandolin, which tradition attributes to Leonardo

da Vinci. I am of opinion that tradition is wrong. If the master had touched up any part of his pupil's painting, it would be rather the Virgin's head. However it may be, the work is of the first rank and, according to Vasari, the most perfect that Beltraffio ever produced; for to the exquisite modelling of the Milanese school is allied colouring worthy of Venice.

A writer who has to speak of the Italian school finds it almost impossible to vary his expressions. The theme is nearly always the same,—the Madonna, the Child Jesus, and a few saints that scarcely vary. All that marks the difference between one painting and another —the time, the style, the drawing, the colour, the composition, the touch, the originality peculiar to the artist —can be but faintly brought out in a written description, especially a brief one, that has to indicate merely the chief features, without entering into minute detail which alone is characteristic. So I am now in the presence of a Cima da Conegliano. Assuredly a very remarkable painting, it is again a "Madonna with the Child Jesus," enthroned under a baldacchino and accompanied by a Saint John draped in green and a Magdalen bearing a vase of perfume. How am I, with

words alone, to convey the feeling that this Madonna does not in the least resemble Frari's Madonna? She is more artless, less soft, and somewhat awkward, thanks to the least trace of Gothic unskilfulness; but after all, she is charming and of superb colouring. Behind her, at the foot of a terrace with a balustrade, stretches out a strange landscape representing the country around Conegliano, the native place of the painter, with rocks pierced with arches, and a river lined with buildings which laves the walls of a fortress.

In the painting by Francesco Bianchi, called *il Frari*, whose life is little known, great artist though he is, is found the same symmetrical arrangement as in Cima da Conegliano's, but the feeling is entirely different. The Virgin, seated on a richly ornamented throne, holds the Child Jesus in her arms. On the steps of the throne two angels are playing on the viola and mandora. To the left of the spectator, Saint Benedict, in richly embroidered vestments, holds a book in one hand and his crozier in the other; on the right, Saint Quentin, wearing his armour, rests his hand on his sword in an elegantly chivalrous attitude. The saint's head is bare. It is a juvenile, proud head,

and the paladin shows in him more than the saint. Saint Benedict, too, has a fairly imperious look, and the Madonna herself has a certain somewhat haughty grace. Slender columns in the Renaissance style support arches, on which climb a few tendrils of foliage, and form the background of the picture.

Paolo Veronese does not need a vast canvas to prove his greatness. His "Christ Crucified between the Two Thieves" contains all the qualities of monumental painting. The composition, through a caprice of the artist, who desired to avoid commonplace symmetry, is wholly relegated to the left of the painting. The Christ, realising the words of Vida, *ponens caput expiravit*, has bowed his head upon his breast and gives up the ghost between the crosses of the two thieves, seen like himself in perspective and in profile. At the foot mourns the group of the Holy Women, and John, the beloved disciple, laments the death of his Master. On the right, one of the executioners, seen from behind, places his hand upon a horse's neck, and Jerusalem shows its distant sky-line under the stormy heavens. Paolo Veronese has introduced into this painting all the splendour of his palette, although in more sombre tones.

Under a dais of gold flowered with black, the Blessed Virgin holds the Child Jesus standing on her knees, noble and simple like a great lady of Venice. Saint Catharine of Alexandria presents Saint Benedict to the divine *bambino*, and Saint George, the good knight, wearing a rich armour and lance in hand, is present as a guard of honour. Most beautiful, robust, and proud is that warrior's figure, which would be as much in its place in a tourney as in the Golden Legend.

A marvellous painting indeed is Giorgione's "Holy Family." Still, of course, the inevitable characters in these mystic paintings, the Madonna, the Child Jesus, Saint Sebastian pierced with arrows, and Saint Catharine, and on the other side the giver who ordered the *ex-voto* for his chapel or for his parish church; but how rich, intense, and warm is the colouring! What vigour of life, what a robust, frank character in the painting! How regrettable it is that that painter of genius should have died at the age of thirty-three, even younger than Raphael, leaving numerous works now forgotten or for the most part lost.

Let me also mention a "Holy Family" by Titian, superb in colouring; another by Lorenzo di Credi, in

which are noticeable, near the Virgin and the Child Jesus, Saint Julian Hospitaller in red tights and low boots, and Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, wearing his pontifical vestments and absorbed in the perusal of the sacred book. It is a very finished picture, perfectly preserved.

In Bernardo Luini's "Sleep of Jesus," the Virgin supports in her arms, with every maternal precaution to avoid waking him, her divine Son, whom she makes ready to place on a bed prepared by the angels, one of whom holds a white cloth and the other a veil, while a third unrolls a scroll. The expression of the Madonna's face is of the most tender gentleness.

Fra Bartolommeo, the painter monk, has in this hall a painting of great importance and of the highest beauty. On a throne placed in a sort of hemicycle, the baldacchino of which is formed by a flying drapery supported by three angels, is seated the Virgin who presides at the mystic marriage of the infant Jesus and Saint Catharine, who, kneeling with her back to the spectator, receives from the little divine hand the ring of betrothal. This allegorical ceremony is witnessed by Saint Bartholomew, Saint Vincent, and other male and female saints holding palms. Between the saints

on the right of the Virgin, and concealed in the background, are seen two monks embracing with every mark of the liveliest Christian sympathy. They are Saint Francis and Saint Dominic. The religious painter wrote upon one of the steps of the throne at the feet of the Virgin, in order that the work of his hands should profit his soul, this humble legend: "*Orate pro pictore M. D. X. I.*," and lower down, "*Bartholome flor. or. Præ.*" That is, Bartolommeo of Florence, of the Order of Preachers. His figures are noble and pure, his draperies broad and full, his colour is laid on in large masses; and if he received advice from his friend Raphael, he may well have given advice also.

Let us glance at Giulio Romano's "Triumph of Titus and Vespasian." The conqueror advances drawn by four piebald horses, and surrounded by groups of figures which seem, thanks to their genuinely antique style, coloured *bassi-relievi*, and which are indeed every one imitated from the carvings on the arch of Titus. Victory crowns the triumphant conqueror. Soldiers, their brows bound with laurel, and bearing vases and the seven-branched candlestick, the spoils of the Temple, accompany the car, two equer-

ries holding the horses. A woman's head dragged by the hair symbolises Judæa conquered.

A curious painting by Vittore Carpaccio attracts by its eccentricity as much as by its merit. It represents Saint Stephen preaching in Jerusalem. The anachronisms in costume and architecture might lead to the belief that the scene occurs in Turkish Constantinople some time after the conquest by Mahomet II. The saint, whose face denotes extreme youth, preaches standing upon a pedestal which bears the medallion of a Roman emperor. A great number of characters dressed in Eastern costumes such as might be seen in those days on the Piazza San Marco in Venice — for Venice had once constant intercourse with the East — are listening with varying emotions to the sermon of the saint, who was to be the first martyr. In the background buildings in the style of those which at that period must have lined the square of the Atmeïdan, and which Gentile Bellini's paintings may give some idea of, show their white profiles against the mountainous horizon. To the delicate and simple quality of the drawing is joined the beauty of colouring which marks Venetian painters, even before the Renaissance.

I must now, though I am far from having said all I have wished, leave the Hall of the Seven Metres, and enter what is called the Great Gallery, a long apartment lighted from above, which extends, parallel with the Seine, as far as the Pavilion of Flora.

V

THE GREAT GALLERY

THE first part of the Great Gallery is reserved to the Early Masters of the Italian school. Here are seen the origins of art, and its earliest efforts after the three or four centuries of profound barbarism which followed upon the fall of the Roman Empire, a time during which the notion of beauty seems to have been entirely lost. First comes Cimabue, with his "Virgin with the Angels," a painting which resembles a Russian *eikon* and reproduces the Byzantine form, apparently at least, for the heads set within their thick golden haloes already aspire to life, and under the symmetrical, stiff folds of the draperies is outlined the human form about to break forth from its heavy chrysalis. The Virgin, with great, wide-open eyes, like the Greek Mother of God, dressed like an empress, seated on a throne, holds in her lap a somewhat wan Child Jesus in the act of blessing. Angels with golden haloes, superimposed regularly one

over another, surround the throne, soaring in the gilded atmosphere of the painting. There are three of them on either side. A border of twenty-six medallions, representing apostles and blessed, surrounds the painting. It is certainly strangely barbaric and austere, but not without grandeur; and this sort of picturing with its raised work in gold, often produces a deeper religious effect than finished and perfect paintings. Cimabue enjoys the glory of having been sung by Dante, and of having been the master of Giotto, who from a sheep-herd became a painter, sculptor, and architect, and renewed art.

Giotto's "Saint Francis of Assisi Receiving the Stigmata" is already freer, more living, more human art than Cimabue's "Madonna." Having withdrawn to Mount della Vernia, two years before his death, Saint Francis of Assisi, in a hallucination produced by forty days' fasting, saw in an ecstasy a cherub with six wings, two outspread like the arms of a cross, two with which it flew, and two others folded over its body. From the hands, feet, and side of this cherub, which represented Christ, streamed rays that imprinted on Saint Francis of Assisi the divine stigmata of the Saviour's wounds, — real stigmata that did not disap-

pear with the vision. There is as yet no sky in this painting, and the landscape stands out against a background of diapered gold, but it is still a very bold piece of work considering the times; nature now enters into art. The sward, the rocks, the trees, the mountains, the white cells of the hermits are shown and rendered with an artless feeling for truth. The saint is ascetically thin, with an expression of fervour and ecstasy such as the subject calls for. His attitude presents contrasting lines; it has broken through the outlines — as rigid as the leaden tracery which imprisons the figures in stained-glass windows — that hold captive, as it were, the figures in paintings of that period. Soon Cimabue's pupil freed himself from the Gothic constraint, and the frescoes still to be seen by him in the church of the Madonna dell' Arena at Padua testify to very great progress. Azure now shows in the heavens, the gold disappears, and its barbaric richness is replaced by beauty; the composition is more supple, better combined, and is distributed on several planes; expression and style arise simultaneously under his brush, which no difficulty now stays. With Giotto opens the new era, and Italy becomes the sovereign mistress of Art.

In the lower portion of the picture are painted three compositions relating to the life of the saint: "The Vision of Pope Innocent III," advised by Saint Peter to favour the Order of the Minorites founded by Saint Francis; "Pope Innocent III, giving to Saint Francis (accompanied by his twelve companions) the Dress and Statutes of the Order;" and finally, "Saint Francis and the Birds." Every one knows that the saint, of a most loving disposition, lived in such intimate communion with nature that he understood the speech of animals, and that they replied to him. He called the swallows "sisters;" the birds listened to his sermons, and sang Mass with him, singing and keeping silence as he willed.

Fra Beato Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin" seems to have been painted by an angel rather than by a man. Time has not dulled the ideal bloom of this painting, which is as delicate as a missal miniature, and the tints of which are borrowed from the whiteness of the lily, the roses of dawn, the azure of the sky, and the gold of the stars. No muddy tints of earth dull these seraphic forms created out of luminous vapour. On a throne with marble steps, the different colours of which are symbolical, Christ, seated, holds a

richly wrought crown, which he is about to place on the brow of His divine Mother kneeling before Him, her head modestly bowed and her hands crossed on her bosom. Around the throne presses a chorus of angels playing on trumpets, theorbs, angelicas, and viols. A light flame burns above their heads and their great wings flutter with joy at this glorious coronation, which makes the humble servant of the Lord Queen of Heaven. On the right an angel kneels in prayer. In the lower portion of the picture, their glances turned towards heaven, the multitude of the blessed, distributed into two groups, worships and contemplates. On the one hand, Moses, Saint John the Baptist, bishops, founders of orders, designated by emblems and for the sake of clearness bearing their names inscribed around their haloes or on the embroidery of their vestments. Saint Dominic holds a branch of lilies and a book; the cloak of Saint Thomas Aquinas is clasped by a sun; white-bearded Charlemagne is recognisable by the *fleurs de lys* on his crown; near Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, are lying three golden balls, symbolical of the three purses which he gave to a poor nobleman to enable him to portion his three daughters, whose beauty exposed them to temptation.

On the other side stand King David, the apostles, martyrs, Saint Peter the Dominican with his wounded head, Saint Lawrence holding his gridiron, Saint Stephen with a palm in his hand, Saint George armed cap-à-pie; then in the foreground the lovely group of the female saints, with their celestial graces: the Magdalen, kneeling, offers a vase of ointment; Saint Cecilia is crowned with roses; Saint Clare beams through her veil studded with golden crosses and stars; Saint Catharine of Alexandria leans on the wheel, the instrument of her execution, calm and peaceful as if it were a spinning-wheel; Saint Agnes holds in her arms a little white lamb, the emblem of innocence. Fra Beato Angelico invented for these young saints a virginal, immaterial, celestial beauty of which no earthly type exists; they are souls made visible, rather than bodies, — forms of thought, arrayed in chaste white, rose, blue, starred, embroidered draperies, such as must be worn by the blessed who enjoy the eternal day of paradise. If there are any pictures in heaven, they must resemble those of Fra Angelico.

Ghirlandajo's "Christ bearing His Cross," enjoys the distinction of suggesting in its composition the first thought of Raphael's "Lo Spasimo di Sicilia." Christ,

bowed under the cross of shame, walks peacefully along the way of sorrows. Soldiers head the procession, and a curiously dressed negro walks in front of the Saviour, who is helped to bear His cross by Saint Simon of Cyrene; the Holy Women follow, and in a corner of the painting, Saint Veronica, kneeling, displays upon a cloth the miraculous imprint of the Saviour's face. This picture is by Benedetto Ghirlandajo; two other painters, Domenico and Ridolfo, who do not belong to the same family, bear the same name.

A strange painting indeed is Benozzo Gozzoli's "Triumph of Saint Thomas Aquinas." Gozzoli painted in fresco on a long wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa twenty-four incidents drawn from the Old Testament, which may be admired, faded but still beautiful, under the cloister with its slender columns. This curious composition is divided into three parts. In the upper one is seen Christ accompanied by Saint Paul with his sword, and Moses with the Tables of the Law. The four Evangelists appear to be writing under divine inspiration, and Christ, satisfied, utters these words written on a scroll: "*Bene scripsisti de me, Thomma.*" In the middle portion Saint Thomas is enthroned in the centre of a luminous sphere, with

open books on his knees, Aristotle and Plato standing by him. Under his feet lies William de Saint Amour, the opponent of the mendicant orders, who has fallen, overwhelmed by the thunderbolts of Saint Thomas Aquinas. At the foot of the painting, Alexander IV, surrounded by his *camerieri* and his cardinals, presides over the Council of Agnani, in which was discussed the great question of the mendicant orders, attacked by William de Saint Amour, and defended by Saint Thomas Aquinas. In the multitude are to be seen Saint Bonaventura, Albert the Great, Humbert de Romans, General of the Dominicans, and the doctors Peter and John, deputed to the Pope by Louis IX.

Thus has Benozzo represented the apotheosis of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the Angel of the Schools, the Silent Ox who, according to Albert the Great, his professor, was later to utter in doctrine so formidable a bellow that the whole world would hear it.

The "Nativity" by Filippo Lippi, is a painting in which the artist's originality breaks through the Gothic formula of composition, and adds to the sacred subject a direct study of nature. The Child Jesus is on the ground between the Virgin and Saint Joseph kneeling in worship. Is the thoroughly individual face of the

Virgin a portrait of Lucrezia Buti, a pupil in the convent for which Lippi painted the "Nativity," and whom he ran off with? It is quite probable, for this picture is undoubtedly the one ordered for their high altar by the nuns of Saint Margaret. Whether it be a portrait or not, the head is delicate, charming, and full of exquisite feeling. Gray-bearded Saint Joseph, with his look of a poor man, is painted in a thoroughly realistic manner, as one would say to-day. He has near him his staff and his travelling-gourd in a wicker-work cover, like a bottle of aleatico or maraschino. The scene is a ruined stable, every stone of which is painted with the utmost care and fidelity. A few handfuls of thatch thrown upon joists protect the infant Jesus, on whom breathe the ox and the ass, whose saddle is placed in a corner. On the walls scurry lizards with quivering tails. A goldfinch is perched on the end of a beam and sings the birth of the Child. Such naturalism, associating the creation with God and making it play its part in the sacred drama, was unknown to the Early Masters, who, absorbed as they were by dogma, placed the sacred figures in the centre of golden backgrounds. In the sky above the Child, hovers the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. On

either side two angels fly in opposite directions, balancing symmetrically. Beyond the ruined stable is seen the countryside, the real countryside, on which shepherds are feeding their flocks. One of these shepherds, his dog lying near him, is playing on the pipe. All these details are painted firmly and accurately, and the colours, now darkened by time, must have been superb. Another painting by Filippo Lippi, "The Virgin and Child Jesus," adored by two holy abbots, is nearer the consecrated form, but the subject required it, and the painter has managed to exhibit his originality in curious and delightful details. In the centre of the composition the Virgin, standing on the steps of a throne, presents the Child Jesus to two holy personages on their knees. They hold in their hand the abbatial crozier, the mark of their dignity. Two archangels stand by the Virgin, bearing stalks of lilies. A multitude of little angels press around the throne, and the monk who is sheltered under their wings is said to be the artist; for in the course of his adventurous life, Filippo Lippi took the cowl, cast it aside, and among other adventures was taken captive by Moorish corsairs. So he was a monk after all, and as such has a right to figure devoutly in a sacred

painting. His figures of the Virgin, of the Child Jesus, and of the saints are less emaciated than those of his contemporaries: the cheeks are cheerfully plump; the flesh, well modelled, has unusual relief. Gilding is still employed in this painting, but in sober and discreet fashion, in delicate hatchings which reflect the light; it is used by a painter and not by a binder tooling leather.

Filippo Lippi, who, it is said, was poisoned by the father of one of his mistresses, left a son, Filippino, a talented artist, whose frescoes in the church del Carmine at Florence are much admired.

Giovanni da Pietro, called lo Spagnoletto, for he was of Spanish origin, is represented in the Louvre by a "Nativity" charmingly composed in the style of Perugino, or rather, in the first still artless manner of Raphael, though with a personal touch. The Child Jesus lies on the ground on a white drapery, His limbs crossed, His finger in His mouth, like a babe yet unconscious of its divinity. He is worshipped by the Virgin, Saint Joseph, and three kneeling angels; three other angels soar in the azure, supporting a scroll on which is inscribed the glad news. At the back is seen Jerusalem, and the brilliant and barbaric cavalcade

accompanying the Magi on their way from the far East. On a hillock an angel announces the miraculous birth to a shepherd watching his flock, and two herdsmen, one of whom bears a lamb, are hastening to worship the Child in its cradle.

I must abridge, much against my will, this review of the Early Masters, who are so interesting from an historical point of view, and whose works have the simple, awkward grace of the first steps of a child. I shall therefore merely mention Lorenzo di Pavia's "Family of the Blessed Virgin," a curious and lovely picture in which all the figures bear their names written upon scrolls, Roselli's "Coronation of the Virgin," Bernardo Perugino's "Crucified Christ," the paintings by Lorenzo Costa, "The Court of Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua," and the allegory of "Orpheus civilising Men;" Raibolini's (Francia) "Christ on the Cross," with Job at the foot, thinking his woes slight in comparison with those of the Saviour; the "Doctors of the Church," by Sacchi de Pavia, accompanied by the symbols of the Evangelists, an even, strong painting; and I return to Titian, Paolo Veronese, Giulio Romano, and other great masters of the finest period of art.

Let us stop before Titian's "Jupiter and Antiope," which is known under the name of "Venus del Pardo," — I cannot imagine why, for it does not seem possible to mistake the subject. This important picture, which remained a long time in Spain, has undergone many vicissitudes. It was twice nearly burned, and has suffered from shameless restorations, which happily have been removed. Nonchalantly lying in the centre of the composition, Antiope, with one arm curved over her head, draws back with her other hand, by a delicate movement of sleeping modesty, the fold of her drapery over her hip. The fairness of her lovely body forms in the centre of the painting a luminous mass which strikes and holds the eye. Jupiter, who has assumed the ears and feet of a satyr, raises the sleeper's veil and contemplates her charms with greedy eyes, while Cupid, flying through the branches of the tree, the shade of which falls upon the nymph, shoots his bolt at the Master of the gods. On the left, a woman tressing flowers is seated by a satyr; and a hunter, who happens in unexpectedly in this mythological composition, with his two dogs leashed, shows to a companion, blowing a horn, a stag which hunters are pursuing in the distant landscape, itself

superb; for there are no finer landscapes than those by historical painters, especially when the painter is called Titian.

Near-by shines radiantly the "Christ Crowned with Thorns," a masterpiece of colouring which the artist executed at the age of seventy-six, but which exhibits no trace whatever of advancing years. The bent knee of the Christ seems to issue from the canvas, so powerfully and splendidly does the light fall upon it; the soldiers who are mocking Him are painted with the most juvenile energy, and the whole scene stands out from a background of bossage architecture in which is set a bust of Tiberius, to indicate the date of Christ's execution.

Not far from this splendid composition is the admirable "Portrait of a Man," dressed in black, most noble, true, and lifelike, and a "Holy Family," in which the painter has introduced Saint Stephen, Saint Ambrosius, Bishop of Milan, in his red cope and robes, and Saint Maurice, the commander of the Theban legion, dressed in armour.

The first thing which attracts attention in Giulio Romano's "Nativity" is the tall figure of a bearded warrior, wearing antique armour with gilded leg-pieces,

the green shadows and rosy lights on which are due to one of those curious colour effects familiar to Raphael's pupil. This saint who stands near the edge of the picture on the left, is Saint Longinus, the legionary who pierced Christ's side with his lance. He rests on his lance with one hand, and with the other presses to his breast a vase of mysterious form, made of crystal and gold, which is none else than the vase in which the angels collected the blood and water that issued from the Saviour's wound, and which, under the name of Holy Grail, so greatly exercised the chivalrous imagination of the Middle Ages. Saint John, dressed in a green robe and holding a cup from which issues a serpent, balances Saint Longinus. The Child Jesus, worshipped by the Virgin and Saint Joseph, occupies the centre of the composition. In the shadowy background is seen the angel announcing the miraculous birth to the shepherds. This painting, which somewhat shocks the eye by strange and discordant effects of colour, makes up for this defect by a grandeur of composition, beauty of drawing, and a pride of style which denote a master accustomed to bold fresco work, and worthy to collaborate in the masterpieces of the divine Sanzio.

The "Portrait of Giulio Romano" by himself is also very fine, if the artist has avoided self-flattery. He is of the pure Italian type, and his olive complexion, his short, curly hair, and his black dress give him a proud, noble look.

Bonifazzio is a master worthy of inscribing his name on the Golden Book of Venetian painters. His palette is not less rich than that of Titian and Palma Vecchio, and it is easy to mistake his works for those of these great colourists. His "Raising of Lazarus" is a very fine picture. Jesus, followed by the disciples, standing between Martha and Mary, makes the gesture which calls the dead from the tomb. Lazarus, dazzled by the light, is rising, supported by two men. The gravity of the scene is somewhat disturbed by a too familiar and natural detail: one of the Jews witnessing the miracle stops his nose in order to avoid breathing the fetid odour from the open sepulchre. It is bad taste, but on the other hand, the gesture is so true and the figure so uncommonly well painted!

Here is still another Paolo Veronese, not less beautiful and not less superb than the paintings in the Salon Carré. It is easily recognisable by the great white architecture, which stands out this time against a sky

that, painted doubtless with Egyptian ash, has blackened and now looks like veined marble. At the table which invariably appears in his paintings, the Venetian has seated Christ between the two apostles at Emmaüs. Busy servants bring dishes to the divine guest; and in order that the guests at his meal should have spectators, like kings who eat in public, Paolo Veronese has introduced his family. On the right his wife, with a very brilliant complexion and hair of Venetian gold, wearing pearls and a rich costume in the fashion of the day, holds in her arms a little child in its swaddling clothes; one of her sons clings with childish timidity to the skirt of her dress and tries to hide, while the other, one knee on the ground, is teasing a little spaniel. In the centre of the foreground, two little girls of seven and eight years of age, rosy and plump, with curling golden hair, in white damask dresses with gold figures, are playing with a great dog, utterly heedless of the miracle taking place behind them. It is difficult to imagine anything more charming, more graceful, and of a more tenderly luminous colour than this group which the painter has wrought out with paternal love. I can merely mention the "Angel leading Lot and his Two Daughters out of Sodom,"

"Susannah and the Two Elders," and the "Portrait of a Woman" accompanied by a child with its hand upon a greyhound's head, the model of which seems to have been the same as that described in the painting of the Apostles at Emmaüs, and praise the masterly qualities of these works which are placed close to one another on the same wall of the Great Gallery.

Glance at the mystic "Marriage of Saint Catharine of Alexandria" by Orazio di Domenico Alfani, a little-known painter who deserves a greater reputation, and at the "Circumcision," by Ramenghi, called Bagnacavallo, a splendid composition set within a temple with spiral pillars.

Until recently, paintings alone were looked for in museums. Frescoes, from their very nature, seemed destined to remain forever fixed on the walls, the coating of which had imbibed the colours. Yet here are two fresco panels detached from their wall and placed on canvas. They are two fragments of the decoration painted by Bernardo Luini for the Palucca Convent at Monza: "The Infant Bacchus playing under an Arbour," and "Vulcan forging the Wings of Cupid." If the choice of mythological subjects

seems unsuited to a convent, it is sufficient to remember the "Baths of Diana," which Corregio painted for the Convent at Parma. The dull, dead aspect of this painting, which looks like a pastel, surprises the eye accustomed to the lustre of oils, but there soon proves to be a great charm in that soft continuity in which nothing shimmers and which, by keeping down the details, brings out more strongly the lines of the composition. It is very much to be wished that there should be in the Louvre a hall devoted to frescoes selected from among those of the masters and which are threatened with approaching destruction; for if the fresco itself is unchangeable, the walls which support it are apt to become ruinous in time. Whatever the merit of the paintings exhibited here, they give but a very incomplete idea of the grand manner of the great Italian masters. It is in mural painting that they exhibited their finest genius.

The "Holy Family" by Francesco Mazzola, better known as Parmigiano, should not be passed over. The painter came from Parma like Corregio, whose works he studied carefully and whose grace he adopted and exaggerated. He is a mannered painter, but I must not speak ill of the Mannerists, for they are very

clever, talented, ingenious people. The elegant slenderness, the coquettish poses, the somewhat affected, inclined heads, the turn of the hands, the slender fingers, the delicate oval faces, the lips with their sinuous smiles, the eyes with their lustrous glances, have a charm of their own, especially when it is Mazzola's brush that has prepared the feast.

I must mention also the "Angelic Salutation" by Giorgio Vasari, the father of all art critics. His "History of Painters" is better than his painting, in which, nevertheless, one recognises the clever man who was the pupil of Michael Angelo.

This "Portrait of an Old Man," with short hair, long, white beard, and eyes ringed with great dark circles, a virile, serious, and still robust face, is that of Tintoretto, who painted himself at an advanced age. I mention it in order to set this great master in his proper position; he might not be properly estimated if he were judged by the paintings, although very fine, yet not important enough, which the Louvre possesses. Unquestionably the "Susannah at the Bath" in the Salon Carré is a remarkable work, and the "Paradise" in the Hall of the Early Masters is an amazingly bold and virile sketch, but to know Tintoretto properly, one

must have seen at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Venice, the "Miracle of Saint Mark," and in the Scuola di San Rocco the vast "Crucifixion," so vigorous, so energetic, so pathetic, which is one of the marvels of painting.

VI

THE SECOND BAY OF THE GREAT GALLERY

HERE an arcade supported by pillars marks, in the long gallery, a sort of rest. Beyond, the Italian school is continued, but already men of talent take the place of men of genius and clever painters succeed the great. In their works, still meritorious, may be seen the germs of approaching decadence. Here is Guido Reni, who comes with many pictures. He was a wonderfully talented painter, but the gambler spoiled the artist, and he ended his days in solitude and sadness after a career which had opened very brilliantly. With Domenichino and the Carracci, first his masters and then his envious rivals, he is the glory of the school of Bologna; for the centre of painting was no longer in Venice, Florence, or Rome; after the death of the gods of art it moved to Bologna.

At the first glance one sees upon the wall a "Hercules and the Lernean Hydra," a great academic figure, violently muscular and of a reddish colour, belonging to the time when Guido was imitating Caravaggio and had not yet adopted the bluish, silvery, transparent colouring which won him such success. The "Combat between Hercules and Achelous" is in the same style as his "Hercules on the Burning Pile." These three paintings, in which the figures are greater than life, exhibit an exaggeration of vigour and a determination to show great anatomical knowledge, which are not in harmony with the real temperament of the artist, who was more graceful than strong. The same may be said of his "Saint Sebastian," a fine study in Guercino's manner.

I shall group together here, so as not to have to return to them, the paintings by Guido which are scattered through this part of the gallery. One of the most remarkable is "David Triumphing over Goliath." The young victor, wearing a plumed toque, which perhaps is not rigorously accurate, exhibits, against a background of shadow, a charmingly delicate profile, the almost feminine softness of which happily contrasts with the monstrous head of the Philistine giant which

David raises with one hand, while with the other he holds the sling, the instrument of his victory. The movement with which he leans against a broken column is exceedingly elegant. The "Purification of the Virgin" is marked by clever composition. The Virgin, kneeling before Simeon, is seen in profile. She is accompanied by Saint Joseph and Saint Anne. A young girl offers in her behalf the two turtle-doves required by the law, and in the foreground a charmingly graceful child teases a couple of other pigeons placed on a table. I can merely mention "Jesus giving the Keys to Saint Peter," the "Annunciation," "Jesus and the Samaritan Woman," the "Madonna and Child Jesus," paintings noteworthy for the ingenious arrangement of the composition, the facility of the drawing, and the freedom of the touch, which is sure and quick; for the masters of the second period all excelled in the technical practice of their art.

But I have to speak of the "Magdalen," a type invented and multiplied by Guido. With her head slightly thrown back, the saint, whose features recall those of the Niobe of antiquity, raises to heaven eyes full of ecstasy and moist with tears and light. Guido boasted that he knew two hundred ways of making a

face look upwards, and he spoke the truth. This Magdalen is of a pearly colour with faint rosy tints; a delicate bluish shadow is cast over the shoulders, down which streams her loose golden hair. One must not seek here the austere expression of Christian repentance, but a certain sentimental and coquettish melancholy such as modern beauties may occasionally feel in hours of solitude. These charming figures explain the popularity of Guido, who multiplied them in profusion; but his finest work is the "Aurora Preceding the Chariot of the Sun, surrounded by the Hours," painted in fresco on one of the walls of the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome.

In Cigoli's "Saint Francis of Assisi in Prayer," his thin hands, marked with the miraculous stigmata, pressed to his breast, there is an ascetic fervour and an ecstasy worthy of Spain.

Domenichino's "Saint Cecilia" has been made popular by engravings. Wearing a sort of turban, her eyes raised to heaven, the holy patroness of musicians sings, accompanying herself on the bass viol; a little angel, who acts as lectern, holds the score open before her, but she is not looking at it, for her soul is soaring in celestial space. This picture fairly sums up Domeni-

chino's talent; a grace somewhat heavy in its naïveté, but attractive through this very sincerity, a genuine sentiment for nature, in the expression of which will is more evident than natural talent. Domenichino, who was called the Ox of Painting, has none the less traced a glorious furrow. The "Communion of Saint Jerome" in the Vatican ranks among the marvels of art, and the frescoes which he painted in churches and monuments are justly admired. The Louvre has by him "Timoclea brought before Alexander," "Rinaldo and Armida," "Herminia among the Shepherds," historical and romantic subjects rare in Italian painting, which devoted itself to altar pieces and religious subjects. Rinaldo lies at the feet of the enchantress in the gardens described by Tasso. The background represents, through openings in the foliage, upspringing jets of water and fairy architecture. Behind a clump of trees are seen Ubaldo and the Danish knight coming in search of Rinaldo. Naturally this subject has for accessories turtle-doves billing and cooing, and little Cupids asleep or awake; but one scarcely expects a magnificent yellow, blue, and red Arras parrot perched on a tree near the amorous group. Herminia, staggering under the weight of Clorinda's armour which

she has put on, appears before the shepherds with a shy grace admirably rendered.

In the "Holy Family," which might just as well be called the "Flight into Egypt," the Virgin draws water from a spring with a shell, the Child Jesus takes a fruit offered him by Saint John, and Saint Joseph is unsaddling the ass. In his solemn subjects, Domenichino has a pleasing way of introducing some naïve detail which recalls nature. Let me mention the "Apparition of the Virgin to Saint Anthony of Padua," the "Triumph of Love," which has at last been replaced in the centre of the garland of flowers which the Jesuit, Daniel Seghers, had placed around it, "David Playing on the Harp," and a landscape with mythological figures.

Look at the beautiful portrait by Carlo Maratti, representing Maria Maddalena Rospigliosi dressed in black, her arms bare to the elbow, playing with a fan. Carlo Maratti enjoyed in his lifetime a prodigious popularity, which he partly deserved. His glory is much diminished, for after the reaction towards what is called good taste, people are usually very unjust towards decadent painters, who are very clever, talented, and skilful people, as is proved by a glance at

the "Portrait of the Artist," painted by himself, "The Sleep of Jesus," "The Nativity," "Saint John the Baptist Preaching," and the "Mystical Marriage of Saint Catharine of Alexandria," — charming paintings, pleasant in colour, clever in touch.

What I have just said of Carlo Maratti may be said of Pietro da Cortona, who lived before him, having been born towards the end of the sixteenth century, but who was his contemporary, for he lived until after 1660. He also is a Decadent. None the less, the "Meeting of Jacob and Laban" is a masterpiece. The group of Rachel and Leah, standing with their children under the great overshadowing trees, while Jacob and Laban, the father-in-law and son-in-law, cement their union by sacrificing a ram on an altar of stone and clods of earth, is charming and superb. The heads are lovely, the hands and feet are delicate, the draperies light and flowing, the colouring warm and golden, and the style elegant and noble.

The "Nativity of the Virgin" is also a very engaging picture. It is impossible not to be taken with the amiable, smiling look of the faces, full of plump grace and youth, — a peculiarity of the women painted by Pietro da Cortona. The groups are intelligently ar-

ranged, the colouring is rich and the touch is clever. I confess that these qualities, though late, satisfy me as much as the angular drawing, the raised gold-work, and the miniature-like colouring of the Early Masters, whom it is fashionable to speak of only with the deepest veneration.

"Saint Martina Refusing to Sacrifice to the Idols" is a painting of noticeable merit, which would be willingly admired but for that terrible word, "decadence." Pietro da Cortona was also painter and architect in ordinary to Saint Martina, whose relics were exhumed in 1634. Pope Urban VIII caused a church to be erected in honour of the new saint, and Pietro it was who drew the plans. He has several times painted subjects drawn from this legend. The Louvre possesses two charming pictures, variants of the same theme, representing the Virgin and the Child Jesus receiving Saint Martina, who leans upon a pitchfork, the instrument of her death.

If you have never gone to Venice, you should stop before Canaletto's painting which represents the "Madonna della Salute" at the entrance to the Grand Canal, and you may consider that you have made the trip. Reality could not tell you anything more, the

illusion is so thoroughly complete. There is the very church with its white domes, the Dogana, the palaces laved by the waters, the *traghetti*, the gondolas, the crafts of all kinds, and the emerald sparkle of the short waves of the lagoons. It is indeed calm and joyous Venice, an operatic set-scene, enlivened by clever figures by Tiepolo.

I can merely name Francesco Moti, not having time to describe his work, good though it is; and I pass to Domenico Feti's "Melancholy," which is utterly unlike Albert Dürer's "Melancholy," but none the less meritorious. It represents a robust-looking woman kneeling by a block of stone, on which she leans as she rests her brow upon her left hand; in her right, she holds a death's-head, and contemplates it in deep reverie, as if lost in unending reflections. Around her lie brushes, a palette, books, and the torso of a statue; a dog is half asleep, and on a block by a globe, a clepsydra measures the vanishing hours. At the back are faintly seen distant ruins. The realistic power of this "Melancholy" with its *contadina's* dress is unforgettable. "Pastoral Life," a painting better known as "The Spinner," represents a peasant woman seated at the foot of a tree with a couple of children by her; in

the distance a man is ploughing. It is the Golden Age translated into prose, and into good prose at that. The "Roman Cæsar," whether it represent Nero or Titus, has the proudest port and the haughtiest mien imaginable.

Michael Angelo da Caravaggio (Amerighi) is a robust, grim, and violent painter who cares nothing for the ideal, and clings to nature with so strong a grasp that he can produce remarkable works in which character takes the place of beauty. Besides, Caravaggio made his mark; he created a school, and greater painters than he have imitated him. He has plainly impressed himself on Ribera, Guercino, Guido, Manfredi, Leonillo, Spada, Valentino, and others. From his sombre shadows flash dazzling lights. His painting of the "Death of the Virgin" is a magnificent piece of work, most deep and dramatic. "The Fortune Teller," "The Concert," the "Portrait of Alof de Vignacourt, Grand Master of the Order of Malta," are energetic, true, and singularly powerful works. It may be said of Caravaggio's colouring, as of Tertullian's style, that it has the sombre brilliancy of ebony.

Annibale Carracci has in this part of the gallery a "Resurrection," a good piece of work, well painted, and some landscapes which give a foretaste of Poussin.

"Hunting" and "Fishing" are full of figures which reveal the master hand of the historical painter.

I pass quickly by Albano and his invariable mythological reproductions, — Venuses, nymphs, Cupids, showing white against a dark-green landscape, and in the foreground a bit of classical architecture, and I come to Salvator Rosa's "Witch of Endor," a Romanticist painting painted before Romanticism existed. The pythoness, an old witch, curiously lighted by the flame of the fire she is poking, calls up the shade of Samuel, who appears, his spectral face half veiled by a sinister drapery resembling a shroud. Terrible and gloomy indeed is the phantom brought from the tomb by necromantic formulæ. Saul, prostrate, scarcely dares question it, and the two guards who accompany him draw back pale with terror. In the background through the shadows is seen a hideous swarm of fantastic shapes, — fleshless horse's-heads, skeletons with bat's-wings, owls with yellow, phosphorescent eyes, — in a word, the whole round of the Sabbath, painted in a confused, well-kept-down tone which, by its very indecision, increases the terror; for one feels there is more than can be seen.

"A Battle" is a painting of rare energy and strange beauty. The battle is not of any particular time, and

has no relation to any historical fact. It is Battle in itself; personified, so to speak. Near a portico with pillars of reddish marble horsemen charge each other with incredible fury, impetuosity, and bitterness. They cut, thrust, slash, hammer, and throw each other off their heavy-cruppered horses, using a whole arsenal of antique, barbaric, ferocious weapons. In the background, the flying are galloping madly to reach the mountains, and over the bloody fight hangs a sky full of threatening clouds, in which the storm seems to carry on the discord of earth.

Salvator Rosa was the first to introduce into art what is called picturesqueness, an element quite unknown to the old masters, — a curious, singular aspect of nature, an unexpected effect of light and shade, a sinister outline of rock, a heaping up of huge clouds. The painting by Salvator Rosa in the Louvre, called simply "A Landscape," sums up the poetics of this kind of work. A stormy sky, the black waters of a torrent, half-uprooted trees, rocks rent as if by convulsions of nature, grim figures that seem posted in ambush, forming, on the whole, a piquant effect which makes one remark, "What a fine piece of stage-setting it would make!"

VII

THE SPANISH SCHOOL

THE Spanish school is represented in the Louvre by a small number of masters and paintings only, but both masters and paintings are of the first rank.

Every one knows how seldom the works of Don Diego Velasquez de Silva are to be met with outside of Spain. He painted almost exclusively for his royal admirer, Philip IV, and his genius, under the influence of the jealous favour of the monarch, was not permitted to exhibit itself freely outside of the country; but his reputation, somewhat puzzling to those who have not crossed the Pyrenees and visited the museum at Madrid, is none the less very great. In Madrid only can one learn to know Velasquez thoroughly; as a portrait painter he was as great as Titian and Van Dyck, and perhaps he came nearest to nature while using extremely simple methods. He was often called upon to perform the ungrateful task of painting his

King, who was not handsome; but Spanish painters, who are realists by temperament, do not fear ugliness, though they know how to represent beauty when necessary. So Velasquez reproduced with perfect resignation that weak, blank face, which shows so clearly the exhaustion of a race. The Louvre possesses one of these portraits. The King, dressed in brown, musket in one hand, cap in the other, in the centre of a tawny landscape that takes nothing from the importance of the figure, seems to be taking breath as he rests for a moment from the fatigues of the chase. Near him, seated on his quarters, is a dog, a mastiff with a yellow coat, his faithful companion and disinterested courtier. Nothing could be simpler, plainer, or marked by greater breadth. It is nature itself.

If the father is not handsome, the daughter is lovely. Exquisite indeed is that little Infanta Marguerite, with the pink bow in her golden hair and her dress of pearly gray taffeta trimmed with black lace. Even the artlessness of childhood does not conceal in that dainty figure the conscious dignity of rank; she is a little girl, but a king's daughter who will be a queen some day. When one looks at this masterpiece, memory

recalls another picture, Hugo's "The Rose of the Infanta," in which the poet seems to have picked up the brush of Velasquez in the Escorial, as the German Cæsar picked up the brush of Titian.

Though a half-length "Portrait of Don Pedro Moscosco de Altamira," Dean of the royal chapel of Toledo, holding in his hand a breviary from which his glance strays towards the spectator, and a painting in which there are several figures of small size, — representing, it is said, various artists, contemporaries of Velasquez, who painted himself by the side of Murillo, — do not mark the greatness of the great Spanish master, they suffice to give an idea of his genius.

The Louvre is much richer in Murillos. The Seville painter was not hemmed in by royal favour like his Madrid compeer. Besides the two magnificent paintings in the Salon Carré, the Louvre possesses several other masterpieces by the Seville artist. "The Nativity of the Virgin" is full of the familiar grace of genuinely Catholic painters, who so innocently mingle the details of common life with sacred things. There are two very distinct sides to this charming painting, which nevertheless are harmonised most hap-

pily: first, the scene of the Nativity, such as it might occur within a humble country dwelling; next, the miraculous intervention of celestial beings present at the birth of her who, while a virgin, is to become the mother of the Saviour. In the corner, under the serge dais of a rustic bed, is seen Saint Anne, around whom press relatives brought by Saint Joachim; on the other side, women warming clothes by the fire; in the centre, an old woman and a young servant, seen from behind, holding the new-born child, which raises its little rosy hands to heaven. That is the realistic side; now here is the legendary. From the beautiful little body proceeds a supernatural light that illumines the whole group and the surrounding objects; angels of celestial beauty bend behind the old woman to worship the new-born Virgin, and cherubs take clothes from a basket in an endeavor to make themselves useful. In the upper part of the painting flutters a chorus of little cherubs. No one in the room seems to suspect the presence of these divine guests, not even the Havana poodle with its long, white, silky coat. The whole of the central group, illumined by the Virgin's aureole, is incomparably brilliant; it is a perfect bouquet of delicate, luminous tones.

It needs the artless faith of a Spanish Catholic to paint with such deep seriousness the "Miracle of Saint Diego," familiarly called "The Angels' Kitchen," two words which do not strike one as properly collocated. The touching legend from which the subject has been drawn, is summed up in eight Spanish verses, rather difficult to read, inscribed on a cartouche at the bottom of the picture.

The monks of San Diego lived in such austerity and were so utterly forgetful of earthly things that more than once the plainest food was lacking, and famine followed fasting. Saint Diego, one day when the lack of food could no longer be borne even by monks accustomed to every kind of privation, knelt and prayed to Heaven. His prayer was so fervent that it uplifted him and left him suspended in air, like the Magdalen in the "Holy Balm." Three persons dressed in black, regular hidalgos, knights of the order of San Jago and of Calatrava, enter gravely at one end of the painting, and look admiringly upon the saint kneeling on air. But this is only half the miracle. Angels have come down from above, bearing provisions; to the great amazement of the cook, they are lighting the fires, cleaning the pots, preparing dishes, and cooking for

the worthy monks a repast worthy of Gamaccio. I cannot describe the celestial grace with which these celestial cooks perform their business. They are as full of zeal and charity as if they themselves, immaterial creatures which feel no other need than to love and adore God, knew what hunger was. One of them, though accustomed to the suave odours of paradise, does not hesitate to crush garlic in a mortar, — garlic being the essential condiment of Spanish cookery. All this is done with such ingenuous and charming good faith that it is impossible not to believe in the miracle. Not the faintest smile of incredulity curls the lips, even were one a greater sceptic than Pyrrho himself. The Flemish, though it is their business to do so, never polished stewpans or cleaned vegetables better than Murillo, and they are quite unable to paint angels as graceful and charming as his.

Spain never disdained ugliness, wretchedness, and uncleanliness in art. Under the rags, the deformities, the filth, there is a soul; the poor wretch is a Christian; the mendicant devoured by vermin will perhaps be in glory, therefore he deserves to be painted just as much as a king; so Murillo, on his palette of rose, lily, and azure, prepared by the angels for the depict-

ing of the Virgin, manages to find tawny tones, golden browns, warm blacks, when he has to paint a "Beggar." At the foot of a wall lighted by a sunbeam he shows us a dirty youth opening his ragged shirt and indulging in the liveliest hunt. It is a marvel of life, light, and colour. Don Diego Velasquez da Silva, the older painter, was no more particular than Murillo; he also would put aside kings, queens, infants, infantas, and ministers, to paint drunkards, dwarfs, philosophers, and gipsies, and even freaks, and they are not his least beautiful paintings.

The Virgin known as the "Virgin with the Chaplet," because the Child Jesus is playing with the grains of a rosary, has no resemblance to the Italian Madonnas. It is the Andalusian Virgin, with velvety black eyes; a fair brunette with rich complexion, who would wear a mantilla even better than the traditional veil. Her innocence is less cold, though none the less pure, and she joins to the merit of a lovely form that of an adorable colour.

Herrera the Elder was a master of terrible and grim temper. The aspect of his paintings confirms the legend. "Saint Basilius presiding at a Council" has indeed the most repellent face imaginable, and the Holy

Ghost soaring above his mitre looks like a falcon swooping down upon his prey. Never did bandits have more sinister heads than the bishops, monks, and inquisitors around. There is in particular a worn, thin, bony monk, half sunk in his hood, whose convulsive, sardonic smile is really terrifying. If he were to throw off his gown, the red doublet, short cape, and cloven foot of Mephistopheles would surely become evident.

A painting by Zurbaran, "The Death of Saint Peter Nolasco," a "Landscape" by Callantes, and a "Portrait" by Goya complete the Spanish gallery.

VIII

THE GERMAN, FLEMISH, AND DUTCH SCHOOLS

WE have reached a point in the gallery where two groups of coupled columns placed against each wall form a sort of vestibule preceding the space reserved to the schools of Flanders, Holland, and Germany. Here are placed a few paintings of older date, showing the origins of art in the northern countries, insufficiently no doubt as regards knowledge and chronology, but sufficiently for imagination.

Who was the painter of this picture, so singularly composed, divided into three parts, in the upper of which is "Saint Francis of Assisi receiving the Stigmata," in the centre the preparations for the "Entombment of Christ," and in the lower "The Last Supper," at which appear, between Jesus and the Twelve Apostles, two personages: the giver of the painting dressed

in black, his hands clasped, and the artist under the features of a servant who is pouring out wine? No one knows. The names of Lucas van Leyden, Quintin Matsys, and Holbein have each been suggested, but no sufficient proof furnished. It seems to be rather by Jan de Mabuse. In any case, it is a very remarkable work, in which a genuine feeling for nature shows through archaic stiffness. The drawing is close, the colouring correct, and everything indicates a master.

"The Descent from the Cross," which is most probably by Quintin Matsys, is also a very fine work. Art begins to emerge from its Gothic swaddling-clothes, faces begin to have expression, gestures to be dramatic, and the excessive care bestowed on accessories does not conceal the main thought in the painting. There are still here and there stiff folds broken in angular fashion, awkward joinings of limbs dislocated or stiffened, and lack of perspective; but the grief of the Holy Women is well rendered, the tears they shed are sincere, and the deep sorrow of the scene penetrates the beholder.

Quintin Matsys has often repeated the motive of the man weighing gold, with different accessories. That in the Louvre, "A Banker and His Wife," represents

a man wearing a black toque and a blue dress edged with fur. He is weighing pieces of gold in a pair of scales upon a table covered with a green carpet. Near him his wife, in a red gown, holds an illuminated missal. Rings, pearls, and a convex mirror which reflects objects outside of the picture, are scattered on the table; in the background on shelves are glass bottles, an orange, papers, registers, bundles of letters, and the various articles to be found in the shop of a money changer. It would be hard to carry farther truth and carefulness of execution.

One would scarcely suspect, on looking at that nude young woman wearing a red hood and a necklace of gems, and who is walking in a landscape on the horizon of which shows a Gothic city, with its towers, belfries, and steeples, that she is the Mother and Queen of Love. And yet it is Venus, — Lady Venus, as the Minnesingers called her, who, turning to account the fact that the worthy knight Tannhäuser is asleep, ventures forth from the mountain which is her usual residence. The mediæval painters rarely painted the nude, and it is interesting, when they do so, to see what was their ideal of feminine beauty. This "Venus" by Lucas Cranach is thin, slender, with small breasts and

narrow hips, like those of a young girl who is not yet fully developed; she looks like one of the statues placed in the porches of cathedrals stripped of her stone dress. She is pretty, all the same, in her firm, living slenderness, and her nudity has an amazed awkwardness which is not lacking in grace.

Lucas Cranach has also in the Louvre two handsome portraits of men: the "Portrait of John Frederick, Elector of Saxony," and that of a man in rich costume whose name is not known, although the pearl embroidery upon his breast is in the shape of S's and seems to indicate that that was the initial of his name.

I mention Mabuse's "Virgin and Child Jesus," with its death's head and its inscription full of Christian melancholy; the "Christ before Pilate" by Wohlgemuth, Albert Dürer's master; the magnificent portraits by Hans Holbein, representing "The Astronomer of Henry VIII, King of England," and "William Warren, Bishop of London"; and I close with the "Death of Adonis" by Rottenhammer, a mythological painting in the Italian mannered style, which one is surprised to find among works somewhat stiff in their gravity; a "Dwarf holding a Mastiff in Leash," by Antonio

Moro, who was called Antonio de Mor; and a "Venus" by Zustris, a tall figure, superbly elegant, which recalls the bold and slender grace of Jean Goujon's "Diana."

As we enter the sanctuary of the art of the North, let us salute Rembrandt, the most original, the most magical, the most intense of all the masters who in their foggy climate dreamed of sunlight and rendered it better perhaps than even the Italians with their brown flesh and its background of unchanging blue. "The Angel Raphael Leaving Tobias" is a marvel. It is a small easel-painting, but grander than many a vast canvas covering great stretches of wall. Rembrandt has put the whole of heaven within this small frame. Tobias's protecting angel, having fulfilled his mission, casts off his disguise and ascends to heaven with such swift speed that his wings seem to flutter almost invisible in the shimmer of light. His robe flies out like a cloud, his golden hair sparkles amid the beams, and he vanishes through the splendour. On the left, on the threshold of the house reached by a few steps, Tobias's young wife in an attitude of admiration, his mother Anna, who had doubted the celestial intervention and lets fall her crutch in astonishment at the sight

of the miracle, and lower down the young husband and his father, kneeling or prostrate, returning thanks to God. The whole of this portion of the painting is bathed in a transparent, warm shadow on which blazes like the lightning the dazzling brilliancy which the angel sheds around him.

But Rembrandt is not merely a pyrotechnical prestidigitator, a magician of light, thinking only of effects; he has in the highest degree the feeling for humanity, religion, and pathos. Under forms at times common, trivial, and lacking nobility, — in the drawing, for his colour is always marvellously fine, — he succeeds in expressing the most delicate feelings of the soul. What emotion and tenderness, what angelic charity, are exhibited in "The Good Samaritan" who recommends to the people of the inn, whither he has transported him, the poor, wounded man picked up by the roadside, whose expenses he defrays! You worthy Samaritan, you are better than all the Pharisees in the world, and Rembrandt has given you the most honest, cordial, and sympathetic face which your kindly Dutch ugliness is capable of having. You are a worthy man and you shall go to Paradise in spite of your nationality and your religion.

In "The Pilgrims at Emmaüs" the sudden burst of starry light on the brow of the Christ, who is breaking and blessing bread at the table at which He has seated Himself with the disciples, illumines the whole painting. The expressions and the attitudes of the disciples as they recognise their beloved Master are full of love, adoration, and delighted surprise.

Did not Rembrandt, when he painted that "Philosopher Meditating," wish to create an interior in which he might lodge his mysterious thought? The painter, who had something of the alchemist in him, surely must have desired to have for a studio and laboratory a great arched hall like this one, its corners lost in shadows from out of which ascend spiral staircases, its darksome depths full of vague chimeras, with thick walls, lighted by a single lead-trellised window, glazed with greenish panes filtering a scanty light that falls upon a table laden with globes, sextants, almagesta, old necromantic-looking books, and by the side of which meditates, sunk in his arm-chair, an old man in a furred robe, wizard as much as philosopher, alchemist as much as doctor. I fancy I can see the very genius of Rembrandt in that figure with its rabbinical face, meditating under a beam of light in the midst of shadows that grow denser as

they recede from the light. Rembrandt has twice represented this subject with some variants. In one of the paintings the philosopher is absolutely alone with his Faustus accessories; in the other, domestic life is felt moving around the dreamer, discreet and silent, walking on tiptoe; a woman carrying a pail climbs a spiral staircase, a younger maid, kneeling before the hearth, is hanging a stewpan on the crane and stirring up the fire; but these details have to be sought for in the obscurity of the background, purposely kept back to allow the skull and book of the scholar alone to shine.

The Louvre has three or four portraits of Rembrandt which represent him at different periods of his life. He liked to take himself for a model, and he has multiplied his portrait under different aspects. Every one of these pictures, in which he is arrayed in fantastic taste, — doublets of velvet whereon golden chains scatter luminous points, linen showing its golden whiteness through some opening, toques, the aigrettes fastened with a gem, — are incomparable masterpieces, wonders of modelling, colour, and life; but the handsomest is perhaps the serious, pale young man whose oval face is framed in by long hair such as the Romanticists of 1830

used to wear. Never has Rembrandt attained greater nobility than in this handsome head with its romantic charm.

I may mention also two or three heads of old men in which the irregular touch of Rembrandt expresses with wonderful skill the deep wrinkles and the senile flats. The painter of "The Night Watch" has found a new series of tones in colours; his paintings seem to have been covered with a golden varnish similar to the golden tones of salt herring that appears to be glazed with brown over gold foil. In his darkest touches Rembrandt is never black. A ruddy warmth penetrates his shadows and makes them transparent. The most sombre of painters, he has the most light. Amsterdam, thanks to Rembrandt, rivals Venice, and the two cities laved by canals are the Queens of colour.

Rubens, the sovereign of Antwerp, the artist of Titanic temperament, who seems, like Michael Angelo, to have lived in a world of colossi, Hercules, and athletes, occupies much space in the Louvre. The "Life of Mary de' Medici," treated allegorically according to the fashion of the time, covers two great walls of the gallery. It comprises no less than twenty-one paintings, the figures in which, often very numerous,

are life-size. In this series, which he executed in less than four years, Rubens displayed marvellous fertility of invention, although he allowed himself to indulge too frequently in his decorative facility and introduced mythological figures here and there, by way of padding. But the general appearance of the work is brilliant, superb and pompous, and has the ceremonial magnificence required by the subject. Never was a royal order better executed, and the gallery of Mary de' Medici is a masterpiece of official painting. Through the obligatory commonplace the master hand sends dazzling flashes of light. Like Raphael, whom he is so unlike in other respects, Rubens was an artist admired from the very first, and his career was one long triumph. He possessed genius, but luck also was his, and the crowd, so ready to despise talent which is not fashionable, was fascinated by his pomp, his brilliant mode of life, and his fine manners. His was a facile nature, amiable and generous, with an aptitude for diplomacy of which he gave proof in several negotiations. Rubens had around him, in the splendid studio of his Antwerp palace, a band of devoted pupils imbued with his doctrine, initiated into his manner, who prepared his canvases from his sketches, and left him

merely the final touches to put on. The master excelled in making wholly his own and in stamping with his touch works thus sketched out. The "Life of Mary de' Medici" is a proof of this. Van Dyck, Justus van Egmont, Jordaëns, Van Mol, Cornelius Schut, de Vos, Van Uden, Snyders, Momper, Wildens, and others worked at it, and yet that vast series of paintings is marked by striking unity. One would swear it was the work of the same palette, and the master's touch is seen everywhere. In the same way, towards the end of his life, overwhelmed with orders, a victim to his own glory, the Painter of Urbino had no longer time to paint, and intrusted to his pupils the carrying out of his subjects.

I have no room to describe these twenty-one paintings, most of them of complicated composition, and the allegorical meaning of which would require lengthy comments. I shall simply pick out the subjects which have struck me most and in which the master's touch appears most plainly. "The Fate of Mary de' Medici" is being spun by three Fates with ample forms, of exuberant Flemish health, and unapproachable freshness of tone and bloom of life. Such robust, well fleshed Fates must surely spin golden days of unending length.

The three spinners are sitting on clouds, and in the upper portion of the composition is seen, on the summit of Mount Ida, Jupiter, whom Juno caresses with adorable lovingness and a delicate feminine grace which Rubens occasionally lacks. She seeks permission to be present at the birth of the princess. In "The Education of Mary de' Medici," the group of the three Graces, relieved of the white napkin draperies that had been painted on through a mistaken scruple of devotion, delight the eye by their elegant attitude, and their pearly whiteness has the effect of a lily in Rubens' rather red bouquet of roses. The composition of "Henry IV looking at the Portrait of Mary de' Medici, presented to him by Cupid and Hymen" is ingenious, and allegory is happily harmonised with reality. In the "Landing of Mary de' Medici at Calais," the marine deities which have accompanied and protected the vessel, especially the three Nereids in the foreground, are greatly admired. They are intertwined like three marine Graces, as they raise above the waves their soft, fleshy bodies, with satin-like shoulders and firm, dimpled loins, on which the foam breaks in pearls, while the fish-like legs ending in fins disappear under the green waves. Curiously, a letter of Rubens tells us

the name and dwelling of the women who posed for these three masterpieces. They were two ladies, called Caparo, living in the Rue de Vertbois, and their little niece Louise. The great Antwerp painter begs one of his friends to engage them for the third week so that he may make from them three life-size studies. The rendering of the flesh, the grain of the skin and the moist shimmer of light have never been better represented.

In the "Birth of Louis XIII," the head of Mary de' Medici, sorrowful and smiling, expresses admirably the suffering of childbirth and the joy of having brought forth a Dauphin into the world. A faint rosy flush warms the pallor of the patient, and makes the radiant though pain-contracted face one of the marvels of painting.

"The Coronation of Mary de' Medici" is one of the finest paintings of the series, and may be considered a perfect model of official painting. This time allegory is not intermingled with historical reality, and instead of great nude women flying through the air, — though they have a merit of their own when Rubens paints them, — we have real historical portraits: illustrious personages of high, proud mien, with masses of

brocade, velvet, and satin. On the other hand, "The Administration of the Queen" most unexpectedly transports us into Olympus. Jupiter and Juno are having doves harnessed to the car of France, which is driven by Cupid. Apollo, Minerva, and Mars, who tears himself away from Venus, repel and combat Envy, Hatred, and Fraud, monsters whose ugliness brings out more strongly the beauty of the celestial beings. It is interesting to note, in this vast composition, the manner in which Rubens translated into Flemish the Greek beauty of the dwellers in Olympus. These noble forms are too pure and tranquil for his turbulent brush. He has imparted motion to them, he has made them more round, he has enlarged them, he has bossed them with muscles, but he has preserved their divinity by his colour. They have indeed the flesh of the gods, made of ambrosia and nectar, rosy as royal purple, white as the snows of Olympus. The torso of Venus seems to be made of the mica of Paros and spangles of foam.

I shall not examine this endless series in full; occasionally the constraint of official work makes itself felt, but the least good picture still contains admirable parts, flashes of genius, and bears always in some point the

mighty touch of the master. The *ensemble* is broad, rich, majestic, powerful. It harmonises admirably with the style of the monument to be decorated, and Rubens alone, with his exuberance, could have carried out that gigantic undertaking, which would have sufficed to fill the life of any other painter.

These illustrations of the life of Mary de' Medici contain, as I have said, no less than twenty-one paintings, which formerly occupied the whole of a gallery in the Luxembourg, whence they were taken to the Louvre.

Three portraits, connected with the series, were painted by Rubens to adorn the mantelpiece of the hall. They are the portraits of Francesco de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, father of Mary de' Medici, of Joanna of Austria, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and mother of the Queen, and of Mary de' Medici herself, at the age of seventy-eight, represented as Bellona crowned by the Genius of War.

The "Portrait of Baron Henry de Vicq," ambassador of the Low Countries to the French Court, who had served Rubens a great deal in the negotiations about the paintings of the life of Mary de' Medici, represents a man with a clever, intelligent face, worn

by the life of the world and diplomatic labours, with gray beard and moustaches, a large ruff and a doublet of black velvet. It is undoubtedly one of Rubens' best portraits, and one feels that the artist was working for an intelligent model capable of appreciating him.

Now we come upon Rubens' genius freed from constraint. A masterpiece indeed is "Lot's Flight," one of the few paintings which the master deigned to sign. It is one of the richest gems in his splendid casket. Never was his colour more pearly, more transparent, more rosy, more golden, or fuller of light and life. The small size of the picture adds to the perfection of the painting by the care, the delicacy, and the lightness of touch which the artist was compelled to use. An angel, with swan-like wings, the down on which is fluttering, guides Lot and his family out of the impure city which the fire of heaven is about to destroy, and on which already, in the distance, the ministers of divine vengeance are casting their thunderbolts. One of Lot's daughters bears away in a basket the domestic treasure, the most precious and lightest articles; an ass carries the heavy baggage. The patriarch's wife, the disobedient woman who will presently be changed into a statue of salt, seems to leave regret-

fully the dwelling, whose portico with composite columns and square posts is in the style of architecture in vogue at Antwerp in Rubens' day. On the threshold of the house, ready to leave, is Lot's other daughter. Unquestionably she is the most graceful feminine figure the artist ever painted. There is no trace of the Flemish heaviness which occasionally spoils his handsome women; the face of the lovely girl, a masterpiece of chiaroscuro, is illumined with incredibly delicate rosy and bluish reflections.

Lack of space — it would take a volume to describe the works of Rubens that enrich the Louvre — compels me merely to mention "The Prophet Elias in the Desert," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Crucified Christ," the "Triumph of Religion," a colossal painting, "The Adoration of the Magi," the "Virgin and The Holy Innocents," a "Virgin and Child Jesus, and an Angel amid a Wreath of Flowers," which is supposed to have been painted by Breughel; several portraits wonderful for their life and colour; but I shall dwell somewhat on the "Tourney near a Castle Moat," which exhibits Rubens under a new aspect, and proves he was no less a landscape painter than a great historical painter. Six knights are con-

tending in front of a feudal castle, on the donjon of which floats a standard; a page picks up the lances broken by the champions, and two mounted heralds sound their trumpets and accompany the assault at arms with their music. It is not necessary to remark upon the fire, dash, and spirit Rubens has imparted to these figures, which are put in with all the vivacity of a sketch; but what is peculiarly admirable is the landscape, an ideally romantic landscape, the harmony of the heaven, the waters, the ground, the trees, the fortress, bathed in airy, warm, transparent colour. In this marvellous painting nature does not seem to have been copied, but rather invented and created, so to speak, by the painter, in so masterly a manner does he handle its elements. Every great artist thus composes for himself a world in which everything is harmonious: the background and the figures, man and the landscape, the drapery and the body, the form and the colour, are made one, for they could not be separated without a discord, and from this *ensemble* springs an admirable harmony in which inaccuracies and failures of detail vanish. Two other landscapes, which have no particular name, are no less fine. In one, blazes the orb of the setting sun; in the other, the rainbow is

outspread, and magic of colour has never been carried farther.

"The Kermess" exhibits the very genius of Rubens, rid of all allegorical and mythological constraint, revelling freely in Flemish joy and drunkenness. But do not fear that he shall become, as he sits by a pot of frothing beer, a peaceful and phlegmatic Teniers. When Rubens plays he is as formidably gay as a Titan, and he paints a dance of topers with as much power as a fall of angels or the damned into hell. He has seized upon the staggering crowd in front of the tavern door and linked it into one immense chain which turns like a drunken zodiac in a mad round, with intertwined arms, hands clinging to hands, an incredible variety of attitudes and contortions, heavy feet marking the time and raising a warm fog of dust. The thing is full of life and turbulence; it is an exhibition of joyous bestiality. The red cheeks of the plump gammers are full of health; the robust lads rummage among the opulent charms of the fat females; every one has to dance, even the old women, and the round sings and swings on breathlessly with mad cries, shouts, and songs. It is ignoble yet superb, for it is a Bacchanal painted by a genius.

Jordaëns deserves to be called a great master. He has not the lofty flight of Rubens, but he possesses fertility, vigour, and an excess of form and colour which are recognised at the first glance. His life was very quiet, and he never left his native country. He is Fleming to the backbone. The drawing of his figures is often more violent than that of Rubens, and the colouring on his palette is more intense in degree. His contours burst with plethora, his stuffs flame and blaze, the cheeks of his figures seem to be alight; but what mighty harmony, what splendid accord, what consistent warmth, what rich *impasto;* what a superb handling of the brush, and what masterly surety of touch! Undoubtedly he is often coarse, trivial, and ignoble; he has no idea of choosing types; he takes nature as he finds her; sometimes with a sort of brutal joviality, he makes her uglier through fondness for character. But he is none the less a great painter, and to prove this, it is enough to look in the Salon Carré at the "Childhood of Jupiter," with the marvellous back of the woman in it, or in the Gallery at the "Jesus Driving the Sellers from the Temple," a painting impetuous and proud in mien in spite of a few comic episodes after the Flemish manner; "The Four Evangelists," a fine, strong study;

"The King Drinks;" a joyous "Family Festival" in which hilarity laughs out in good wine and good cheer; and the "Concert after the Meal," a composition frankly grotesque, in which all the personages, sitting around a table covered with the débris of an abundant supper, are playing, some on flutes, some on flageolets, some on the bagpipes, led by an an old fellow who beats time upon a pot; the young women sing at the top of their voices, their children in their arms; even the grandmother in her wickerwork arm-chair, on top of which an owl is perched, tries to help with a sheet of music in her hand. It is almost a caricature, but the energetic execution makes of this buffoon scene a work of art.

David Teniers, called the Younger, created for himself a small world in which he reigns as a master. In vain did Louis XIV say with disdainful contempt, "Take away these grotesques;" museums, galleries and amateurs have none the less fought over the works of the good Flemish painter. There is a peculiar charm in the taverns in which peasants are smoking with pots of beer by their side, and maids, teased by rustic gallants, pass by carrying dishes or flagons; in which, in a warm shadow sparkling with luminous spots, shine

the well polished kitchen utensils; in the laboratories of alchemists filled with mattresses, siphons, retorts, stills, and all the cabalistic stuff which forms the usual furniture of such gentry; in the Temptations of St. Anthony; in the heron hunts, — in all the subjects of familiar life in the representation of which Teniers excels. No one better rendered the aspect of Flanders with its light-gray, humid sky, its fresh verdure, its brick houses with their crowfoot gables, its roofs with their storks' nests, its canals filled with brownish waters, its noisy guard-rooms, its hospitable taverns, its sturdy peasants with sly, sarcastic faces, and its good little dumpling-like women. Amid this rusticity Teniers sometimes shows the turrets of a lordly habitation, for if he painted common things it was from the window of a château. David Teniers is not, as people too frequently fancy, an artist whose principal merit lies in the finish of his work; no one painted in broader, lighter, or more rapid fashion. Most of his smaller paintings, now worth their weight in gold, were dashed off in the course of an afternoon. His golden, transparent colouring, which is kept within a scale of reds and tender grays, is laid on in broad masses brought out by two or three piquant touches and by clever splash

lights. A touch of light, a half-tint, a reflection, and you have an earthen-ware jar, a glass bottle, which seem painted with excessive care; the exact effect is obtained with very little trouble. It is the same way with his figures, which are brought out by flat tints with the swiftness and certainty of a great artist. Rubens, Van Dyke, and Teniers were in their lifetime the most famous painters in Flanders, and posterity has confirmed their title to that rank. No doubt Teniers had not a very high ideal, but such as it was he has thoroughly realised it.

The Louvre possesses a fairly large number of paintings by this clever, realistic painter. It is needless to describe them, for they all possess the same elements varied in the most ingenious way; and when appreciating Tenier's talent, I stated the usual motives of his compositions. Sometimes, however, he attempted historical or sacred subjects, and indulged in anachronisms of costume as freely as Paolo Veronese: he was quite capable of putting artillery in a Siege of Troy, and a pipe in the mouth of swift-footed Achilles. So the Prodigal Son, seated at a table with courtesans, wears a plumed hat, a fashionable mantle, and has laid his sword upon a footstool. The courtesans, peaceful Flemish

women, are dressed in the fashion of the seventeenth century, and in the background is a steeple surmounted by a weathercock, which is not particularly biblical. But the parable of the Prodigal Son belongs to every generation. His "Works of Mercy" contain in a single picture all the meritorious acts which Christian charity can inspire; the composition is ingenious and the execution piquant; but Teniers is plainly more at his ease in his little world of smokers and topers.

The Italians did not indulge much in landscapes, they were too preoccupied with man to pay much attention to what we now call nature. Michael Angelo may be said never to have looked at it, and in the works of the other artists of the Peninsula, landscape is used merely to bring out the figures and to give them movement. Titian, without paying special attention to it, painted admirable landscapes, but landscape painting in itself was not a separate art, having a value of its own. It was in the gray climate of the North, under sad skies often shrouded in fog, that the feeling for nature was developed in dreamy contemplations.

Ruysdaël painted melancholy landscapes entirely free from history and mythology, in which man appeared only

as an accessory, in his real proportions. He painted forests without nymphs, in which, under the shady foliage, travel a peasant or an old woman carrying fagots; great trees bending under the autumn wind, and gray skies filled with clouds, heavy with rain; dishevelled bushes on the top of sandy hillocks; foaming torrents dashing against stones or the overthrown trunks of trees; dykes and stockades of piles beaten by the yellow waters of the North Sea, with a sail bending to the blast in the distance. Who was the master of this wonderful landscape-painter? Perhaps Berghem, or rather Everdingen, if not directly by his lessons, at least by his influence. In any case, it was Nature. Ruysdaël, whose life remains obscure in spite of research, scarcely left the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, or at most made short excursions to Germany and Switzerland; but there is no need to travel to be a great artist, — all that is necessary is to put one's soul into surrounding nature.

Pieter de Hooge appears to have fixed upon the white walls of his interiors the few sunbeams that shine in Holland. No one has painted light more powerfully or with a greater art of illusion. On looking at his pictures, one is tempted to believe that they

are lighted by a real sunbeam. Decamps has borrowed from him that sunny, white, luminous mist that marks with its brilliant zones the fresh, vaporous, transparent, bluish half-tints of peaceful interiors; but Decamps obtains his effects with more effort than Hooge, who is always simple, true, and natural. A passageway lighted by a south window; an apartment in which filters a sunbeam; maids busied with their daily cares, or ladies playing cards with cavaliers who raise a glass full of transparent liquor, — that is all he needs to make a masterpiece, as is proved by the two paintings signed by him which are in the Louvre.

Philip Wouvermans is a delightful painter, and although he confined himself to a somewhat limited range of subjects, his power of invention, his fine observation, the harmony of his colouring, and his characteristic delicacy of touch are worthy of admiration. Philip Wouvermans was what would now be called a painter of sports. The Louvre has by him "The Departure for the Chase," "The Hawking Party," "The Stag Hunt," "The Stable," "Halt of Huntsmen and Horsemen before an Inn," "Cavalry Engagement," "Military Halt," etc. The horse, it will be observed, always occupies a very important

place in Wouvermans' compositions. He excels in the representation of elegant country-house life. On a rich balustraded stair he places the lady of the house in a satin or velvet riding-dress, her hackney held in hand by a page, and young lords, upright in their saddles, bowing to her. In one corner of the painting you will always find, as if it were the painter's signature, the silvery white quarters of a horse. Although this artist died quite young and painted a great deal, his pictures are always very carefully finished, with a masterly rich, supple finish.

The ideal of the Dutch and Flemish schools alike was the imitation of nature, but in both the temperament of the painter determined the choice of the model. A silver vase is as real as an earthen-ware pot, a rose is not less true than a cabbage, and if there are smoky taverns with yellow windows, full of rustic topers, there are also many fine interiors with great mantel-pieces, with marble pillars, velvet arm-chairs, tables covered with Turkey carpets, hangings of Bohemian leather, Venetian mirrors shimmering in the shadow, and handsome ladies in silk skirts and velvet jackets playing cards or listening to cavaliers who reach out for a long, thin-stemmed glass which a page

fills with Canary wine. Terburg is one of the artists who love to represent this sumptuous Dutch life, so calm, so restful, and so comfortable. His figures have great freedom of gait and movement. They lived, and they still live, thanks to the magic of his art. Terburg expresses, with a touch at once broad and even, faces, dresses, furniture, and accessories; better than any he renders the luminous sparkle and the shimmering shadows of satin. He is very fond of that precious stuff, and puts a skirt of it on almost every woman whom he has painted. The "Soldier offering gold to a Young Woman," with his long hair, his cuirass and his great jack-boots, is the most perfect type of *ritter* imaginable. He does not reckon on his elegance and his good looks to have his way with the young girl, who may be supposed, without slandering her, to belong to the demi-monde of 1650. Terburg, exceptional among the painters of his country, knew how to paint young and graceful women, with a rosy Dutch pallor over which floats the changing shadow of long golden hair. How charming, with her little artless air and head-dress of bows of ribbons, her straw-coloured jacket and her white satin skirt, is the musician in "The Concert," who sings and beats time! And the pupil in "The

Music Lesson" is very pretty too; one might be anxious about the teacher's heart if he were Italian or French instead of Dutch. Terburg is not only a painter of familiar scenes, he was also a remarkable portrait painter, and in his composition, "The Congress at Münster," he has produced a perfect historical painting by dint of simple gravity, of serious naturalness, and of exact observation.

Gaspar Netscher was the pupil of Terburg, and learned from him to paint satin to perfection. That was not the only thing he learned, however, for he is a charming master. His "Singing Lesson" and his "Music Lesson" are exquisitely finished works.

Dutch patience and cleanliness carried to the utmost mark Gerard Dow's talent, and it would scarcely be supposed, to look at his paintings, that he spent three years in Rembrandt's studio. This is at least a proof of the independence which the fiery artist allowed to his pupils. The excessive finish which society people and certain amateurs are so fond of did not destroy in Dow's work the general effect, and every object, though treated minutely, keeps its proper value. There is even in "The Dropsical Woman," his masterpiece, a feeling, an expression of grief and of

sympathy, admirably rendered, although the artist is not usually dramatic in his calm, polished, finished work. The Louvre possesses several pictures by this painter, excellent in quality and perfect in preservation. Dow liked to place his figures within the framework of a window. "The Village Shop," "The Cook," the "Woman Hanging up a Fowl," and "The Trumpeter" are so placed. Within the stone border the painter groups around the figure all the accessories which relate to it: pots, urns, stew-pans, kettles, vegetables, fowls, baskets, carpets, curtains, — all painted with marvellous finish and accuracy. The "Portrait of the Artist," painted by himself, is also seen through the embrasure of a window. Let me mention "The Money Changer," "The Dentist," and the "Reading of the Bible," which contains the portraits of the painter's father and mother. The pious reading is merely a pretext for the representation of a Dutch interior with its world of details. The old woman, seated by the window, reads from the holy book to an old man sitting in front of her. On a stool covered with a napkin is placed a dish of fish; above the cupboard with its shining panels, a crucifix extends its ivory arms; a copper vase and onions lie on the ground near

the spinning-wheel; in the background can be made out a ladder and a barrel; from the ceiling hang a cage and a drapery, one end of which falls over a beam.

Gabriel Metsu, for thus it is he signs his name, must be reckoned among the cleverest artists of the Dutch school. His drawing is accurate and true, his colour harmonious, his touch free and easy. Every stroke of the brush, laid on exactly right, expresses a form, and it is not by polishing and repolishing that he attains his finish. The Louvre possesses one masterpiece by him, "The Grass Market at Amsterdam." It is not a heroic subject, but the most commonplace nature, when a man understands it and renders it, will produce remarkable paintings. The scene is a square in Amsterdam, shaded with great trees, and at the back brick houses and a canal with boats. The composition is very animated: on one hand peasants wheeling provisions in barrows; on the other, women who, while listening to the conversation of their gallants, are bargaining for vegetables and fowls; farther on, gossips quarrelling, their arms akimbo; dogs barking at cocks perched on wicker-work cages, and old women, Hebes of the public squares, pouring out drink to drunkards. The whole thing is lively, amazingly well preserved,

and painted with rare power. The "Officer visited by a Young Lady" and "The Music Lesson" are in the elegant style of Terburg and Netscher; but "The Alchemist," "A Dutch Woman," and "A Dutch Cook" belong to the familiar style without any particular subject, in which accessories dominate, and the chief merit of which consists in the technical perfection of the work. Art is such an admirable thing that it can make interesting objects that we should not look at in nature, — kitchen utensils, bundles of onions, bowls, earthenware pots, game, fish, and fowls plucked by a kitchen wench.

Franz Mieris the elder is another of the painters who excel in representing the familiar life of Holland, with its comfort, its luxury, and its minute cleanliness. His paintings, of small dimensions and excessively finished like those of Dow, are well suited to adorn rich apartments with coloured marble mantelpieces, walls hung with Flanders tapestry or Bohemian leather, tables covered with Turkish carpets, brass chandeliers as resplendent as the seven-branched candlesticks of the synagogues. The "Woman Dressing," "The Tea," the "Flemish Family," combine skilfully those elements of composition by the aid of which the brush

of Dutch masters has produced so many charming pictures.

Wilhelm van Mieris imitates his father, who was his master also, as well as he can, and one looks with pleasure upon "Soap Bubbles," "The Game Dealer," and "The Cook," through the window in which they are framed.

The Dutch painters were not all dandies, painting cavaliers in jack-boots and handsome ladies in satin skirts; many of them never walked up to the drawing-room, but stopped at the tavern on the corner or at the inn on the road; they are none the less important on this account. In art, rags are as good as velvet, a smoky den as a splendid palace, and a toper with his horse-laugh as a dandy showing off his graces as a peacock shows off its tail. Certainly Adrian van Ostade is not the painter of beauty. He has painted only horrible little fellows, squat, commonplace, heavy, smoking their pipe or drinking their can of beer in brown-walled interiors lighted by leaden-trellised windows; or seated on benches shaded by hop-vines at the door of inns, while listening to a travelling minstrel or a hurdy-gurdy player. But his movement is so exact, his tone is so fine, the atmosphere is so ambient, the whole

scene is so full of rustic and popular life, that one takes singular pleasure in looking at these paintings. Ostade managed to evolve poetry out of vulgarity, and to exhibit its real meaning. He clothes these trivial scenes with a rich sober colour, with a home-like comfort, a secret joviality ; he makes you desire to dwell in one of those huts sleeping in brown shadow, where the crackling fire sparkles under the vast mantel of the chimney. "The Family of Adrian van Ostade" exhibits the painter holding his wife by the hand among their daughters and children, grouped in an interior which betokens comfort. "The Schoolmaster" is an amusing composition painted cleverly and artlessly, and animated by the comic episodes of a village school. The "Lawyer in His Office" is interesting through the attentive appearance of the man who holds the papers, and by the curious details always so well treated by the Dutch painters. "The Interior of a Hut," "The Fish-Market," "The Smoker" (called also "The Joyous Old Man"), exhibit Adrian van Ostade in the true region of his talent, and are in their way little masterpieces.

It is not always a piece of good fortune to be the brother or son of a famous man. Even if one is capa-

ble of shining elsewhere, one disappears in the too great nearness to glory. Such was the case of Isaac van Ostade, the brother of Adrian. He also had much talent, and under another name would have easily made a reputation for himself. Occasionally his paintings are mistaken for those of his brother, his best especially. Yet when he chooses, he has a touch of his own, and renders a particular aspect of Holland. Besides his halts at the doors of inns, and his drinking scenes, he has painted winter scenes: canals frozen between their flat banks, or under a gray sky, rayed by the runners of sleighs and by skaters; with a few good people sliding, one foot in the air, horses drawing barrels, wood or straw, and on the horizon the outlines of steeples, hamlets, and windmills. These paintings, full of observation of nature and cleverness, give one a real understanding of Holland.

Brauwer, and Craesbeke his pupil and companion in debauchery, painted guard-room and smoking-room scenes with a free touch and a warm colour. Rubens thought very highly of Brauwer's talent, and tried to lift him out of the life of debauch he led; but the independent rascal preferred to the palace of the sumptuous artist the tavern and the back-shop of his friend

the baker Craesbeke, where, we may believe, it was not bread that was mostly consumed. Such dissolute lives, ending in a precocious and wretched death, suggest the saddest reflections, but painting sometimes prefers thorough-paced scamps to industrious and very well-behaved people.

No school was ever more fertile. One name comes after another, every one famous, every one significant, every one marking an original and peculiar talent; and I am far from having exhausted the list. My account cannot be as long as the Louvre gallery, and it is difficult for me to find even a small space for each one, though I should give but a word to a work calling for a long paragraph. I yet have to speak of painters of landscape, marines, perspectives of interiors and views of towns, portraits, flowers, nature, — a whole army, a list that would fill a volume.

Ruysdaël, whose talent I have already praised, is unquestionably the greatest landscape painter in Holland, and a great artist also is Mindert Hobbema. After his death, the exact date of which is not known, the reputation of that painter, who must have been appreciated during his lifetime, suffered, no one knows why, a long eclipse. He was forgotten in all his work and reap-

peared in sales only in 1739, and then his paintings, for which extravagant sums are now paid, were not in the least prized, and sold for a mere trifle. Often, in order to give them a fictitious value, the signature was effaced and that of painters more in vogue was substituted; Ruysdaël's, for instance, whom he is not unlike, or Dekker. His work, thus rechristened, mingled little by little with that of other artists, and authentic Hobbemas have become excessively rare. At the famous Patureau sale the "Windmills" was sold for a hundred thousand francs. Hobbema lacks Ruysdaël's poetry, but he has a deep feeling for nature, and renders admirably the vigorous life of the forest. His old oaks, with their knotty trunks, their powerful branches, their thick foliage, are full of sap, and his underbrush, through which travel woodcutters or peasant women, is full of the moist freshness of Holland. Such is the painting admired at the Louvre. To this unique specimen has been added recently a small replica of the "Windmills," which shows that Hobbema could paint buildings equally as well as trees. His brick, plaster, and wooden buildings are as solid as Van der Meer's.

Hobbema is robust, Winants is fine and delicate. "The Forest Edge," and the "Landscape," the figures

and animals in which are put in by Van de Velde, are marked by delicacy of tone, lightness of touch, and accuracy of the brush. Winants loves to give to his foliage and sward a certain verdigrised tint which contrasts happily with the yellow of the sandy ground and the pearly gray of the sky through which here and there glimmers a bit of azure. The second landscape, in which is a horseman preceded by a valet carrying falcons, is less complicated in its composition and strikes me as the most remarkable of Winants' three paintings.

Adrian Van de Velde, who painted figures and animals in his master's landscapes, performed the same service for Van der Heyden, Hobbema, Moucheron, and many others. He painted landscapes and marines in a simple, natural, and true way, and needed no assistance to adorn them with figures. His colouring is clear, limpid, and laid on in broad masses. The Louvre possesses by him the "Shore at Scheveningen," along which drives the Prince of Orange in a carriage drawn by six white horses; three landscapes with animals; a "Herdsman's Family," and "A Frozen Canal." But whatever merit Adrian Van de Velde may have, he must yield precedence to his brother Wilhelm Van de Velde. Wilhelm is an excellent

marine painter. He reproduces the dull Northern sky reflected in gray waters, on which slip as between two mists the huge men-of-war with their carved forecastles, the *koffs* with their great red sails, and the boats swept by rowers. The Louvre possesses two pictures by Wilhelm Van de Velde, a "Marine" and a "Dutch Fleet at Anchor," which exhibit very satisfactorily the master's manner, although the latter painting is somewhat worn.

If Wilhelm Van de Velde excels in painting marines, Ludolf Backhuysen delights in tempestuous effects, storm scenes, and sails bowed by the wind. He studied the storm and the fury of the ocean, and often, at the risk of his life, ventured out in a small boat in order to get a better knowledge of the raging seas and the breaking of the foam. But his dash and his desire for dramatic effects do not destroy his accuracy and precision; his ships are by no means fanciful vessels; the shipbuilder and the sailor would have nothing to criticise in their build and rigging. Backhuysen, who began by being a mere caligraphist, draws his rigging with as sure a hand as his caligraphic ornaments, and in the disorder of the elements he never commits the smallest nautical error.

If Venice has Canaletto, Amsterdam has Van der Heyden, her faithful portraitist; Van der Heyden, the painter of canals and houses with denticulated roofs, churches with curious steeples, city halls, and pumping stations. Van der Heyden's paintings are like landscapes seen in a camera obscura: the same general harmony, the same softness of aspect, with individual detail which in no wise detracts from the *ensemble*, so perfectly is everything in its place. In the red brick façades every joint is visible, but the effect of the broad and simple mass is preserved. It is scarcely possible for perfection to go farther in this respect. The "View of the City Hall at Amsterdam," "The Dam Square," the "Church and Square of a Dutch Town," the "Village on the Banks of a Canal," are wonders of truthfulness, colour, and finish. The figures in boats, which Adrian and Wilhelm Van de Velde put into these perfect paintings, further increase their value.

Pieter Neefs has his own somewhat narrow specialty, in which he has scarcely any rivals: he devoted himself to painting the interiors of Gothic churches with great accuracy of perspective and a remarkable cleanness of touch. He might be reproached with a

certain hardness of line and dryness of detail which somewhat spoil the effect; the architect occasionally troubles the painter by refusing to sacrifice anything. These perfect views lack something of the vagueness and mystery, of the religious awe, which one feels under the high arches of cathedrals. Eight or ten paintings by Neefs, the most important of which is "Saint Peter delivered from Prison," are found in the Louvre.

The Dutch school does not follow a single ideal. Every artist has cut out for himself a domain in a corner of nature which he cultivates assiduously. Van der Neer took for the subjects of his paintings moonlights, sunsets, and winter effects. He knew how to cast upon the sleeping waters of a canal the ruddy reflections of evening or the silvery trail of the moon, whose disc, veiled by light clouds, shines from behind the slender branches of trees; the outline of a village topped by a steeple; he knew how to blend, by the use of mysterious, vaporous half-tints, the forms of objects dimly seen in the night. His soft touch suits this kind of subjects. "The Banks of a Dutch Canal" and "The Road through the Village" represent, in the Louvre, the two notes of Van der Neer, the red and the blue.

Up to this time I have spoken merely of the painters on the spot, who did not forsake the *polders* and the *campine*. But Flanders and Holland also had their travelling artists, their "Romans," as were then called those who had returned from a pilgrimage to Italy. Among them are artists of real merit; but I prefer to them, as more savoury, the painters who were satisfied with the types, the nature, and the taste of their own country. Italy, with its brilliant light, its mat colour, and its clean drawing often upset those who went there to seek inspiration which they could have found at home amid surroundings better suited to their temperament. This is particularly true of painters of *genre* and landscape. Karel du Jardin was one of those lovers of Italy. He spent a great part of his adventurous existence in that country. He preferred Venice to his native city of Amsterdam, and came back to it to die after having been in Rome, one of the brotherhood of the joyous academic band, and having married in France, at Lyons. The Louvre possesses a very admirable "Calvary" by him, a well-composed painting, well drawn, and of good colour. But if the true Karel du Jardin be sought for, he is to be found in the "Italian Charlatans," in the Punchinello who puts his head

through the canvas of the tent, in the Scaramouch who shows off his grotesque poses upon planks supported on barrels, while Harlequin at the foot of the platform tickles a guitar to make it laugh. Men, women, and children listen with open mouths to the jokes of the buffoon, and a small boy, perched on the back of a richly harnessed mule, is, as it were, as in a stage-box. A warm, joyous, bright colour fills this grotesque scene, to which the clever touch of the painter imparts great value. "The Ford" recalls Italy by the bareness of the mountains and the brilliancy of the light. In the "Pasturage," "The Wood," and the three landscapes with animals, Karel has returned to the green trees and fresh grass of Holland.

Jan Both, who is called Italian Both, is another of the fugitives attracted beyond the Alps by the sunshine, and who did not return to their nest. Both, a great admirer of Claude Lorraine, studied him carefully and sought to win the secret of the golden light that fills his pictures. He delights in representing roads winding among trees, rocks and the inequalities of the ground towards some distant town, or some rocky valley lighted from the side by the beams of the setting sun. Such are the two pictures in the Louvre.

Andreas, Jan's brother, put cleverly painted figures after the manner of Pieter Van Laer, into his brother's landscapes, and they often painted together with equal talent. It is difficult to tell where Andreas begins and where Jan ends.

Although born in Antwerp, Paul Bril can scarcely be considered a Flemish painter. He had become so thoroughly Italianised that several of his paintings are signed Paolo Brilli. He died at Rome, whither he had gone to join his brother Matthew, an excellent landscape painter whose pupil he was and whom he surpassed. His landscapes, grandly composed, though sometimes of a somewhat crude green, serve as backgrounds to mythological scenes. In one are Diana and her Nymphs, in another Pan and Syrinx, in a third Saint Jerome accompanied by his lion and kneeling before a crucifix in a site arid enough for any hermit. All are ornamented with figures more important than the sticks which generally break the solitude of landscapes. The Italian taste prevails in these paintings.

Pynacker also went to Italy, and on his return to Holland he painted for mansions and rich dwellings great panels with a light touch, in which he turned to account the studies of ruins, antique monuments, and

picturesque sites which he had made during his trip. Most of these decorative paintings have vanished with the buildings they adorned, and all that is left of Pynacker are a few paintings of small dimensions, landscapes brightened by animals and figures painted very cleverly.

I should never be done, if I attempted to give a complete list of all these vagabonds of art, and I am compelled to omit the dynasty of the Breughels, Peasant Breughel, Velvet Breughel, and Hell Breughel, original and striking painters, the best known of whom is Velvet Breughel, with his landscapes vanishing into an ideal azure distance, and in which all the animals in paradise, painted with exquisite delicacy of touch and marvellous brilliancy of colour, fill the foreground.

Dietrich imitated Rembrandt, his favourite master, as regards the character of his figures, the style of architecture and costumes, and the dark brown tone of the colour; but of course he is far behind his prototype, for the servant walks behind the master, as Michael Angelo used to say. Nevertheless Dietrich is a meritorious painter whose works were formerly much more sought after than now. "The Woman Taken in Adultery" is conceived in the taste of Rembrandt: the

Christ speaking to the Pharisees, the fallen woman standing before him in an attitude of humility, the pillars of the Temple connected by galleries, recall some of the etchings of the master.

As yet I have said nothing of animal painters. Paul Potter, who died at the age of twenty-nine, and who as early as fourteen was producing masterpieces, is a painter of the first order, whose works the richest museums fight over. He painted horses, oxen and sheep only, but how naturally, how truthfully, with what life and with what marvellous execution! An ox lying in the grass, a cow snuffing the air with her wet nostrils, a horse drinking, a dog barking, with a background of meadow and gray sky against which stands out a tree or a hut, — he needed no more to make a picture now worth its weight in gold. Paul Potter is the perfection of simplicity.

Albert Cuyp, so much sought after to-day, did not enjoy a great reputation during his lifetime, and his paintings were sold very cheap. He was too simple and too true, his execution too broad, his naïve compositions did not have the piquancy which strikes the blasé taste of the amateur. In several respects his manner is much that of the brothers Le Nain, so long

unappreciated in France; but his colour is warmer and his palette is not so closely confined to gray tones. "The Departure" represents a horseman, dressed in red, upon a dappled-gray horse; a servant hands him the bridle and holds his stirrup; another horseman, dressed in black, comes out from a low door, and two dogs in the foreground await the start. "The Promenade" is a similar subject, with three horsemen, one of whom takes partridges offered him by a gamekeeper accompanied by two dogs. A "Portrait of a Man," a "Portrait of a Child," and a "Marine" testify to the flexibility of Cuyp's talent.

Berchem's fertility is amazing, and yet in no wise impairs the perfection of his paintings. It is due to great assiduity and infallible certainty of execution. Berchem varied infinitely a small number of themes, and his variations are always pleasant. "Crossing the Ford," "The Ford," "A Meadow," "A Landscape with Animals," constantly reappear under his brush, yet never weary, so limpid is his colour, so clever his touch and so ingeniously does he mingle animals and people. Berchem treats himself from time to time to a pretty girl seated upon an ass's paniers, or picking up her skirts to cross a brook.

If all these artists painted living animals well, Weenix painted still life admirably. How superb are his white-bellied hares with tawny backs, hanging up, or put in the centre of a trophy of game! What a palette he possessed when he rendered the green-gold, the lapis-lazuli of the plumage of the peacock and the ocellated splendour of their tails!

Admirable portrait painters were Van der Helst and Franz Hals. They figure honourably by the side of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Van Dyck.

Now after looking so long at these small paintings, wonders of finish, we may look up and admire the austere paintings of Philippe de Champagne, the Jansenist Poussin: "The Feast at the House of Simon the Pharisee," "Christ Celebrating the Last Supper with His Disciples," "The Crucified Christ," and especially that singular and characteristic painting in which is seen Sister Saint Susannah, the daughter of Philippe de Champagne, seated, her feet extended upon a footstool, her hands joined, while Mother Catherine Agnes Arnauld on her knees prays for the cure of the sick woman, who, as a matter of fact, was restored to health, as the inscription upon the painting states. Once that picture has been seen, Port-Royal is as

thoroughly known as if one had read Sainte-Beuve's voluminous work. Admirable, also, are the portraits of the Cardinal Duke Armand de Richelieu, and that of the woman of bloodless pallor, dressed in maroon and wearing a black gauze veil, who is supposed to be Mme. Arnauld, the sister of Nicolas Arnauld and whose daughter was Mother Angélique. Terrifying indeed is that mask in its dead whiteness, animated by no living feeling.

The portraits, by Porbus, of Henry IV and Catherine of Medici are historical documents. Their absolute sincerity tells more about the persons represented than the best informed of chronicles and the most detailed of memoirs.

In this portion of the gallery Van Dyck reigns supreme, without fearing the nearness of Rubens. No less a colourist, and finer and more delicate than his master, Van Dyck seems to have been born to paint kings, princesses, duchesses, — all that society of the upper world, high-bred, aristocratic, of hereditary magnificence, that passes above the multitude as gods pass over clouds. He has painted with an easy, noble touch, with a brilliant and vigorous colouring, and a rapid penetration of character in the short sittings

which the great give, heads that will never again be seen, masks the mould of which has been broken, expressions of existence forever vanished. Van Dyck is the true painter of aristocracy, as is proved by the galleries of Genoa and Windsor. He himself, as may be seen by his portrait, had the cavalier grace, the quick, careless look of the man of the world. I need not speak again of the "Portrait of Charles I;" but merely mention the magnificent equestrian "Portrait of Francis de Moncada," Marquis d'Ayona, Generalissimo of the Spanish troops in the Low Countries, which is worthy of Titian and Velasquez; the "Children of Charles I," — the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and the Princess Mary; "Charles Louis, Prince of Bavaria," "Prince Rupert, in armour," "The Duke of Richmond," and "A Lady and Her Daughter," marvellous paintings full of life and colour, and of an elegance which no painter possessed to the same degree.

Van Dyck's immense reputation as a portrait painter makes people forget somewhat that he is an excellent historical painter, and that he showed great superiority in historical and mythological subjects. He often equals his master Rubens. If he possesses less bril-

liancy and energy, he has more elegance, tenderness, and taste. "The Virgin and Child," the "Christ Mourned by the Virgin and Angels," "Venus asking for Arms for Aeneas," "Rinaldo and Armida," are paintings of the first order, as remarkable for their composition and drawing as for their colour. Van Dyck did not lose himself in Rubens' genius, but preserved undeniable originality.

I have been obliged to omit many an artist of worth, eclipsed by the glory of Rubens as stars by the sun, Otto Venius, Crayer, and many others; I have often had merely to mention a few smaller masters who are the joy and delight of amateurs, and I have had to give up the hope of following out to the end that form of art which had for its tomb Van Huysum's "Tulip."

IX
THE FRENCH SCHOOL

AT the end of the gallery we turn to the right and enter a room in which are collected a few paintings of the old French school, most undeservedly little known. France has always had painters, yet men often went to seek elsewhere what they had at home. Jean Cousin is represented in this room by his "Last Judgment," a vast composition which, by the vigour of the conception, the variety of the groups, and the knowledge of anatomy recalls Michael Angelo. In the foreground, angels bearing scythes, the reapers of Death, carry away from their furrows sheaves of the dead that start up at the sound of the last trump. The elect proceed towards the celestial Jerusalem; the lost are hurled down, driven by demons into the black caverns of hell, or run hither and thither to avoid their chastisement. Ruined castles and destroyed cities show that the end of the world has come. In the upper part of the painting Christ ap-

pears in glory, His feet resting on a globe, surrounded by angels, apostles, saints, and blessed. His pose is severe, majestic, and terrible; the Saviour is now the Judge. It is certainly the work of a great painter, and yet we possess but few details concerning his life; all that is known is that it was very long. What has become, then, of the numerous masterpieces of an artist who lived nearly eighty-nine years? His authentic works are exceedingly rare; almost all have disappeared or have been destroyed. The only oil painting left by him is this "Last Judgment." Like all the great artists of the Renaissance, Cousin was an encyclopædic genius. He excelled in stained glass, as is proved by the stained-glass windows of many churches and cathedrals. He was also a sculptor, and his statue for the mausoleum of Philippe de Chabot, who was taken prisoner at Pavia with Francis I, shows that he was as skilful with his chisel as with his brush. What, then, did Cousin lack to occupy before posterity the rank which is his? A biographer, — a Vasari.

François Clouet is an exquisite master, a delicate, graceful, elegant Holbein, with all his own French qualities in addition. His manner is most refined, and the most finished miniatures would show coarse by

the side of his work. His colours are clear, his shadows extremely light, as if he feared their concealing some interesting detail; but when the eye gets accustomed to the pale tone, it perceives wonderful modelling, an admirable touch, and great precision. Clouet's paintings look like low-relief medals, on which one can easily make out the relief, and which produce the effect of high relief. Then he exhibits such care, taste, finish, and accuracy in the costumes, ornaments, arms, and gems of the illustrious personages, princes, or princesses, whom he has painted! He sacrifices nothing, conceals nothing; yet in the mass of details not one stands out so far as to interfere with the harmony. He was truly the painter of the Valois, the artist of kings as fond of dress and as coquettish as women.

A masterpiece indeed is the "Portrait of Elizabeth of Austria," Queen of France and wife of Charles IX. Greater delicacy, accuracy, and perfection of drawing are not to be found. Over the exquisite lineaments is spread a suave pallor which one feels to be the very expression of nature, and which is truer than the loud tones of so-called colourists. Although the model of this charming portrait is now but a handful of ashes, if indeed the ashes still exist, the resemblance is un-

mistakable. This must be Elizabeth, wife of Charles IX. She lives again in her small frame. Her hands, resting on each other, are most graceful, marvellously slender, transparent, and tender, like lily petals, — regal hands in very truth. The costume, profusely elegant, is covered with pearls, gems, enamelled buttons, and precious stones, under which almost disappears the gold brocade bodice with its silver damask pattern; while the starched ruff and the puffed chemisette seem to challenge the Blaise Desgoffes of the future.

Near by is the "Portrait of Charles IX," no less admirable than that of Elizabeth. That single figure recalls the whole physiognomy of the time, the whole meaning of the reign. No historian's page, even written by Michelet, is as full of information as this small panel. It is indeed the young king, the lover of Marie Touchet, somewhat of a poet, somewhat crazy, a great hunter, and fantastically cruel, whom the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew has marked with a bloody stain. He is actually here, as real as if he were posing before us in his black-velvet doublet trimmed with gold braid, his white satin trunk-hose, his little black toque with white feathers, and his hand resting on the hilt of his sword.

Portraits of the school of Clouet, "Francis I," "Henry II," "Francis of Lorraine," "Charles de Cossé, Count of Brissac," though similar as far as execution goes, plainly indicate the distance that separates the imitators from the master. There is also a "Portrait of Jean Foucquet," the learned miniaturist of the "Book of Hours" of Master Estienne Chevallier, and another very curious one of the "Duke of Montmorency," with the Greek motto *aplanos*. A few paintings on gold backgrounds, representing devotional subjects, are quite as good as those admired in foreign schools.

There is also in this room a large painting by Martin Fréminet, who worked at Fontainebleau, where he painted the chapel; but his education was completed in Italy, where he became acquainted with Carravaggio and il Cavaliere d'Arpino. The subject of the composition, which is treated in the broad, decorative manner of a painter accustomed to wall-painting, is "Mars urging Æneas to leave Dido." Dido, lying half nude upon a couch, in vain makes use of her seductions; Æneas turns to the god, who is pointing out the way, while a Cupid is fastening his cothurns.

Gourmont is a strange artist who paints by way of background to his devotional subjects a complicated, mysterious architecture, and quaint perspectives of imaginary monuments. "The Nativity" in the Louvre is a work of this class.

The next room is entirely devoted to Le Sueur, one of the greatest names in the French school. Legend has made of Eustache Le Sueur an unhappy, persecuted genius, a victim to the jealousy of Le Brun, wearing out a sad life in work and poverty, and finally seeking in the cloister the repose which the world refused him. All this commonplace romance, made up for the benefit of sensitive people, has been demolished bit by bit, and Le Sueur none the less remains the tender, chaste genius one sees in his work. He never would go to Rome, but why should he have sought in a distant pilgrimage what he possessed in himself, and, besides, it is not necessary to cross the mountains in order to study the masters.

The "Life of Saint Bruno," painted for the Carthusian Monastery in the Rue d'Enfer, is the most characteristic and popular work of Le Sueur, if not his masterpiece. When Le Sueur's name is mentioned, the "Life of Saint Bruno" is at once thought of.

The series contains no less than twenty-two paintings, which were placed in the arches formed by the pilasters of the cloister. They are not all by the master himself, for it is said he was helped to complete this important order, but his inspiration is visible in all, and the greatest unity reigns in this gallery of monastic life.

Great indeed is the difference between Le Sueur's monks and Zurbaran's, between the tender piety of the French painter and the grim devotion of the Spanish artist. Le Sueur's monks thought of heaven, Zurbaran's of hell; the former mortified their flesh in order to become more spiritual, the others did it by way of penance. Le Sueur excites emotion, Zurbaran terror. What sombre, terrifying phantasmagoria would not Zurbaran have evoked to represent the death of Raymond Diocres, whom the devil calls for, and for that most dramatic funeral scene, when the body rises from the bier, confessing that it has been righteously condemned. But such savagery would ill suit the tender soul of the French artist, who attaches himself to the moral part of the subject, and attenuates its physical horror. The whole painting is kept down within a pale, soft range of colour in which break out draperies of that intense ultra-marine seen in the paintings of

Philippe de Champagne, Le Brun, Mignard, and other painters of the day, and which has not suffered from the slow alteration of the other colours. The remarkable thing in this long illustrated legend is the simplicity of the composition, the bringing out of the detail and accessories, the sobriety of the execution, the small number of tones employed, and especially the humble, fervent look of the heads. One is far indeed from "our own day," as the phrase went in that cloistered atmosphere, where nothing worldly enters, where colours fade, and where earth is but a mist, which, as it blows away, reveals heaven. Among these paintings, representing "The Conversion of Saint Bruno at the Death of Diocres," his "Renunciation of the World," the "Apparition of the Angels to the sleeping Saint," "The Foundation of the Monastery," "The Prayer in the Cell," and various other episodes, there is one before which visitors stop admiringly. It is the "Death of Saint Bruno," the masterpiece of Le Sueur, and one of the masterpieces of painting. The saint, upon his deathbed, expires after having publicly confessed himself. A Carthusian, crucifix in hand, deplores with the monks the loss the order has just sustained. At the head and at the foot of the body, four brethren chant

the prayers for the dead, and another prostrates himself on the floor, overcome with humility and fervour. The light of a single candle casts its pale reflections upon the shroud-like white gowns, upon the white tomb-like walls, upon the bare floor which recalls the planks of a bier; and a penetrating sorrow wells out of this almost monochrome painting.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Eustache Le Sueur is a purely ascetic painter who confined himself to devotional subjects. He possesses a grace which can smile most lovingly in mythological scenes. The paintings of "The Cabinet of Love," for the Hotel Lambert, which are now in the Louvre, exhibit another aspect of his art. It is the story of Cupid, — his birth, his presentation to Jupiter, and the various episodes of his celestial life. Here, reprimanded by his mother, he takes refuge in the arms of Ceres; there he receives the homage of the gods; here again he orders Mercury to announce his power to the world, or else steals the thunder of the master of Olympus. All these pictures are painted in a bright, light, brilliant tone, as is proper in decorative paintings intended for a special place. The character of the heads is charming in its serene gentleness and artless voluptuousness, a reflection of

which is seen later in the grace of Prud'hon. The forms of the bodies are undulating and supple, in elegant, pure taste, and not stiffened by careful imitation of antiquity.

"The Nine Muses," painted on different panels for the bedroom of Mme. de Thorigny at the Hotel Lambert, that marvellous sanctuary of masterpieces, have, whether looked at together or separately, an inexpressible charm. They are antique and yet thoroughly French, and the lady in them is seen within the goddess; they would be just as much at their ease in a drawing-room as on the summit of Pindus. And yet do not suppose that they are *précieuses;* their poses are most simple and natural, they look gently before them with a vague smile, and are distinguished by the attribute they hold, — a mask, a lyre, tablets, — as if it were a fan with which they were playing carelessly. Their types could be found in the engravings of Sébastien Leclerc. It is a charming sort of antiquity, somewhat modernised as in a tragedy of Racine, softened, sentimental, a well-bred, well-mannered antiquity. But Le Sueur has more than beauty, virginal ingenuousness and a stock of unalterable candour, and although it is plain that his "Muses" were painted under Louis XIV,

they are none the less the younger sisters of "Poetry," "Theology," and "Justice" which Raphael painted in the tympana and vaultings of the Stanze of the Vatican. Eustache Le Sueur may sit modestly at the feet of the divine Sanzio.

In the same room are paintings by Vouet, Lahire, and Mosnier.

The corridor which joins the new gallery of the French school contains Joseph Vernet's "Views of French Seaports." He was the head of the dynasty of Vernet, the father of Carle and the grandfather of Horace Vernet. I shall not attempt to describe, one after another, those very remarkable views which long remained the models of that particular style. Joseph Vernet is a great artist, and if we cannot admire him quite as much as did Diderot, we still think highly of him. He is no mere marine painter, although he has scarcely any rivals in this respect. He composes a picture marvellously, and that is almost a lost art to-day; while the figures which he introduces into his paintings are drawn freely and correctly, are cleverly brought out, and play their part in the landscape. The "French Seaports" reproduce the active, joyous bustle of life, and the inhabitants of each maritime town are

marked by their provincial characteristics. Joseph Vernet remained twenty years in Italy, but he did not forget his native country. He followed carefully from afar the successive exhibitions. No painter studied more assiduously atmospheric effects, the changes of light at different times of the day, — dawn, night, sunset or moonlight; and he piqued himself on representing, so that it should be at once recognised, any hour of the day. He paints water limpid, transparent, and mobile; his waves run well into each other and break naturally. His rocks, his bushes, his trees, somewhat in the style of Salvator Rosa, have character and picturesqueness. His luminous colouring changes Claude Lorraine's gold into silver.

X

GALLERY OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL

THE new French gallery, which the Pavillon Denon separates into two parts, contains, first, the works of the French painters from Louis XIII to Louis XIV, or nearly so, for chronological order has not been followed exactly. Here are seen Poussin, Vouet, Jouvenet, Le Sueur, Le Brun, Sébastien Bourdon, Mignard, Rigaud, Santerre, Valentin, Claude Lorraine, Lahire, de la Fosse, and Lefèvre.

Le Sueur, several of whose paintings I have already described, is largely represented in this gallery. His most important work here is "Saint Paul Preaching at Ephesus." The apostle, standing on the steps of a portico, points to heaven and seems to say that there alone is true knowledge to be found; while the Ephesians bring to the square books on philosophy, history, and art, which they tear and burn as useless or harmful. A kneeling slave blows the fire in a most natural

way. This painting is one of Le Sueur's masterpieces. It recalls Raphael's cartoons at Hampden Court. "Jesus Bearing his Cross" moves by its sympathetic sadness and deep misery. Christ has fallen under the weight of the cross of shame; He is on his hands and knees; it is time that Simon of Cyrene should come to His help, else Saint Veronica will carry away upon her cloth but the impression of the face of the dead. This simple composition, with its touchingly pale colouring, best represents the genius of Le Sueur.

The Louvre is rich in paintings by Poussin, having no less than thirty-nine works by this austere, laborious, and fruitful master, who may be called the Philosopher of Painting. All his compositions are marked by common-sense, rectitude, and will. If the eye is not always satisfied, reason has never any objection to make. Poussin gains much by being engraved, as do painters who are more careful of thought, composition, and drawing than of the beauty of colour. Occasionally, on seeing paintings of his which have been admired in engravings, one feels a sort of disappointment; for the tones, usually laid over a red ground which has worked through, have assumed a dull, brown look.

But if one overcomes this first feeling of disappointment, there soon grows out of the faded, neutral colouring as compelling a charm as in certain plays of Corneille, which at first seem wearisome, but whose manly, virile beauty later makes itself felt.

Poussin studied antiquity, Raphael, and Giulio Romano; but although he spent the greater part of his life in Rome and died there, he none the less remained French, and in him thought is superior to feeling. Nature does not attract him directly; he sees little more in forms than a means of expression; his execution is always subordinated to the subject, and he does not revel in the free joy of the artist who paints for the sake of painting. In spite of this, or perhaps because of this, no one better than Poussin deserves the title of great master. He was a great master, if not by temperament, at least by all the noble faculties which may be acquired, which are related to and developed under the control of a strong reason. If he lacks the great style of the Italians, he has accuracy, masterly gravity, and certainty of drawing.

"Eleazar and Rebekah" is one of Poussin's most graceful compositions. In order to please a friend, who had asked him for a picture that should include

several types of female beauty, he chose the subject of Rebekah going with her companions to draw water from the well for her father's flocks. She receives, with hand pressed to her heart in amazement and delight, the presents offered her by Eleazar. Her companions, women and young girls, exhibit various degrees of surprise, as they gaze upon the unexpected scene. One absent-minded woman lets the water overflow her full pitcher; another, bearing an urn on her head, bends to take a vase from the ground with the most charmingly balanced motion in the world. The draperies are in the purest of taste, the expressions are varied, and I think, though I have not seen it, that Guido's picture, "The Virgin at Work among Young Girls," which suggested to M. Pointel the idea of ordering a similar composition from Poussin, — I doubt, I say, if Guido's is as successful as "Eleazar and Rebekah." When an austere painter chooses to sacrifice to gracefulness, he usually makes a success of it.

I can do no more than name "Moses Drawn from the Waters," "The Child Moses Trampling upon Pharaoh's Crown," "Moses Changing Aaron's Rod into a Serpent," "The Israelites Gathering Manna in the Desert," — the small frescoes by Raphael, drawn

from the Old Testament and painted on the walls of the Loggie of the Vatican, convey an accurate idea of these; "The Rape of the Sabines," "Young Pyrrhus Saved," two "Holy Families," an "Assumption of the Virgin," "The Ravishment of Saint Paul," which recalls the "Vision of Ezekiel" by Sanzio, and is not unworthy of forming a companion picture to it. Let me come to what may be called the profane side of this serious and grave painter, for Poussin did not disdain to paint mythological subjects and bacchanals; but in his work the fauns and satyrs moderate their spirits, the bacchantes and menads are as chaste as art, even when nude, and their mad round is more a gambol around an antique sarcophagus. The painting called "The Shepherds in Arcadia" renders with melancholy simplicity the brevity of life, and the awakening, in the minds of the young shepherds and maidens, who look at the tomb they have come upon, of the forgotten idea of death. Their faces become pensive under their wreaths of flowers, and leaning upon their crooks, they turn towards the funeral stone and make out the inscription: *Et in Arcadia ego.* Never was any epitaph in the anthology summed up by Meleager in a distich more suave and dainty.

Poussin symbolised "The Four Seasons" by four subjects drawn from the Bible. Springtime is represented by the Earthly Paradise, the episode of Ruth and Boaz represents Summer, the Israelites bringing back from Canaan the miraculous grapes stand for Autumn; Winter, the most famous of the four compositions, has the Flood for a subject. Unequalled indeed is the cold, sinister horror of this dark painting, in which the rain mingles with the ever-rising flood that whelms a few swimmers clinging desperately to summits that will soon be submerged. It is impossible to produce a greater effect with simpler means. "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "Diogenes casting away his Saucer," hung in the Salon Carré, are perfect models of historical landscape, — that is, of nature subordinated to man, arranged for a scene and composed, as it were, monumentally.

Charles Le Brun does not enjoy the reputation he deserves. The favour of Louis XIV, who is unpopular at present, did him a great deal of harm. He is held responsible for all the paintings of that reign, which, after having been considered greater than it was, is charged with having been more wearisome than it really was. Le Brun was a master possessed of

rare gifts, — inexhaustible fertility of invention and an amazing power of work. He provided with ideas, sketches, drawings, compositions, a whole army of painters, sculptors, decorators, tapestry makers; he did everything; and in the vast production which he managed, his personal work stands well out. If he lacks Roman drawing and Venetian colouring, he does possess nobility, breadth, pomp, the easy handling of crowds, a thorough understanding of large compositions, a feeling of the proper way to paint ceilings, and a thorough knowledge of decorative painting. His style is his own, his manner is original, and is recognisable at a glance. "The Crossing of the Granicus," "The Battle of Arbela," "Alexander and Porus," "The Entry of Alexander into Babylon," now placed in the Pavillon Denon where the light falls from far too high, are monumental works of which any epoch might be proud. They exhibit a fertility of invention, a grandeur of style, a wealth of incidents, a balance of grouping, a pride of port, and even a fancifulness in the weapons of the barbarians which mark the true master. It may be that the particular kind of drawing and of tone are not to the taste of the spectator, but it cannot be denied that a heroic breath ani-

mates these great battles. It is bewigged epic, if you will, but it is not every one who can be epic, and in those days Apollo and Alexander had to resemble Louis XIV. There is not so much difference in value as may be supposed between Le Brun's "The Crossing of the Granicus" and Raphael's "Battle of Constantine," painted by Giulio Romano. "The Entry of Alexander into Babylon" is a magnificent composition, the splendour and pomp of which even the Venetians have not surpassed. It is needless to describe these vast paintings, which Audran's engravings have made popular, and which were painted at the Gobelins to serve as designs for tapestries. That they were so intended might be guessed from the fresco tone of the colouring.

Beyond the Pavillon Denon the gallery is prolonged, and continues the charming and clever French school, upon which the revolution brought about by David cast undeserved discredit, and which has now regained all its reputation.

Although Antoine Watteau painted only festivals and subjects drawn from Italian comedy, he is nevertheless a great master. He discovered a new aspect of art and saw nature through a particular kind of

prism. His drawing, his colour, his types, are all his own; he is original; he possesses grace, elegance, lightness; his art is serious, even if his subjects seem to be frivolous. His work is one perpetual feast, — concerts, balls, gallant conversations, hunting meets, Decamerons in great terraced parks with statues and mythological figures, Mezzotinos serenading Isabellas, Columbines playing with their fans and ogling Leanders, cavaliers helping up fair ladies seated on the sward, — all that a happy imagination can invent of most pleasant and amiable. On seeing these bright, clever paintings so clear in tone, in which the distance is as blue as in the Paradise of Breughel, one is inclined to believe that the artist must have possessed unchanging good humour and a dazzling idea of life. It was not so, however, for Watteau was an invalid and melancholy, saw the dark side of everything, and had no rose colour save on his palette. The Louvre has but one painting by him, his masterpiece, however, "The Embarkation for Cythera."

On the shores of a sea the faint azure of which mingles with that of heaven and of the distance, by a clump of trees with branches as light as feathers, rises a statue of Venus, or rather, a bust of the goddess end-

ing in a sheath like a Hermes. Garlands of flowers are suspended from it, as well as a bow and quiver. Not far from the goddess, a young woman seated on a bench hesitates about embarking for Cythera. A pilgrim kneeling by her whispers tender urgings in her ear, and a little Cupid with a cape on his shoulder draws her by the skirt of her dress. No doubt he is going on the trip. A cavalier takes by the hands a young beauty seated on the sward, to help her to rise; another leads away his fair, who no longer hesitates, and has slipped his arm around her wasp-like waist. In the middle distance three groups of lovers, their capes on their backs, their staffs in their hands, are proceeding towards the vessel, reached already by two other groups of pilgrims most elegant and coquettish in appearance. How daintily the lady who is about to enter the boat takes up from behind, with a turn of the wrist, the train of her dress! Watteau alone could catch these feminine gestures. The vessel is carved and gilded, and bears at its prow a winged chimera in a fluted shell throwing back its body and its head. It is manned by half-nude rowers, and little Cupids are stretching the awning. Above the vessel, in vaporous cloudlets like silver gauze, flutter, soar, and gambol infant Cupids, one of

whom waves a torch. These are the chief elements of the composition, and the way the personages are placed. But it is impossible to express in words the tender, vaporous, ideal colouring so well chosen for a dream of youth and happiness, the blending of cool azure and luminous mist in the distance, warmed by golden transparency in the foreground, as true as nature and as brilliant as an operatic apotheosis. Rubens and Paolo Veronese would willingly acknowledge Watteau as their descendant. Undoubtedly the painter of the "Embarkation for Cythera" is the greatest colourist of the French school.

Pierre Subleyras is also a descendant of Paolo Veronese. He has been bidden to the wedding feasts of the illustrious painter. "The Magdalen at the Feet of Jesus in the House of Simon the Pharisee" exhibits the same composition, richness, and development as the great works of Paolo Cagliari. The guests are lying or leaning upon antique couches, and the kneeling Magdalen wipes with her golden hair, as with a golden napkin, the feet of the Christ, who is placed on the left of the painting. In the foreground servants are bringing dishes and amphoræ; a great dog gnaws bones; and at the back, on a huge dresser, stand vases,

gold plate, and china, lighted with dulled reflections. It is not as robust, tranquil, and luminous as the "Wedding at Cana," but it is full of variety, abundance, cleverness, and a most agreeable silvery colour.

"The Martyrdom of Saint Hippolytus," "Saint Basil Bringing back a Child to Life," and "The Martyrdom of Saint Peter" are works full of fire and dash recalling the great Italian tradition, with the addition of a touch of French originality. Subleyras, who excelled in painting large altar-pieces and whose "Mass of Saint Basil" was executed in mosaic in the Church of Saint Peter at Rome, an honour scarcely ever granted to living artists, was also a charming *genre* painter. "Brother Philip's Geese," "The Falcon," "The Hermit," subjects taken from La Fontaine's "Tales," are most clever, graceful, and witty.

Vien, whose glory is much dimmed nowadays, greatly influenced the art of his time. He was — what is not always given to great geniuses — the promoter of a complete revolution in the taste of his day, and it is from him that classical painting dates, or at least, the movement which caused the abandonment of the free, easy, clever manner of the French school,

later contemptuously referred to as rococo. He was not a very true or very austere Roman; but he had a tendency to simplicity, to quiet lines, to sober colouring, which contrasted with the flamboyant and technical manner of the French artists of his day. The Louvre has by him "Saint Germain, Bishop of Auxerre," and "Saint Vincent, Deacon of the Church of Syracuse," "Dædalus and Icarus," "The Sleeping Hermit," "Cupids playing with Swans," "Flowers," and "Doves." "Dædalus and Icarus" exhibits in the drawing of the bodies a striving after the style of antiquity; while on the other hand "The Hermit" testifies to a study of nature and a literalness which to-day would be called realism.

As for Boucher, he had indeed the true painter's temperament: inexhaustible invention, prodigious variety, and an execution which is always artistic, even in his most careless work. Undoubtedly he abused these precious gifts, but it is the rich alone who may be prodigal, and before you can throw money away, you must have it. Boucher proved equal, without ever falling below himself, to the most fearful wastefulness of talent during a long artistic life. It is almost impossible to draw up a list of his works. His drawings

alone number more than ten thousand. He painted ceilings, panels above doors, bays, portraits, mythological subjects, pastoral subjects, landscapes, scenes for the opera, designs for tapestries; he painted pianos, screens, cabinets, sedan chairs, state carriages. His facile brush was ready for anything, and whatever he did, he imparted to it a grace, a charm, and a bloom which no one possessed to the same degree. He was long the idol of an age that preferred prettiness to beauty, piquancy to style, and wit to everything. The idol fell, and Boucher's name, with that of Van Loo, was long reprobated in classical studios; but now Boucher's worth is well understood.

The "Diana at the Bath" in the Louvre is a delightful painting. The goddess is about to enter the water, one of her nymphs, kneeling before her, having just taken off her sandals. She is nude, with the silvery nudity of virginal goddesses. One of her legs is bent and with the other she is just entering the water; she holds in her hand a string of pearls that she has taken off. Bending forward, she inclines somewhat her lovely head, seen in profile, with the hair drawn up, dressed with pearls and a tiny crescent. Her neck, shoulders, and torso, bathed in light, transparent shadow, have

extreme suppleness, freshness, and grace. The nymph also is charming, and these young bodies, so easily turned to coquettish poses, stand out against the landscape formed of reeds, brush, trees with twisted roots clinging to the steep slopes of a ravine, a spring where dogs are drinking, and a mound by the spring, on which carelessly thrown stuffs exhibit the sheen of their many folds. A quiver and arrows and, in a corner, a bow, and a trophy of game composed of partridges and hares, fill up picturesquely the corners of the composition, and all is painted with admirable certainty and vivacity of touch. One of Boucher's merits is that his least compositions are pictures and decorate the wall on which they are hung. "Rinaldo and Armida," "Venus asking Arms of Vulcan for Æneas," in which there is a charming group of three Graces, Venus's maids, are meritorious paintings, although they are so pretty. The two works called "Pastoral Subject" take us into an idyllic world invented by Boucher for the benefit of the eighteenth century, which was the least idyllic of ages in spite of its pastoral pretensions. The sheep are carefully washed, the shepherdesses wear bodices with bows of ribbon and have complexions in no wise like the tanned faces of country girls, while the shep-

herds themselves look like opera dancers; nevertheless, the paintings are irresistibly seductive, and affectation becomes lovelier than truth.

Carle Van Loo is also a painter of great talent as well as a serious student. He knows a great deal, although he is attractive. If his "Marriage of the Virgin," "Apollo flaying Marsyas," and "Æneas bearing Anchises" are not much looked at, the style no longer being fashionable, every one stops with pleasure before "A Hunting Halt," a scene of princely life brilliantly rendered. Pretty indeed are the women's heads, graceful are their attitudes, gallantly worn are their elegant costumes. There is such a high-bred air about them, they live so naturally in that atmosphere of luxury, power, and pleasure! The mule, harnessed in Spanish fashion, which bears the provisions, is as beautiful in drawing and colour as a mule by Karel du Jardin.

No one was better gifted than Fragonard; every fairy seems to have been present at his birth. Less mythological than Boucher, he expresses the taste, the fancy, and the caprice of the age with incredible dash and cleverness. His paintings are charming, his sketches are better than his paintings, his drawings better than

his sketches. He does not need much to render an idea, — a thin coat of dark brown, a rosy and bluish local tint, a few hatchings, a flash of light, and he has a whole world of little figures, living, smiling, looking for each other, embracing, running, or fluttering through vapoury cloud or grove. The Louvre has by him "The High Priest Coresus sacrificing himself to save Callirrhoë," a "Landscape," and "The Music Lesson."

It is at this time that a new element, the commonplace, sentimental element, makes its appearance. In the coquettish, libertine, witty art of the eighteenth century, which had prettiness for ideal, and for purpose the decoration of the boudoirs of marchionesses, painting strives to imitate literature, and Diderot's "Poetics," as expounded in the "Père de Famille," are applied by Greuze. The smaller dramas of domestic life had not yet received the honours of painting, and in so far the painter of "The Father's Curse" and "The Repentant Son" did original work. It may be said of Greuze, as of Hogarth, that the moral scenes which he represents appear rather to have been posed and the gestures made by excellent actors than copied directly from nature; it is truth, but seen through an interpretation and a disguise. Everything is thought out, full of meaning,

and aims at a certain end; every stroke contains what literary men call ideas when they are talking of painting; consequently Diderot celebrated Greuze in the most lyric fashion. He is no mediocre artist, however; he invented a *genre* unknown before him, and he possesses genuine artistic qualities, — colouring, form, touch; his heads, modelled in square parts, or rather in facets, have relief and life; the draperies, or rather, the clothes rumpled, rough and treated carelessly in systematic fashion in order to set off the delicacy of the flesh, exhibit in apparent carelessness clever handling. "The Father's Curse" and "The Repentant Son" are well painted, harmonious, with a practical moral; but I prefer "The Marriage Contract" because of the lovely head of the young bride, than which it is impossible to see anything more youthful, more blooming, more candid, and more coquettishly maidenly, if these two words may be conjoined. Greuze — and this is the reason of the renown which he now enjoys, after an eclipse of his glory caused by the interposition of David and his school — has a particular gift of painting woman in her early bloom, when the bud is about to blossom as the rose, and the child to turn into a maiden. In the eighteenth century everybody, even moralists,

was somewhat of a libertine. When Greuze paints Innocence, he always takes care to draw aside the gauze and to give a glimpse of a youthful bosom; he puts in the eyes a lustrous flame and on the lips a soft smile which leads one to think that Innocence might easily turn into Voluptuousness. "The Broken Pitcher" is the model of this class. The head still has the candour of childhood, but the neckerchief is pulled aside, the leaves of the rose in the bodice fall, the flowers are only half held in by the folds of the dress, and the pitcher allows the water to escape through a crack.

Chardin began by painting still life, and he may be ranked with the Flemish and the Dutch on account of his exact imitation, his strong colouring, and the solidity of his impasto. In that mildly mannered and agreeably false art, he represents absolute truth; he is a realist in the truest sense of the word. Velasquez began in the same way, and for a long time painted fruits, vegetables, game, fish, vases, bowls, kitchen utensils, and it was in such study that he gained the admirable knowledge of local tone characteristic of his paintings. When Chardin, who had thus prepared himself, was emboldened to paint faces, his attempts were completely successful. He gave proof of the

same honesty, the same carefulness, the same conscientiousness. He excels in rendering the good, calm, bourgeois life of the day, when there were other people besides marquises and opera singers. "The Industrious Mother," "Grace before Meat," "The Kitchen," and a still life of animals and fruits on a stone table exhibit Chardin in his double character.

After this pleasant and skilful artist, we have to pass over Boilly, Demarne, Mlle. Gérard, Mlle. Mayer, the friend and pupil of Prud'hon, whose works are sometimes mistaken for his, and Prud'hon himself, whose fine "Crucified Christ," his last work, darkened by a melancholy presentiment, I have not space to describe. I must content myself also with mentioning Le Thière's "Death of Virginia," "Brutus condemning his Children," and a delightful sketch by David of "Mme. Récamier" in a white tunic lying upon a sofa of Greek form; Siganon's "Saint Jerome and the Courtesan," the one terrible and the other lovely; the unfortunate Leopold Robert's "Harvesters in the Pontine Marshes," "The Pilgrimage of the Madonna dell' Arco;" Bonnington's "Francis I," "The Duchess of Étampes," and the "Quarrel of Trissotin and

Vadius" by Poterlet, a marvellously gifted colourist who died quite young.

Let us make up our minds to leave these rooms, every one of which would call for a whole volume, and cast a rapid glance at the other riches contained in the Louvre in the way of statues of antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance, vases, mummies, sphinxes, stelæ, tombs, papyri, terra cottas, stamped work, gems, bulls with men's heads, Ninevite *bassi-relievi*, curiosities of all kinds, jewels, and relics of sovereigns.

On leaving the Hall of the Seven Chimneys, one traverses a series of rooms with painted ceilings, in one of which was formerly placed the "Apotheosis of Homer" by Ingres, which has been replaced by a copy. The first rooms contain superb Greek vases, — rhytons, cups, and all the marvels of the ceramics of antiquity. The others are filled with Egyptian antiquities. One comes upon mummy cases covered with paintings and hieroglyphs, papyri written in demotic characters, sacred scarabei, uræus snakes, statues of Isis and Nephthys in green ware, mummies of cats and ibises, the shape of which shows faintly through the bandages, masks painted with red ochre, representations of the dog-headed Anubis and of Osiris

with the funeral beard on the chin, boxes of green rouge, toilet cases, mystic baris, mammisis or small portable chapels, necklaces and neckplates of enamels, amschirs or censers, tissues, weapons, utensils of all sorts, collected in the various necropolis of that vast and vanished civilisation.

These halls comprise the former Museum of Charles X. There are at the outer door two coffins of black basalt standing against the wall like two sentries; on the bottom are gilded engravings of the young dead whom they so long held. On the landing-place is a statue in Græco-Egyptian style of the days of Ptolemy.

The stairs lead to the lower hall, where formerly was exhibited statuary when the Salon was held in the Louvre. On the Canopæan vases, of which they form the stoppers, are seen heads of women with faint smiles and oblique glances like those of the sphinxes, similar and diverse, with the same type and with individual physiognomies, which, modelled as they are in a sort of rosy clay, have almost the flush of life. Farther on a colossal sphinx in reddish granite stretches out upon its pedestal its paws and its rounded quarters with curves as graceful as those of a beautiful woman's hips.

The curiously charming head is full of mysterious kindliness, in which the animal's instinct seems to be jeering at human thought. Then come monstrous gods with animals' heads, their arms pressed close to their bodies, their feet caught in the stone: Typhon, Osiris, Phtha, Isis, Hathor, Nephthys, the ram-headed, the dog-headed, all the natural and religious symbolism of antique Egypt; huge heads of broken colossi wearing the *pschent*, feet broken above the ankle, which are larger than men, gigantic remains of the Pharaohs, forgotten in the sand; tombs of kings and princes and hierogrammats of basalt, granite, porphyry, in one block, covered within and without with hieroglyphs engraved as with a graver on wax, on such hard stone that it blunts steel and time cannot wear it; stelæ; chapels cut out of one block, — the flotsam and jetsam of a vanished world.

On the other side is the Assyrian Museum. You leave Thebes or Memphis and enter Nineveh; you leave Cheops, Rameses, Thothmes, Nechao, to approach Phul Belasis, Tiglath Pileser, and Assur Haddon; Pharaonic enormity for Biblical enormity. The giant, human-faced bulls with eagles' wings, the giants crushing lions to their breasts, are seen there in the

same pose as at the entrances of the palaces during the frightful orgies which made God write upon the wall. They are the very same; they look at you from the depths of ages with their quiet glance. There is not a curl wanting to their well-trimmed beards, not a fluting from their symmetrically striated wings, their tiaras are intact; no detail of the anatomy has been dulled, and the veins still show upon their muscular legs.

In the walls are set long *bassi-relievi*, representing hunts, triumphal entries, cavalcades, the horses in which, admirably studied out, are worthy of being the ancestors of the Parthenon horses: all the details of that wonderful past civilisation are seen in these sculptures with amazing clearness. Costumes, weapons, carts, harnesses are so accurately shown that it would be easy to reproduce them. The attack of a fortress represented on one of the *bassi-relievi*, enables one thoroughly to understand Ninevite strategy. Great plates are covered from top to bottom with cuneiform inscriptions. Science has begun to decipher this mysterious alphabet, and we shall soon learn what mean these mysterious legends that irritate curiosity to such a pitch.

A few remains of Phœnician antiquity: tombs resembling mummy cases and preserving the outline of the body, representing in the upper part a mask no doubt reproducing the face of the dead; fragments of altars consecrated to Oannes, the fish god; votive or historical inscriptions, all these are ranged in the hall next to the Ninevite Museum.

Beyond are placed Greek sculptures from Asia Minor: the frieze and the pediment of the temple of Phingalia, with their horsemen, and figures, which, even in their broken condition, reveal something of their original beauty.

In spite of their grandiose work, Egypt and Assyria are still far from the ideal of pure beauty, which Greece realised. Under that serene sky, among mountains and sites of more human proportions, genius developed harmoniously and simply, and it strove to attain perfection rather than vastness. A gymnastic education in which the love of form was carried to idolatry was bound to produce sculptors, by continually putting form in motion before them in all the brilliancy of youth and gracefulness and strength. The Greek artists were fortunate enough to live among the most perfect types and models, which their peculiar

civilisation allowed them to see unveiled. Their anthropomorphous religion, in which every god was but the symbol of one of the energies or the beauties of men, gave the greatest latitude to statuary. Never did art attain greater beauty, nobility, and purity. When one enters the Museum of Antiques, in the presence of that population of marble with rhythmic attitudes, elegant and true forms, among these unchanging bodies which seem never to have known fatigue, sorrow, or sickness, one is filled with luminous serenity and peaceful happiness. Modern ugliness and bustle are forgotten, and when against the dark red background stands out the "Venus of Milo," one remains dazzled, and wonders whether since the Olympians were driven from their golden thrones, the world has not been plunged in a nightmare. How tall and noble and beautiful is that Venus, filled with a higher life and the plenitude of immortality; on her half-opened lips a faint, divine smile, in her eyes a superhuman glance! Her torso is nude like that of the great divinities; round the hips clings a drapery in broad, soft folds, which outline the contours and mark instead of veiling them. The arms have gone, but it seems as though, if they were found, they would spoil the delight of the

eye by preventing one from seeing that superb bosom and those wonderful breasts. And it was in the temple of a small island that stood this masterpiece of an unknown sculptor, worthy of the finest period of Hellenic art!

After seeing the Venus of Milo, one can only glance carelessly at the Apollos, Antinoüs, the Genii of Eternal Rest, Hercules, Fauns, Venuses, Graces, Minervas, Polyhymnias, Germanicus, Discoboli, and even at the "Gladiator," that marvel of anatomy. One is still dazzled by supreme beauty.

In the centre of the Renaissance Hall, enthroned, half lying upon her pedestal, is "Diana of Poictiers," by Jean Goujon; nude like the mythological Diana, with her elegant, slender limbs, her delicate head with the hair tressed artistically and coquettishly, and her slender hand resting upon a stag with golden antlers, like the incarnation of the Renaissance, the modern antiquity that discovered a new ideal.

In the wall are set *bassi-relievi* by Jean Goujon, representing the "Nymphs of the Seine" and "Tritons Playing with Nereids." On a pedestal rise three figures, back to back, by Germain Pilon, supporting the golden urn which was to contain the hearts of Henry

II and Catherine of Medici, so elegant and so graceful as to dispel any funereal idea. In the same room are the "Three Virtues" in Florentine bronze, of proud port, brought from the tomb of Anne of Montmorency, by Barthélemy Gainer; a curious mausoleum by Germain Pilon, which represents Valentine Balbiani, the wife of René de Birague, represented on the cover as a living woman and within the tomb as a decomposed body.

In another hall Michael Angelo's "Prisoners" struggle splendidly as if to break their bonds. One of them, driven to despair by the uselessness of his efforts, has thrown back his head and closed his eyes. Sublime indeed is this representation of powerless force!

A great bronze tympanum shows the "Nymph of Fontainebleau" pouring out water from her urn amid a riot of dogs and stags, symbolising the chase. Diana of Poictiers confiscated the Nymph for her château of Anet, on account of its resemblance to her. The bas-relief of "Saint George and the Dragon" by Michel Colomb is amazingly elegant in composition, and delicate and accurate in detail. I regret that I must be satisfied with mentioning the names of Francheville,

Olivieri, Ponce, Simon Guillain, Guillaume Berthelet, each of them represented by remarkable works.

But we are not yet done. Inexhaustible are the riches of the Louvre. On the other side of the court another museum contains modern sculptures, from "Milo of Croton," and "Alexander before Diogenes" to Pradier's "Atalanta." Here is the famous group of "Love and Psyche" by Canova.

The Campana Museum is positively discouraging, with its vast quantity of terra cottas, friezes, and small figures which fill its cases, and would call for a volume to describe, the Etruscan tombs on which are stretched, lying on their elbow, figures with painted eyes. The Museum of the Sovereigns would also require another volume. How is it possible to describe in a few lines all these relics of royalty, beginning with the Iron Chair of Dagobert, continuing with the armour of Francis I, and ending with the hat and sword of Napoleon?

Leonardo da Vinci

LEONARDO DA VINCI

THE Greeks had attained beauty in everything; and the sacred rock of the Acropolis, laden with temples and sculptures, remained standing, like the altar of human genius, amid solitude and ruins due to barbarism rather than time, but ignored, so to speak, and its teaching vain. Without seeking to be unjust to the efforts and attempts of later civilisations, one may affirm that a long night followed that brilliant day, and that the feeling for beauty disappeared for many a century amid the cataclysms of empires and the chaos of the Middle Ages.

Sculpture and painting, borne down by the fall of polytheism, wholly vanished. Thirteen centuries passed from the coming of Christ to the days of Andrea Taffi and Cimabue, who scarcely do more than reproduce the old trite Byzantine patterns. It will take one or two hundred years more before men get rid of painting on gold backgrounds and of childish sculpture worthy of the Chinese and savages.

But at last comes that marvellous sixteenth century, when the mind of man suddenly awakes as from a long

dream, and regains possession of itself. That moment full of grace and charm is best expressed by the name Renaissance, used to designate that climacteric epoch. After the long, opaque darkness filled with nightmare, terror, and anguish, came the new dawn. Beauty, so long forgotten, appeared radiant, and enchanted the world with its youthful brilliancy. A few manuscripts deciphered in spite of the obstacles presented by the Gothic, monkish handwriting, a few fragments of antique marbles unearthed as if by a miracle, sufficed to bring about this revolution.

Those lamps of life, which, as Lucretius so beautifully says, runners pass from one to another, were lighted again from the spark of antiquity, and shone joyously in hands that never again would allow them to go out. One of those whose lamp gave out the brightest beams was Leonardo da Vinci; its flame, although dimmed by the black smoke of time, still shines star-like, and when one of the paintings of the master is met with, smoky and darkened though it may be, the gallery is at once lighted up by it.

Leonardo da Vinci, the natural son of Messer Pietro, notary to the Republic, was born in 1452 in a small château, the ruins of which still exist by Lake Fu-

cecchio, not far from Florence, in a lovely landscape. Everything had to be joyous, graceful, and smiling for this child of love who soon became the handsomest of men. Nature, as if claiming for herself her most perfect work, would not give him a legitimate family; and without calling the fairies to his cradle, — they came of themselves and endowed him with every possible gift — it seemed as though, by a sort of self-love, she was making up in him for her abortions and her imperfect attempts.

Contrary to custom, Leonardo da Vinci never knew the struggles nor the difficulties of beginners. Admiration came to him quite young, and never departed from him. He died in the arms of a king; and if modern erudition doubts the truth of this legend, it is so fitting a crown to this happy and quiet life that everybody will certainly believe in it.

As a child, his earliest drawings excited surprise and incredulity. Placed under Verocchio, who was a good sculptor and a good painter, he gave proof of such precocious superiority that the pupil rapidly became the master. It is certain that he painted in one of his teacher's pictures an angel's head so beautiful and of such novel and uncommon taste, that it killed the rest

of the work and foretold that Italy was about to enjoy unrivalled glory. Indeed, there is no one superior to Leonardo, neither Raphael, Michael Angelo, nor Correggio. They may have sat down beside him on his lofty eminence, but no one ever ascended higher. It is to be noted, too, that he is the earliest of all, and that he at once carried art to a degree of perfection which has never been surpassed since.

So much glory would seem to be sufficient for a man, and yet painting was but one of da Vinci's gifts. Equally endowed in every respect, he might have done everything else just as well. He possessed a universal, encyclopædic genius; he had acquired all the knowledge of his times, and — a much rarer quality — he sought nature directly.

To thoroughly understand the genius of Leonardo da Vinci, it must be remembered that he worked, as it were, without a model, and invented as he produced. This, indeed, was his greatest endowment. He did not care, like certain other painters, to multiply his works; he was satisfied in everything with having once attained his end; having realised his ideal, he broke off, he disdained to go on. He was the kind of man who would make endless studies for a single picture, and

then afterwards never use them again, but turn to another exercise. Once his curiosity was satisfied, nothing interested him; once he had made his model, once he had got his proof, he broke the mould. He had the feeling for what is exquisite, rare, and absolute. Every picture was but a successful experiment, a desire accomplished, which he thought it needless to repeat. In every branch of art he has left an ineffaceable mark; he has trodden upon the highest summits; he seems to have climbed for the sake of climbing, for he at once goes elsewhere. He does not seem to have cared for wealth or fame; he attained excellence simply to prove to himself that he was superior. So he painted the finest portrait, the finest picture, the finest fresco, and drew the finest cartoon. That was enough. Then he bethought himself of something else: the modelling of a gigantic horse, the cutting of the Navaglio Canal, of fortifying cities, or designing war engines, inventing diving apparatus, flying machines, and other more or less chimerical fancies. He almost suspected the power of steam; he had a presentiment of aeronautics; he turned out birds that flew and animals that walked; he played upon a silver lyre in the shape of a horse's head which he had made himself,

and invented a reversed handwriting which can be read only in a mirror, a cipher every secret of which has not yet been made out. He studied anatomy, not like Michael Angelo to parade it, but to know it; and drew admirable studies of muscles which he made no use of, for there are no figures more wrapped in garments than his own. Besides being an artist, he was a philosopher almost equal to Bacon, an enemy to scholastics; believing in experiment only and seeking from nature the solution of his doubts. He made everything, even his colours and his sizing. But do not imagine that he was a sort of haughty pedant or alchemist, living in a studio changed into a laboratory. No one was more human, more loving, more attractive than Leonardo da Vinci. He was witty, graceful, skilful, so strong that he could bend a horseshoe, and withal endowed with perfect, Apollo-like beauty. He was so gentle, tender, and sympathetic, so true a lover of nature, so thoughtful of the least suffering, that he would purchase caged birds to set them free, delighted at seeing them fly madly into the azure; a rare quality in those fierce, rough times when, far from feeling pity for animals, men were almost indifferent to human life.

Leonardo loved horses. He was an admirable horseman, and upon the most spirited and restive steeds, he would leap hedges and ditches, and indulge in volts and curvets which filled the spectators with admiration and terror. It is the artist alone I have spoken of, though, great as he is, Leonardo the painter is but one part of Leonardo. Art did not wholly absorb him; he wrestled with it and came out victor, without the muscle of his thigh being withered, as was the case with Jacob when he wrestled with the angel.

What means did he have? That is not known; but until he was thirty, Leonardo lived in great style at Florence. He had horses, servants, fine clothes, every luxury of the day. Fortune, usually blind, had taken off her bandage for him, and favoured him as though he were unworthy of it. Never did misfortune, as I have said, venture to approach that lovely life and make it pay for its glory.

While leading a splendid life, he painted amid many occupations and fancies; for his universal mind turned ardently in every direction, not even disdaining physical jokes, such as combining evil-smelling gases and filling bladders which, when dilated, compelled the spectators to flee from the room.

His earlier manner still recalls that of Verocchio, he reproduces nature by a borrowed method; but already the accent of originality is recognisable. That manner is more archaic, the drawing is harder, the tone lighter, the modelling less powerful than in his later manner, when he rendered nature through his own feelings and without any intermediary means. Indeed, the characteristic of Leonardo is a constant, attentive, thorough, intimate study of nature; rendered not in the brutal fashion of our modern realists, but with marvellous delicacy, patience, knowledge, and power of selection. He is at once truthful and fantastic, accurate and visionary; he mingles reality and dream in surprising proportions. His works have a magical power of fascination. They represent a deep, mysterious, almost terrifying life, though long since the darkening of the colours has removed any possibility of illusion.

Every one knows the story of the buckler ordered by a peasant of Vinci, on which Leonardo was to paint some terrifying emblem. For a number of months the artist kept collecting adders, reptiles, lizards, toads, and bats, with the help of which he composed a hybrid monster of remarkable zoological resemblance and terrifying effect. Of course the peasant did not get the

buckler, which was sold for three hundred ducats to Galeas, Duke of Milan. It is probable that these studies were utilised by Leonardo in the Medusa's head, now in the Museum at Florence. Around the pale, bloodless face the green hair writhes hideously, every separate hair hissing and twisting. The reptiles are more important than the face, foreshortened as if to conceal the convulsions of death; for Leonardo disliked excessive expression and held in this respect to the ideas of antiquity. But no doubt he enjoyed showing how well he could paint serpents.

The "Child in a Cradle" seen at Bologna, the "Magdalen" at the Pitti and at the Aldobrandini Palaces, the Holy Families, the Herodias with the head of Saint John the Baptist, of which a number of galleries are very proud, are not yet quite Leonardo, although their authencity cannot be doubted. It was only later, in the second period of his life, that he at last found his true and final manner.

Da Vinci's ideal, though it possesses the purity, grace, and perfection of antiquity, is wholly modern in feeling. He expresses a finesse, a suavity, and an elegance unknown to the ancients. The lovely Greek heads, with their unapproachable correctness, are merely serene;

Da Vinci's are sweet, but of a peculiar sweetness due rather to intelligent superiority than to weakness of will. In those dark rimmed eyes with their air of tender commiseration not free from roguishness, it is as if spirits of another nature than ours looked at us through the holes of a mask. Then he puts such a smile upon the flexible lips, which end in velvety corners cleverly drawn by voluptuousness and irony. No one yet has been able to solve the enigma of this expression, which rallies and attracts, refuses and promises, intoxicates and makes thoughtful. Did it really flutter upon human lips, or has it been borrowed from the mocking sphinxes that guard the palaces of art? Later, Correggio will find that smile again, but by making it more loving, he will deprive it of its mystery.

Lodovico el Moro called Leonardo da Vinci to Milan. The artist met with great success at his court. Though in no wise servile, he loved pomp, elegance, and high-breeding; the palaces of kings and princes were his natural *milieu*. A good talker, an excellent musician, a wonderfully imaginative organiser of festivals, most careful in his dress, gallant society took him under its wing, and he was as popular at Milan as at Florence. He painted the portrait of the prince's two

mistresses, Cecilia Galerani and Lucrezia Crevelli; the latter Stendhal believes is represented in the familiar portrait in the Louvre representing a woman in a red bodice trimmed with gold, and generally called "*La Belle Ferronnière*," on account of the diamond she wears on her brow. He began to model, for the equestrian statue of Lodovico, a horse as large as the horse of Troy, the casting of which was to require two hundred thousand pounds of metal. He carried out his marvellous hydraulic works, and prepared for the refectory of Santa Maria della Croce the cartoon of "The Last Supper," the heads of which he painted first separately, by way of study, in oils and pastel.

With a small sketchbook he traversed the streets of Milan, the walks, the markets, and especially the Borghetto, a sort of Court of Miracles where met the rascals of the place, seeking the type of the evil face for his Judas, whose head long remained blank on the wall, for da Vinci had not come across any physiognomy perfidious, low, and scoundrelly enough for the apostle who sold his God, his Master, and his Friend for money. At last he found what he wanted, and the work was finished, after being dropped and taken up again many times. Leonardo's work was wholly natu-

ral. He never painted unless he clearly saw what he wanted, and left nothing to the chance of the brush. Often he would hasten from one end of the city, give two or three touches to the painting and withdraw; at other times he would simply look at it in silence, and he used to say that these were not the days on which he worked least hard.

"The Last Supper" is not a fresco unfortunately; if it were, it would still be as brilliant as that of Montorfano, placed opposite. It was painted with oil colours, the fatty substance being eliminated by a peculiar process invented by Leonardo, and upon a not very solid surface. It has been spared no outrage, and yet its mere shadow suffices to eclipse all other masterpieces.

The Louvre is rich in paintings by da Vinci, the wondrous master who conquered the first rank with a small number of masterpieces. There are few museums which possess so many authentic ones. In vain does the Museum of Madrid believe it possesses the "Gioconda;" we have the original.

The "Vierge aux Rochers," well known through engravings, is in Leonardo's second manner. The modelling is wrought with a care unknown to painters

unaccustomed to sculpture. The roundness of the bodies, due to the gradation of tints, the accuracy of the shadows, and the parsimonious reserve of light, betray in this unparalleled painting the habits of the sculptor. Leonardo is known to have said that it was only by modelling that the painter could learn the science of shadows. The clay figures which he used in his work were long preserved.

The appearance of the "Vierge aux Rochers" is singularly mysterious and charming. A sort of basaltic grotto shelters the divine group, on the bank of a spring, through the limpid waters of which the pebbly bed is seen. Beyond the arcade of the grotto shows a rocky landscape with a few scattered, slender trees; it is traversed by a river on the banks of which rises a village. The whole composition is painted in an indefinable colour like that of the chimerical countries one traverses in dreams, and is wonderfully calculated to bring out the figures.

Adorable indeed is the figure of the Madonna. It is of a type peculiar to Leonardo, and in no wise recalls the Madonnas of Raphael. The upper portion of the head is spherical, the brow well developed; the oval of the cheeks blends into a delicately curved chin, and the

half-closed eyes are in penumbra; the nose, although delicate, does not form a straight line with the brow like the noses of Greek statues, the nostrils are well outlined and palpitate under the breath; the mouth, somewhat large, has the vague, enigmatic, delightful smile which da Vinci gave to his women's faces. A sweet archness mingles with an expression of purity and kindness. The long, delicate, silky hair falls in wavy locks on cheeks bathed in shadow and half-tints, and sets them off with incomparable grace. It is the Lombard type, idealised by wondrous execution, the sole defect of which may be said to be too absolute perfection.

And then what hands, especially the one which, outstretched, shows the fingers foreshortened! Ingres alone managed to perform a similar *tour de force* in the figure of "Music crowning Cherubino." The adjustment of the draperies is in the exquisite, precious taste characteristic of da Vinci. A medallion clasp fastens on the bosom the ends of the mantle, which is raised by the arms in noble and delicate folds.

The angel which points out the Child Jesus to the little Saint John, has the most suave, the most delicate, and the proudest face that ever a brush produced on

canvas. It belongs, if one may so express it, to the highest celestial aristocracy. It looks like the face of a page of high birth accustomed to stand on the steps of a throne. The angel's curled, wavy hair falls in abundance around a head drawn so purely and so delicately that it surpasses feminine beauty, and suggests a type superior to the highest ideals of men. The eyes are not turned towards the group, for he does not need to look in order to see, and even were he not winged, it would be impossible to mistake him for any but an angel. A divine indifference shows upon his charming face, which scarce deigns to smile faintly. He fulfils the message of the Eternal with impassible serenity. Unquestionably no virgin, no woman ever was lovelier, but the most virile spirit, the most powerful intelligence shines out of those black eyes fixed vaguely upon the spectator who seeks to penetrate their mystery.

Every one knows how difficult it is to paint children. The undeveloped forms of tender age are not well suited to artistic expression. Leonardo da Vinci, in the little Saint John of the "Vierge aux Rochers," has solved the problem with his usual skill. The attitude of the child, in which every part of the body is foreshortened, is full of the refined, uncommon, yet natural

grace which marks every work of the sublime artist. There can be no finer modelling than that of the head with its plump, dimpled cheeks, the little round, plump arms, the body with fat folds, and the legs half drawn up, as the child sits on the sward. The shadows blend with the light in gradations of infinite delicacy and impart extraordinary relief to the figure.

Half enveloped in a thin gauze, the divine child kneels with clasped hands as if He were already conscious of His mission and understood the gesture which the little Saint John repeats in accordance with the angel's directions.

As for the colouring, if in darkening it has lost its true value, it has gained a harmony which refined taste prefers to the bloom and brilliancy of tint. The tones have darkened in such perfect proportion that the result is a sort of neutral, abstract, ideal, mysterious tint which clothes the forms as with a celestial veil and removes them from terrestrial reality.

There is another side of Leonardo's art, seen in the "Virgin and Saint Anne." In this painting the shadows are less gray and violet. The painter probably did not use the black which he invented and which has worked so much to the surface in his other paintings.

In the centre of a landscape of rocks and slender trees with scanty foliage, Saint Anne holds the Virgin in her lap. The latter bends with an adorable gesture towards the Infant Jesus, who is playing with a lamb which He draws by the ear, a childish and charming gesture that in no wise impairs the nobility of the composition, and prevents any coldness. A few pretty wrinkles ray the brow of Saint Anne, but do not diminish her beauty; for Leonardo da Vinci disliked sad thoughts and would not afflict the eye with the sight of decrepitude. The head of the Virgin, seen somewhat from below, has exquisitely fine lines. It beams with virginal grace and maternal love; the eyes are humid, and the half-smiling mouth has the indefinable expression of which Leonardo kept the secret. The face is painted, like the rest of the picture, with a softness, a *morbidezza* which the artist might perhaps have destroyed, had he finished it more.

There is a tradition that the painting was made from a cartoon by Leonardo, and that Bernardino Luini filled in the artist's outline. It is possible, but unquestionably the master's brush has been put to it. No other proof is needed than the works of Luini himself, charming as they are.

It is curious that Leonardo da Vinci, who possessed such a thorough knowledge of anatomy, scarcely ever painted any nude figures. For my part, the only one I know of is the "Leda." She is represented standing in a pose full of eurythmia, worthy of the finest Greek statues, which, however, it does not resemble, for da Vinci, original in everything, drew beauty from its very source in nature. At the feet of Leda, which are as noble and pure as if they were carved out of Parian marble, play, amid the shells of the broken eggs, the graceful children of the divine swan. The young woman has that expression of sarcastic and superior gayety which is the very mark of Leonardo. Her eyes, sparkling with fun, laugh out between their slightly wrinkled eyelids, the mouth is turned up towards the corners, the cheeks are dimpled with such soft voluptuousness and fine sinuosities that they are almost perfidious. The only reproach that may be addressed to this charming figure is that the perfection is carried too far, that the touch has a finish which recalls the first strivings of art.

Leonardo, in the "Saint John the Baptist" in the Louvre, seems to me to have overdone his smile. The figure of the saint half emerges from a dark, shadowy

background. With one hand he points to heaven; but his face, effeminate to the point of making you doubt his sex, is so sardonic, so sly, so full of reticence and mystery, that it causes uneasiness and inspires vague suspicions as to his orthodoxy. He looks like one of the fallen gods of Heinrich Heine, who, in order to live, have taken office in the new religion. He points to heaven, but he laughs at it and seems to mock at the credulous spectator. He knows the secret doctrine, and does not believe in the least in the Christ whom he announces; nevertheless, for the sake of the vulgar he performs the conventional gesture, but enlightens clever people by his diabolical smile. I can understand that Leonardo should have been accused of having a religion of his own, an occult philosophy not in accord with the common faith. A figure such as that of "Saint John the Baptist" would suffice to justify such suspicions. Certainly Leonardo never was an atheist, but he may have unconsciously been a pantheist. He died as a good Catholic, with all the sacraments of the Church, as may be seen in a letter of Francesco Melzi, his pupil, who had followed him to France.

A sort of evil fate seems to have pursued the great works of Leonardo. The gigantic horse on which he

had worked for more than sixteen years, was destroyed; there is nothing left of the "Last Supper" but a shadow, — a shadow, it is true, by the side of which many a sun pales.

Luini, Salaï, Melzi, Beltraffio, and others have painted in Vinci's manner numbers of Herodias, Madonnas, and Magdalens, which in catalogues are ascribed to the master, and occasionally are not unworthy of the honour. I have myself seen in Burgos, in the sacristy of the cathedral, a "Magdalen" with long, silky, delicate hair, and shadowy half-tints wonderfully managed, attributed with some probability to Leonardo; but it is not by him, for the sublime idler painted but little. What is the use of repeating one's self, once perfection has been attained?

How can one believe in such numbers of works? Leonardo took four years to paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, and then he considered it unfinished. He made haste so slowly that during his stay in Rome, having received an order from Leo X, he began by distilling plants in order to compose a varnish intended for the painting which he was to execute and which he did not paint, according to his habit. He was content with having proved in a few works that he was a

great painter. Perhaps, indeed, he was prouder of his talents as an engineer than as a painter.

It would scarcely be supposed that the handsome Leonardo, so elegant, noble, rare, and exquisite, possessed in the highest degree the gift of caricature. In this line, as in every other, he must have attained perfection at once. He discovers with intense comic force, with masterly sarcasm, with grotesque power, the peculiar angle, the characteristic detail, the exaggerated side, the distinctive peculiarity of each face. He brings out the beast concealed in every man; with one stroke of the pencil, as with the stroke of a paw, he draws off the face and exhibits the mask concealed below it. He brings the passions, vices, and absurdities to the surface and emphasises them by some prodigious anatomical exaggeration. The caricatures which he made in the Milan streets upon a sketchbook, or which he scribbled from memory on the margins of manuscripts, have been collected and engraved by Carlo Giuseppe Gerli. They are characterised by eccentricity and grandeur, and a sort of terrifying joviality. It would not take much to make these burlesque masks frightful, so strange and powerful are the bones, muscles, and veins. The lower jaws pro-

ject a foot; the noses are hooked like beaks; the orbits of the eyes are like deep vaults wherein the flaccid eyelids flap like bats' wings; the lips are drawn back, showing gums toothless or with tusks; the cheek-bones are like rocks; the profile sinks in or sticks out, opening or diminishing the facial angle with incredible power of ridicule. Behind the vaguely human appearance passes the hideous menagerie of bestiality and of vice: gormandism, voluptuousness, idleness, idiocy have each their characteristic faces, every one a deformity. And the marvellous thing is that every one of those picturesquely monstrous heads, if it were framed in by foliage or a volute, would form a superb mask ejecting the water of a fountain, chewing a door-knocker, or grinning in the keystone of an arch. A formidable power tortures the contours, deepens the cavities, brings out the muscles to the very surface, shows the skeleton through the flesh, exaggerates boldly or lessens for the purpose of caricature. It is the cruel but irresistible joviality of a young and handsome god that mocks at human deformity. It seems as though the artist sought to make a sort of course in teratology, in the broad meaning of Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, and to prove beauty through ugliness, the normal through disorder.

Caricature, such as it is understood in modern times, has no relation whatever to these drawings, the fancifulness of which always springs from the deepest learning, and which are, so to speak, anatomical arabesques with muscles for scrolls. They are titanic gambols which neither Hogarth, Cruikshank, Gavarni, or Daumier can indulge in in spite of their talent; for Vinci is as mighty in these powerful sketches as in his most finished paintings. If he had chosen, he might have been Michael Angelo, just as he was Raphael; but he was himself — that was enough. Grace attracted him more than strength, although he was quite capable of being strong. His cartoon of the battle of Anghierra, which balanced that of Michael Angelo, unfortunately disappeared during the troubles of Florence, and nothing is left of it save a fragment engraved by Ederlinck from a drawing by Rubens. Unquestionably Rubens is a great master, but the character of his genius is absolutely the opposite of that of Leonardo, and the engraving shows that the Antwerp painter exaggerated the contours in Flemish fashion, made the horses' quarters heavier, and vulgarised in his own way the strange faces of the horsemen. Gentleness, serenity, grace — a proud, tender grace — were the chief quali-

ties of Leonardo. He invented — or rather, found in nature — a beauty as perfect as Greek beauty but in no wise related to it. He was the only artist who managed to be beautiful without being antique, and therein lies his highest merit; for all who ignored these eternal beauties, the canons of the ideal, or who departed from them, are marked by barbarism or decadence. Leonardo da Vinci preserved Gothic delicacy, while animating it with a purely modern spirit. If Dante proceeds from Virgil, Leonardo is our own painter. Da Vinci's figures seem to come from the highest spheres to behold themselves in a mirror of burnished steel in which their image will remain fixed eternally by a secret like that of the daguerreotype. They have already been seen, but not on earth, — in some anterior existence perhaps, which they faintly recall.

How else can be explained the singular, almost magical charm exercised by the portrait of Mona Lisa upon the least enthusiastic natures? Is it her beauty? Many faces by Raphael and other painters are much more correct. She is not even young, and her age must be that beloved of Balzac, thirty. Through the curious delicacy of the modelling shows already a cer-

tain fatigue, and life has left its mark upon that peach-bloom cheek. The dress, through the darkening of the colours, has become almost that of a widow; crape descends down the face with the hair. But the sagacious, deep, velvety glance, full of promise, irresistibly entrances and intoxicates, while the sinuous, serpentine mouth, turned up at the corners in a violet penumbra, rallies one with such gentleness, grace, and superiority, that one feels as timid as a school-boy in the presence of a duchess. So the head, with its violet shadows, half-perceived as through a black gauze, makes you dream for hours and pursues you in memory like the motif of a symphony. Under the form expressed is felt a vague, indefinite, inexpressible thought like a musical thought; one is moved and troubled; images which have already been seen pass before one's gaze, confused and soft, smile familiarly, and whisper languorous confidences in your ear. Repressed desire and desperate hopes struggle painfully through a luminous shadow; and you discover that your melancholy springs from the fact that the Gioconda received, three hundred years ago, the confession of your love with the same sarcastic smile which she still wears to-day.

While Mona Lisa del Gioconda posed, — and she posed a long time, for Leonardo was not the man to hurry with such a model, — musicians performed concertos in the studio. The master desired to retain by music and joyous conversation the smile ready to leave those lovely lips, in order to fix it forever upon his canvas. Does it not seem that there is in the portrait of the Gioconda, without seeking to play on tones and notes, something of the echo of the musical impression? The effect is soft, veiled and tender, mysterious and harmonious, and the remembrance of the adorable face pursues one like certain motives of Mozart, which the soul sings softly to console itself for unknown misfortunes.

All the gods of painting thus seize upon our soul and play forever in it a divine music, the echo of the radiant, superhuman world in which beauty appears to us.

Esteban Bartolome Murillo

ESTEBAN BARTOLOME MURILLO

MURILLO and Velasquez together expressfully the realistic and mystical art of Spain. Velasquez depicted men, Murillo painted angels; the one took the earth, the other the heavens; each had his own realm and ruled over it. Murillo's reputation is wider than that of Philip IV's painter. The reason is that his work was not absorbed in its entirety by a royal patron who jealously guarded it. He had no studio at the palace, he had no office at court, and was not a knight of any order. His lower, but also less circumscribed position, brought him into direct connection with the public from whom he accepted orders, a number of which he found it difficult to execute in spite of the incessant labour which filled his life. Undoubtedly he often allowed his quick brush to run along too fast, and could not bestow the same care upon all his paintings; but necessity, which has its disadvantages, has also its compensations. It compels an artist to bring out his whole talent, and develops

unsuspected resources in him. For the painter, it multiplies the chances of ultimate fame by the number of paintings which are scattered throughout Europe in museums and galleries. If the master whose work is composed of a few rare, exquisite, finished works marked by perfection, is worthy of admiration, even more worthy of it is the fertile artist who, with the profuseness of genius, scatters with ready hand beautiful things as if they cost him nothing; and that is what Murillo did. It would be a difficult, if not an impossible task, to draw up a catalogue of all his works. The list of his masterpieces alone is a very long one.

The story of his life presents no dramatic incidents, and may be told in a few lines. He was born at Seville, and was baptised in the parish church of Saint Mary Magdalen, January 1, 1618; and not in the town of Pilar, as Palomino believed; led into the error, no doubt, by the fact that Murillo's wife came from that place and owned some property there. His father was called Gaspar Esteban Murillo, his mother, Maria Perez. As all the forebears of that family had borne the name Esteban, it is supposed to have been the generic name of the family.

The instinct for painting manifested itself early in Esteban: the artist showed in the child, and when he was old enough his father placed him in the studio of Juan del Castillo to learn the art. As Castillo was a good draughtsman, he made the lad study carefully along this line, and then imparted to him his dry colouring, which smacks somewhat of the Florentine style, introduced into Seville by Luis de Vargas, Pedro de Villegas, and other teachers. Such were the beginnings of Murillo. His rapid progress amazed his master, for the boy was marvellously endowed and predestined to be a painter.

Juan del Castillo having settled in Cadiz, Murillo began to paint alone, as pot-boilers, whatever dealers asked him. In this way he acquired great practice and a pleasanter, though still mannered, colouring. There are preserved in Seville three of his paintings of this time: the first in a corner of the cloister of the College de Regina, another in a corner of the great cloister of the Convent of San Francesco, and the third on the altar of the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary in the College of San Diego.

He was only twenty-four when there passed through Seville, Pedro de Moya, the painter, who was going

from London to Granada, after having learned from Van Dyck the elevated taste and the splendid colouring of that artist. Esteban was greatly taken with his breadth of style and suavity of manner, and proposed to imitate it; but Pedro de Moya did not make a long stay in Seville, and the young artist fell back into his former uncertainty, doubtful as to the way he should follow in order to become a great master. He wished to go to London, but learned that Van Dyck had just died. Italy presented itself to his imagination, with all its art treasures and the lessons of its masterpieces; but it was a very long and costly voyage which he could not dream of attempting, as he lacked both protectors and pecuniary resources.

At last he found a middle way, which his courage and resolution enabled him to carry out. He purchased a piece of canvas, and cut it in pieces, upon which he painted devotional subjects which he sold to the saints-exporters, who were numerous at Seville, and who carried on this trade with South America. If sometimes, in some South American church, the traveller stops in surprise before a Madonna, the sublime head of which stands out from a hasty composition, from among figures painted with a quick touch, no doubt he is gazing

at an unknown Murillo, one of those pieces of canvas illumined by a flash of genius.

Having reached Madrid, he called upon his compatriot Velasquez, and told him the reasons which had led him to leave Seville, and his wish to perfect himself in the study of painting. Velasquez, whose high rank never made him proud or inaccessible, warmly welcomed Murillo, gave him access to the royal collections, and procured permission for him to copy at the Escorial such paintings as he pleased. The young artist turned this to account, and spent two years in studying drawing and painting from the works of Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, Ribera, and Velasquez. The result shows how much labour and application were manifested by the pupil who was busy turning into a master. On his return to Seville in 1645, he astounded artists by the paintings which he produced the following year for the little cloister of San Francesco. No one understood where and under whom he had acquired that new, masterly, unknown style of which there was no model and no teacher. He recalled in his paintings the three masters whom he had proposed to imitate in Madrid. "The Angels' Kitchen" recalls Ribera; the "Death of Saint Clare," Van Dyck; "San Diego and

the Beggars," Velasquez; but in each and all there is the unmistakable note of originality.

These works gained him undoubted reputation, and brought him numerous public and private orders. At the very first attempt, he had become the head of the Seville school, and no one has since taken that position from him. Along with glory, wealth came to him, and he was entitled to think of marriage. He took to wife Donna Beatrix de Cabrera y Sotomayor, of the town of Pilar, who was in every respect a suitable match for him. The marriage took place in 1648. From this time, either in consequence of the extreme facility he gained through continual practice, or because of a desire to please the public, he changed his strong, sustained style for a franker, more tender manner, more agreeable often to connoisseurs, and in which he painted the chief and most esteemed paintings from his hand which are admired at Seville.

Such are "Saint Leander" and "Saint Isidore," larger than life, in pontifical vestments, seated, and placed in the sacristy of the cathedral. A manuscript of the time reveals the fact that Saint Leander is a portrait of the licentiate Alonzo de Herrera, treasurer of the choir, and Saint Isidore that of the licentiate

Juan Lopez Talavan. These pictures were executed in 1655, at the request of the Archdeacon of Carmona, Don Juan Federigui, who presented them to the chapter. The famous "Saint Anthony of Padua," which is possibly Murillo's masterpiece, and which is placed upon the altar of the baptistery of the cathedral, was painted in the following year. I saw at Seville that marvellous picture, which the Duke of Wellington, during the Spanish War, offered to cover with gold ounces if the church would sell it to him; but the proud chapter refused. The sum must have been enormous, for the picture is very large. The worthy canons are to be honoured for having thought more highly of a masterpiece than of a whole heap of gold.

Murillo showed in this picture that he was the equal of the greatest masters. He fills with a single real being the whole of the vast frame just as if he had numerous groups of figures at his command. The pious hallucination of the saint is felt by the spectator; what the saint dreams the spectator sees, the heavens open for the one as for the other; the walls of the humble cell disappear, and in the silvery, bluish atmosphere of the vision float, like luminous waves, thoroughly

supernatural, winged beings, so immaterial that painting could not have been deemed capable of reproducing them. The Infant Jesus is adorable in His childish and caressing artlessness. He holds out, as a nursling to its mother, His pretty, round arms to Saint Anthony in ecstasy; but one feels easily that this is no ordinary child: the uncreated light beams from His delicate flesh made of the lilies and roses of paradise. This picture, of such ethereal mysticism, intoxicates like the vapours of incense.

This power of translating the marvellous in a way that makes itself felt is noticeable in the paintings which Murillo executed in 1665, to the order of the fervent prebend, Don Justino Neve, for the church of Santa Maria Bianca. These two paintings, which no doubt were intended to fit in arches, are rounded in the upper portion. I saw them at the Royal Academy at Madrid. The first represents the vision of the Roman patrician and his wife concerning the building of Santa Maggiore at Rome; the second, the couple relating their vision to the Pope.

In a hall, the architecture of which is superb and bathed in shadow, and through one part of which is discerned the gray sky of evening, the Roman patrician

and his wife are sleeping, sunk in supernatural slumber, for they are fully dressed and have not had time to reach their bed. The husband sleeps leaning on a table covered with a red carpet, on which are carelessly thrown a book and a piece of white linen. His head, resting on his hand, is serious and thoughtful, and illumined by the reflection of the vision. It is plain, though his eyelids are closed, that he beholds with the eye of the soul a celestial apparition. His doublet of sombre colour and his black gown, the folds of which are held in his free hand, are dulled in tones skilfully deadened in order to bring out the face. Somewhat nearer the back of the room slumbers his wife, in an easy, graceful attitude, her head on the edge of the bed and her cheek on a handkerchief. Her maroon bodice with slashed epaulets shows a blue sleeve, and on the edge of her red skirt, glazed with lake, rests a little Havana poodle, unconscious of what is happening. At the foot of a pilaster stands a work-basket filled with rose and white stuffs. All this part of the painting is calm, silent, slumberous; it might be called terrestrial on account of its artless and almost familiar reality; but in the upper portion towards the left, blazes, in all its splendour, the vision itself. The Virgin, in a

halo, supported by delicate clouds filled with light, is descending with the Child Jesus, and with her hand outstretched towards the country-side, seems to indicate the place where the future church is to rise. The aerial group has a surprising and ideal grace and colouring which is also absolutely true. Too much admiration cannot be felt for the art Murillo displayed in filling with three personages only a canvas of such great dimensions, in which he has introduced nothing not closely connected with the subject.

No less ingenious is the composition of the second painting. In the foreground on the left, on a throne upon a platform surmounted by a dais of crimson velvet, Pope Liberio is seen in profile, in half shadow, listening in an attitude of admiration to the recital of the vision told him by the pair. Near him a table with a velvet cloth fringed with gold, on which are placed a flagon and a bell, forms a strong contrast. The light falls behind the Pope, and touches a lady dressed in a rose-coloured gown with *glacis* of straw, the most delicious colour. To visit His Holiness, the patrician's wife has put on her gala dress. She has a string of pearls round her neck, and her graceful headdress sets off her beauty, more Andalusian perhaps than

Roman, but incomparably charming. Kneeling by her husband, she appears to confirm the story of the vision. The patrician, in a doublet of brown velvet, black mantle, cap in hand, one knee bent, explains how the Holy Virgin has appeared to him, and pointed out the place where a new church is to be built.

Between the Pope and this group, against a well lighted architectural background, is seen an old prelate in white cloak and robes leaning on his crutch and placing spectacles on his nose in order to lose nothing of the scene. A brown-robed monk is placed behind him and sets him off by his dress.

This is not all the painting, as might be supposed. As in plans which represent the section of a building, Murillo has cut off the wall of the room that contains the principal scene, and separated by an elegant pillar the secondary one. Outside the hall is seen the country-side where winds the procession, ascending to the snow-covered spot which the Virgin points to from heaven, and which is to be the site of the temple. The perfection of the gradual diminution of the personages as they grow more distant from the spectator, and as their double file disappears on the horizon behind, is much admired. The brilliancy of the sky, blazing

with light, is rendered with an intensity of warmth which brings out still more strongly the miracle of the snow unmelted by the burning summer.

Double subjects in the same picture were allowed in those days; since then they have been proscribed by more severe art. They do not shock me in the smallest degree, especially when an artist knows, like Murillo, how to place them side by side without confounding or separating them too completely. In this case the procession is subordinated to the principal subject of which it is the consequence, and is kept discreetly in the middle distance and background. The focus of the painting is the Roman lady with her charming head and her dress radiant with rosy light; she it is who first attracts the glance, which then falls upon the husband, afterwards on the Pope, and follows, when it has seen everything, the procession until it loses itself in the distance.

In this same church Murillo painted two other pictures in arched form, placed in the other naves, also at the expense of Don Justino Neve: the one a "Conception" on the Gospel side, the other "Faith" on the Epistle side.

The painting known by the curious name of "The Angels' Kitchen," which formed part of the collection

of Marshal Soult, and which is now in the Louvre, is an additional example of Murillo's skill in mingling without discords the miraculous and the real. His lively faith helped him in this respect, for he never dreamed of criticising the introduction of the divine into the positive. The oblong form of the painting compelled the artist to divide his composition into three groups skilfully connected one with another. The story, or to speak more religiously, the curious miracle represented in this painting is well known. Catholic Spain, where the care for the soul leads so easily to forgetfulness of the body, has at all times been a land of hunger, and even among worldly people the stranger is amazed at a sobriety which elsewhere would amount to austere fasting. Rabelaisian tales of the gross feeding of the monks are scarcely in place in Spain. So the brethren of the convent in which Murillo has laid the scene of his painting often lacked the absolute necessities of life. The saint — I forget his name — would turn to prayer and, upborne on the wings of ecstacy, kneel in mid-air, like Saint Magdalen in the "Balm," imploring the pity of heaven upon the starving community. Then angels descended, bringing food to the poor monks. Murillo's deep and serious faith

did not make him hesitate to treat all this part of the composition in the most real, or as would be said nowadays, the most realistic manner. Two great angels with azure, rosy wings, the down of which still flutters with the breath of paradise, bear, the one a heavy bag of victuals, the other a quarter of meat that might have just been taken from a butcher's stall. Other angels, heavenly cooks, to the great surprise of the *chef*, are crushing garlic in a mortar, stirring up the fire in the ovens, looking after the *olla podrida*, laying the table, polishing the copper vessels with an artless and noble grace that Murillo alone was capable of reproducing. In the foreground, cherubs hold baskets filled with cucumbers, onions, tomatoes, red peppers, and the various vegetables of hot countries, the brilliant colours of which I used to admire on the market stalls during my trip through Spain. At the corner of the picture shine stewpans, pots, frying-pans, a whole kitchen battery which might well make jealous the Dutch art that gazes at its own reflection in a caldron; but these are painted with the masterly breadth of an historic picture. At the other end a monk, no doubt the superior of the convent, cautiously leads in a hidalgo, a knight of Saint James and Calatrava, whom he desires

to witness the miracle. Behind the knight is a personage whose head greatly resembles Murillo, and who may well be the painter himself. These three heads, especially the monk's, are marvels. They are living; they come out of the canvas and reveal, in their deeply Spanish types, the whole story of their religion, their country, and their civilisation.

"The Nativity of the Virgin" is a charming painting, piously and tenderly familiar, that stays the smile on the lips of the incredulous, if any such could be found before a painting by Murillo. It also presents that easy mingling of the supernatural and the real, that simple relationship between heaven and earth, which distinguish the master of Seville from other religious painters. In the centre of the composition, like a bouquet of flowers, lighted up by a sunbeam, the little Virgin floats in brilliant light. An old matron — a *tia*, as the Spanish call her — supports the cradle with a caressing gesture. A handsome girl, dressed in lilac, tender green, and straw-colour, with a white, satiny arm marked on the elbow with a red touch, bends curiously and gazes at the frail creature. But the most graceful figure in the group is a youthful angel, modelled out of nothing, a rose vapour glazed

with silver, coquettishly inclining a most adorable head, done with three strokes of the brush, and pressing to its breast a long slender hand lost in the folds of the stuff as in the petals of a flower. Near a chair, on the spectator's left, is a little dog, a Havana poodle, with long, silky coat as white as snow, — a thoroughbred, worthy of being carried on a marchioness's muff. Paolo Veronese never fails to put a greyhound in his pictures; Murillo, when decorum allows, likes to put in a Havana poodle playing or asleep. These little familiar details guard against monotony.

Above the Virgin's cradle hovers a glory of angels, scattered through the room like luminous smoke, every flake of which is a charming, smiling head. In the background, in the shadow, is faintly seen a curtained bed in which rests the mother.

It is surely impossible to see anything more fresh, tender and lovely than this painting, executed with the airy boldness of a talent sure of rendering without an effort the charming ideas which occur to it. Over this beautiful canvas floats, as it were, the smile of Andalusian grace.

But what shall I say of that marvel, called simply "Murillo's Virgin," which blooms like a white pure lily

in the great Salon Carré of the Louvre, amid the nosegay of masterpieces selected from the loveliest flowers of art? The Virgin, one foot on the crescent moon, robed in a tunic as white as light, draped in a blue mantle that seems a piece of heaven, rises in the splendour of the Assumption, light, immaterial, rosy as the vapour of dawn, accompanied by cherubs that joy and flutter around her, pearly, golden, transparent, in every attitude which aerial beings traversing impalpable ether may assume.

In the "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary" we return to the most commonplace reality; from angels we pass to scurfy beings, but art, like Christian charity, is not repelled by anything. Whatever it touches becomes pure, noble, divine; and out of this disgusting subject Murillo has evolved a masterpiece. The head of the saint is wrapped in a sort of white veil that frames in the delicate oval of her face in its ascetic folds, and falls over her bosom like a nun's collar. At court, she leads as far as possible the life of the cloister; but on the semi-monastic veil sparkles a dainty crown denoting the queen, and a halo denoting the saint. Standing on the threshold of her palace, she welcomes her company of poor, sick, and infirm. It is the

hour for dressing their wounds. On a footstool is placed a great silver basin filled with water over which bends a poor child whose insufficient rags allow its thin shoulders and sickly body to be seen. He presents his head, covered with scabs, bloody, denuded by scurf, to the lovely royal hands white as the Host, that are sponging the loathsome wounds with respectful precaution, for the poor little wretch may be Jesus Christ in person. But if she is a saint, she is none the less a woman: a delicate, charming woman who feels aversion, repugnance, and disgust. The hideous aspect of the ulcers, the fetid odour they give forth, inspire in Saint Elizabeth a horror that she triumphantly overcomes; her celestial face expresses at once the revolt of nature and the triumph of charity. This double expression, so feminine and so Christian, is a mark of Murillo's genius. A painter less thoroughly Catholic than he could not have found it. A head so sublime effaces all wretchedness and all ugliness.

Two young girls accompany the queen, and help her in her pious occupation. One of them holds a salver bearing flagons, boxes of ointment, and lint; another replenishes from a silver-gilt ewer the water in the silver basin. Nothing can be too fine for the poor.

On the lowest step is seated an old woman in rags, whose sunken profile stands out with singular boldness against the violet velvet of the queen's gown. In the foreground, close to the frame, a beggar is replacing the bandages on his leg, while at the back a cripple is hurrying up on his crutches. In the very background, through an architecture like that of Veronese, are seen the queen and her women waiting upon the poor at table. Lazarus is welcomed in this hospitable palace.

Thus among the Spanish artists, the most ethereal sublimity in no wise excludes realism, and the same painter who has just exhibited ecstasy in glory, opened the heavens and shown their depths peopled with angels, is not ashamed to paint a little beggar hunting fleas in a hovel. Has he not a soul, that little beggar boy of Murillo's? Let a sunbeam slip upon the wall that shelters him and be deflected upon him, he will be worth more than all the pale imitations of antiquity.

There is in Seville the Hospital de la Caridad, where reposes the famous Juan de Marana, who is no fabulous personage as might be supposed, with this inscription over him: "Here lies the worst man that ever was."

In this hospital are to be seen several very important paintings by Murillo. Although the "Piscina at Jericho" and the "Return of the Prodigal Son" passed into the gallery of Marshal Soult, "The Multiplying of the Loaves" and "Moses Striking the Rock," great compositions filled with figures, and "Saint John de Deo" bearing a dead man, have not left the places they occupied; but "The Angel delivering Saint Peter," "Abraham worshipping Three Angels," and "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary" have been removed to become the ornament of museums and galleries. "Saint John de Deo," sunk under the burden of the body he is going to bury, and which the fiend enjoys making heavier in order to play him a trick, is of fantastic and tremendous effect. The magic *chiaroscuro* adds to the terror of the scene, and brings out in all its beauty the lovely angel hastening to the help of the saint crushed under the weight of that lugubrious cross. Murillo, in spite of the suavity of his style, the grace of his brush, the freshness of his colour, can be terrible at need. He is no more afraid of horror than of triviality. No further proof of this is needed for those who have not seen the "Saint John de Deo" than "Saint Boniface Returning after His Death to finish His

Memoirs," one of the strangest paintings in the Spanish school. In this composition Murillo is as gloomily poetic as the sombre Valdes Leal, whose paintings, "Death" and "The Two Bodies," give a shudder to the visitors at the Hospital de la Caridad. A phantom with lack-lustre eyes, of a livid pallor, whose hand is yellower than the parchment on which it writes tremblingly, produces an unforgettable impression, and gives one a sense of the other world. I note this point, though it is rare in Murillo, for it is too thoroughly Spanish and Catholic to be omitted.

Every great painter has his type of Madonna in which he incarnates his idealised dream of beauty. The Madonna represented by Murillo is a pretty Andalusian, idealised no doubt, but the models of which may still be met with at the Cristina or *del Duque*. This is no reproach, for nothing is lovelier than the Seville woman, with her luminous eyes, her brilliant complexion, and her crimson lips. It does not take much for a painter of genius to turn her into an absolutely celestial creature. To prevent her from being too amiable, too graceful, too seductive, all he needs is modestly to cast down the glance and to draw over a fold of the veil. At other times an expression of fer-

vent, ecstatic piety beams from the lovely black eyes raised to heaven, and turns the woman into a saint, the mother into a Madonna.

Murillo treats the Infant Jesus with caressing adoration, and when painting Him finds tones that seem not to belong to a terrestrial palette. With the grace, the smile, and the artlessness of childhood, he also retains the glance of the God; it is plain that the plump child standing on His mother's lap is not of our own race; and that the human form envelopes Him like a transparent veil. Whether He be shown to the shepherds, clad in skins of beasts and followed by their tawny dogs, whether He welcomes the little Saint John that holds out his arms to Him, whether He makes the house dog bark at the bird which He holds in His hand, or whether He sleeps upon His cross, the future instrument of His death, He has always about Him a glory that denotes the Son of God. Melancholy and precocious indeed is the thought in "Jesus with the Sheep;" and noble is the grace in the "Saint John and Jesus." Mary's Son is making, with affable kindness, his grateful little companion drink out of a shell filled with water. He looks like a king's son interested in a humble friend.

"The Annunciation" in the Museum in Madrid is a perfect marvel of colour. The Virgin and the angel kneeling before her have for a background a choir of angels as luminous as the sun, and upon the background, like a stellar flame, flames the Holy Ghost, brighter, whiter, more sparkling still, a light with luminous shadows.

Every church and convent in Seville was full of masterpieces by Murillo. It is terrifying to read in Cean Bermudez the list of his innumerable paintings. They are to be found in the cathedral, in the parish churches of Saint Andrew, Saint Thomas, in the Queen of Angels, in San Francesco, in Santa Maria Bianca, in the Merced Calzada, in the Capuchins, at the Caridad, at the Venerables, in the archiepiscopal palace, in the Carthusian Monastery; and this without reckoning the works scattered throughout the churches of Carmona, Cordova, Granada, Rioseco, Madrid, Vitoria, in the New Palace, Saint Ildefonso, and the Escorial. Such prodigious facility, such unquenchable fecundity confound the imagination.

Having completed these works, Murillo went to Cadiz to paint the "Marriage of Saint Catherine," an important composition for the altar of the Capuchins in

that city. While at work he fell from his scaffolding and hurt himself rather seriously; so was compelled to return to Seville, where he spent the rest of his life in suffering. He was then living near the parish church of the Holy Cross, and often, it is said, he would remain for many hours in prayer before the famous "Descent from the Cross" by Pedro Campana. One day the sacristan asked him why he had remained so long in that chapel. He answered, "I am waiting until these holy personages have finished bringing down our Lord from the cross."

Shortly afterwards his condition grew worse, he received the sacraments, and died April 3, 1682, in the arms of his friend and disciple, Don Pedro Nunez de Villavicencio, Knight of the Order of Saint John. He was buried in that very chapel under the painting of the "Descent from the Cross" which he admired so much.

Murillo's character was amiable and kindly. He was interested in his pupils, and kept none of the secrets of his art from them. He founded an academy of painting at Seville. In order to establish it, he managed to overcome the grim pride of Valdes Leal, the envy of Francesco Herrera the Younger, and the other

artists in the city; he induced them to second his efforts with their money and their experience. Thus was constituted by him the School of Seville, known by its amiable and natural style, its fresh and warm colouring, its richly splendid contours, its graceful types of women and children marked by the smiling Andalusian charm. As for him, in spite of his imitators, he remained inimitable, whether they attempted to copy his cold, his warm, or his vaporous manner, — for thus do the Spanish designate the three styles which he often mingled in the same picture. What could not be copied was his genius.

Sir Joshua Reynolds

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

REYNOLDS possesses the gift of grace. He knows how to represent, in their utmost delicacy, female loveliness and the bloom of childhood, and as if conscious of that precious faculty, he delighted in painting women and children. So, in order to depict and appreciate him, I shall place before the eyes of my reader a painting in which are brought together the child and the woman, — the "Portrait of the Viscountess Galway and her son."

With the boldness of a great master, Reynolds has not planted his models motionless in the centre of the painting; they enter from the side, continuing the action begun without, and leaving empty before them, contrary to rule, a rather broad space. The Viscountess, bearing on her shoulder her boy of three or four years of age, rushes into the picture which she is about to traverse. But now she was invisible; presently she will vanish; she is not posing, she is passing, and the artist seems to have caught her as she went by. She

is a young woman, scarcely fully developed, with much of the virgin and the angel, a rose of yesterday with a single bud. Her head, in profile, or rather nearly in three-quarters, stands out against the warm autumn tints of the foliage like the milky vein of a cameo against the redder colour of the agate. Her hair, slightly powdered, is dressed high in the fashion of the day, showing the roots. A scarf of gauze rayed with gold, gracefully knotted under her chin, forms her head-dress. From behind the ear, rosy and pearly as a shell, escapes a long curl. Not having received the perfumed snow, or having shaken it off, this lock is browner than the hair and brings out wonderfully the alabaster whiteness of the neck and the rosy fairness of the cheek. Vermilion relief lights improve the mouth and the nostrils of the opal-like profile, on which the long eyelashes alone cast a fluttering shadow. The costume is charmingly cool and simple, — a dress of white muslin and a jacket of rose taffeta. Over her shoulder the Viscountess holds out to her baby, in order to support him, a slender, diaphanous, aristocratically elegant hand, full of life in its patrician pallor, and such as a great colourist like Reynolds alone could paint.

The child is marvellous. With his straw hat, that forms a halo as if he were an Infant Jesus, he leans his chin upon his mother's shoulder with the astonished and delighted look of a child that is being carried. A satiny light lustres his brow, shaded by nascent fair hair; in his little rosy round face his two blue eyes look like two corn-flowers planted in a bouquet of roses.

The remainder of the picture represents a park in which the red tints of sunset mingle under the boughs with the warm, low tones of the autumnal palette.

It will readily be believed that Reynolds does not attain this delicate grace by finish and brushing. He paints, on the contrary, in a thick *impasto*, with the first touch, with a brush the free handling of which is plain. He is robust, almost violent in his tenderness and exquisiteness. Almost all his tones are pure, planted boldly, with the rapid decision of a great master quick to seize on nature. The accessories and backgrounds partake in their clever carelessness of sketching and scene painting. Nowhere does polish efface the touch which is the signature of genius.

The "Portrait of the Princess Sophia Matilda" as a child is adorable. The little princess, utterly careless

of her dignity, is lying flat on the grass, her knees drawn up under her, her feet bare, one hand on the ground, and the other playing with the silky hair of a dog that she holds by the neck, choking him, and which allows her to do so with the friendly patience that dogs exhibit towards little children, no doubt because the latter go on all fours as they do, and they regard them as brothers. A white dress with a pink sash, a muslin cap with a bow of the same colour as the sash, form the costume of the dainty princess. The painter, who desired to represent her with the artless grace of childhood, no doubt forbade finery, gewgaws, and adornment. Charming indeed is the head with the white brow shaded on its contours by the wild hair that looks like the down of a seraphic aureole recently fallen, the plump, dimpled cheeks, flushed with rose, and the great fixed, deep, limpid eyes swimming in a blue light in which the amazement of innocence simulates reverie and thought. The "Portrait of the Princess Sophia Matilda" could well be placed by the side of Velasquez' "Infanta Marguerite."

The painting known as "The Age of Innocence" is an additional proof of Reynolds' power to represent the pure charm of children which have as yet only drunk

the milk of life. "The Age of Innocence" is represented by a little girl of four or five years of age, squatting on her heels, crossing her fat, rosy, soft hands with a pretty, childish motion, and showing her irregular, saucy profile against a patch of blue in a stormy sky that forms the background to the figure. The hair, tied with a pale rose ribbon, is of that English auburn which, when painted by Reynolds, equals Venetian auburn. A stray ringlet casts the shadow of its soft curl upon the springtime bloom of the cheek, and brings out the vigorous tones under the chin; for it is not by a sickly mingling of lilies and roses that the artist obtains the ideal carnation which is to be seen only in England, where children are cultivated like flowers. He fills it with golden light, and the white of the gowns is golden like the linen in Titian's paintings. Indeed, Reynolds further resembles Titian in the noble taste and richness of tone of the landscape which he usually employs as backgrounds for his portraits.

Although "The Age of Innocence" is a famous painting, I myself prefer the "Portrait of Miss Boothby as a Child." It is a masterpiece of simplicity, of ingenuousness and colour. She is represented as a

little girl seated; her hands, on which she wears mittens, are crossed. She is at the foot of a grove through which one sees in an opening a bit of sky in the corner of the painting. Her dress is white, the broad black sash forms almost a waist, and she wears a mob cap with a black ribbon. Her red gold hair is cut squarely across the brow, which is bathed in a silvery, transparent half tint, and two curls fall down the cheeks. The eyes, of that gray in which mingle the azure of the sky and the glaucous green of the sea, are filled with an indefinable expression of quiet ingenuousness and reverie. Never was a child's rosy complexion painted in finer, more supple, and more firm *impasto*, in colours more suave and solid at the same time. The whole figure has a local, pearly gray tone warmed with amber, brightened with rose, which is enchanting in its harmony. The particular critic could only object to some heaviness in the whites.

"Simplicity," which is the portrait of Lady Gatwyn as a child, is not equal to the one I have just described, but it is very charming too. How admirably effective is the light falling on the little girl dressed in white, her bust turned to the spectator, and her head in profile!

Her little hands are playing with a rose, that stands out bright against the stormy, warm background of trees and clouds.

Delightful also is the "Portrait of Miss Rice," a little shepherdess of nine or ten years, leading her sheep through a park adorned with marble vases. She wears a short rose-coloured dress puffed out over a skirt of blue taffeta, and white satin shoes with great rosettes. The pastoral disguise in no wise diminishes the candour of the little girl, who is delighted with her costume.

Let me also mention the picture in which, under the title of "Angels' Heads," the artist has brought together the children of Lady Londonderry, hovering in a blue sky with their little cherubs' wings. They are indeed celestial heads, and the painting is a gracious apotheosis of childhood, so loved, so petted, and so worshipped in England.

I have said enough to prove that Sir Joshua Reynolds knows how to paint children. Now let me come to his portraits of women.

One of the most singularly attractive is that of "Nelly O'Brien." It at once attracts the eye and retains it long through the strange scale of tones the artist chose for his painting. It is almost a monochrome,

or rather, it is composed of neutral tints that recall Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa." The head, of silvery pallor, is bathed in grayish shadows; the neck, wholly in *chiaroscuro*, has pearly reflections on which gleams faintly the pearl necklace; the uncovered bosom is flushed with white light, and the flesh tones blend with the tone of the puffed chemisette. Bracelets, starred with sombre garnets, circle, at the wrists and above the elbow, arms of a tone between that of marble and ivory. It is difficult to say exactly what is the tint of the dress, or rather, of the drapery that envelops the rest of the body. It is an indefinable colour, an unnamable tone, as artists say; a preparation of grisaille glazed with mauve-rose, violet, and sienna, with an anticipated patina. Nelly O'Brien leans upon a sort of low wall in which is set a bas-relief faintly visible. The wall is of a tawny gray. The background consists of trees of a dull, soft, sleepy russet, that bring out by their sombre richness the actress's almost wan head. The expression of the lovely face is almost troubling. Enigmatical archness sparkles in the shadowed eyes, and the lips are curled by a mysterious smile in which the mind seems to laugh at love; nevertheless, voluptuousness is the dominating note, but

a voluptuousness as formidable as the beauty of the sphinx.

In another portrait which is more of a study, Reynolds, still under the influence of da Vinci, has depicted a woman carrying an infant child on her shoulder. The two figures, superb in colouring, have the brown shadows, the delicate modelling, the curious faun-like smile, and the deep glance characteristic of the rare masterpieces of the inimitable master. In "The Schoolboy" with books under his arms, the intense warmth of the tones, the magic of the *chiaroscuro*, the abruptness of the high lights, indicate a study of Rembrandt, and his methods.

Although Reynolds had the true painter's temperament, he was also thoroughly acquainted with the æsthetics of the art and carefully thought out its principles, though he was apt to forget them once he took up the brush. The influence of several masters is visible in his work, but happily its remote effect did not diminish his own originality. Whether he tries to imitate Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, or Murillo, he still remains an Englishman. Most English, indeed, is the "Portrait of Lady Charlotte Spencer" in her riding dress. With her curly hair blown about by the wind,

her cheeks flushed, her eyes raised to heaven, her cherry lips half opened, she is a characteristic heroine of sport. A muslin tie with embroidered ends is loosely fastened around her neck; her red jacket, braided with gold, shows a vest of white piqué; she wears suède gloves; in one hand holds an elegant veiled hat, and with the other, amicably thrown over the neck of the horse, pets and encourages the handsome animal by the side of which she has alighted in a forest drive full of satiny, moss-covered ash trunks. It is not, properly speaking, an equestrian portrait, for scarcely more than the head and chest of the horse are seen, and Lady Charlotte herself is in three-quarters length.

"Miss Elizabeth Forster," with her black head-dress, powdered hair, bright and arch glance, her nose wittily touched on the end with an unexpected facet, her broad *mezzetino* collar, her white dress with gauze sleeves, fastened around the waist with a blue-black sash, is another very piquant portrait, and stands boldly out of one of those sombre backgrounds that Reynolds was so fond of.

It was a charming fancy that determined the pose of Kitty Fisher as "Cleopatra." There is nothing antique about the painting, and the Egyptian local

colour is treated with an indifference to anachronism comparable to that of Paolo Veronese. The young Cleopatra, no doubt in order to outdo in prodigality some Mark Antony of the House of Lords, throws, with the most graceful movement of the fingers that a coquette with a pretty hand could imagine, a large pearl into a richly chased gold cup. Her whole costume is gray and white adorned with pinkings, knots, and buttons. The head is seen almost in three-quarters. Black eyebrows over eyes of a vague blue, full of witty fire and charm, set off a white and rose complexion which anywhere but in England, the country of fine blood, could be obtained only by the use of cosmetics.

I need not speak of the "Child Samuel." Every one is acquainted with that charming, kneeling figure, popular through engravings.

As a studied portrait, that of "Lady Georgiana Spencer" has a very exquisite quality, elegance, high breeding, brilliant execution. The lovely lady, with her hair puffed up and adorned with white and red feathers, heavily powdered, dressed in a splendid court dress of white satin fringed with gold, descends a rich staircase with a baluster, with an air at once careless and majestic. The gesture of the hand which seeks the

skirt to raise it somewhat is thoroughly charming and feminine.

In the style which might be called illustrative, the portrait of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" is quite remarkable. The illustrious actress, wearing a brocade dress draped with crape, is seated on a stage throne in the act of reciting her lines. Behind her, in the shadow of the background, are faintly perceived the tragic larvæ, Fear, and Pity.

We meet again, in another canvas, but this time in the intimacy of private life, the splendid Lady Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire. She is dressed in black, with powdered hair, set off by a curtain of red damask drawn back. She is teasing with her finger a little child standing in her lap, putting out, as if to defend itself, a pretty, plump, rosy arm. The child wears a white dress with a black sash. The background consists of a column round which a curtain is thrown, a marble vase, and a sort of window festooned with a few tendrils of ivy through which a bit of sky is seen. The portrait is full of life, light, and colour. Van Dyck, after touching it up here and there, might well sign it.

I have dwelt at length on Reynolds' portraits of

women and children, because it appears to me that therein lie his true genius and his genuine originality. This does not mean, however, that he did not also paint men very well. The proof is obtained by a glance at the group of portraits representing "Lord Donegal, Mr. Barry, and Mr. Baring" seated around a green table, "Viscount Althorp," "The Marquis of Rockingham," and "The Marquis of Hastings," every one painted in a very masterly and grand style.

Reynolds was also an historical painter, but I have not had the opportunity of seeing many of this class of works by him. "Cymon and Iphigenia," a mythological subject the meaning of which I fail to fathom, is one of his most admired paintings. Under the shadow of a wood traversed by golden sunbeams, a nymph, in the costume of Correggio's "Antiope," has fallen asleep. Guided by Cupid, a young man, who seems to be a hunter, draws near to the fair and admires her charms with an emotion full of love. The torso of the recumbent nymph is painted in magnificent, Titian-like colour, and the light effect is one of the boldest ever attempted by any painter.

I do not care so much for the "Three Graces adorning a Term of Hymen." The Graces — who are

probably portraits — are suspending garlands of flowers, and are dressed like decent Graces, but in the English fashion of the day, which deprives them of some of their charm.

Let me end here this study of Reynolds; let us be satisfied with the superb specimens I have described. I could, no doubt, make my work more complete, but what I have said will suffice, I hope, to make known this master, who is the honour of the British school.

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CONSTANTINOPLE

Introduction

WHAT a charming travelling-companion is Théophile Gautier, and how well he compensates those who are not fortunate enough to imitate him in his wanderings and must fain be content to read of foreign places and cities strange. Spain, Venice, and Constantinople form three volumes of absolute and continual delight; for surely no one can write more entertainingly, more charmingly concerning Granada, Seville, the Queen of the Adriatic, and the City of Stamboul. Gautier's peculiar gift, in some respects greater even than Hugo's, of making his readers actually behold what he describes and live the scenes he relates, makes of him the rarest of writers of travel. The impression he makes on the mind is so vivid that it requires but a slight stretch of the imagination to believe that one has been present at a bull-fight with him, watching Montes slay the fierce "Napoleon";

travelled in his company and that of Lanza the cosario across the mountains to Velez-Malaga; rambled through the Alhambra and the Generalife, and watched the sunset tints slowly fade away on the crests of the Sierra Nevada. Without stirring from one's fireside, one floats on the blue waters of the Lagoon, gazing at the marvellous prospect of Venice stretching out with the Campanile, San Marco, and the Palace of the Doges, every detail of which, suffused in rosy light, is recognised as if one had lived in the place as long as Byron or Browning. Indeed, it is quite possible that many readers of Gautier have an infinitely clearer vision of the City of the Lagoons than many who have travelled through it with the customary haste of tourists anxious to take in as much of Europe as they can compass during a brief summer-trip.

So with Constantinople: Stamboul, Pera, Galata, Scutari emerge from the haze of imagination and become real, tangible, familiar. The force, the directness, the accuracy of Gautier's account fix indelibly in the mind the features and general aspect of the Ottoman capital. There is no escaping the spell under which he lays his reader; no avoiding the actual knowledge, intimate and close, which he imparts. The

brilliancy of the illuminations, the sombre ride round the walls, the bustling nights of Ramazan, the splendour of the Beïram, the rush and tumult of the conflagration, the swift, sunlit passage down the Bosphorus, the shimmering, gleaming glories of the Bezestan, the hideous repulsiveness of the Ghetto, — all are brought out with unmatched skill; and as long as the reader listens to the words Gautier speaks, so long is he in Constantinople, climbing the steep streets of Pera, wandering by the Sweet Waters of Europe, roaming through the Cemeteries, watching the pipemakers drilling pipestems, or casting a sly glance at the momentarily unveiled face of a beauty of the harem.

There is a distinct method in Gautier's selection of the countries and places he chooses to write about at some length. He has not given us much about England, Belgium, Holland, or Germany; not that he failed to be interested in them, but that they lacked the peculiar charm of exoticism which, for him and the other Romanticists, attached to Spain, Venice, Florence, Padua, the East. These were the places he had dreamed of; there were light of a quality, of a luminousness unknown in Northern climes; a wealth of luxury, a gorgeousness of costume, a strangeness of

manners utterly unlike the North; a going back from the cold, practical civilisation which, like a dutiful disciple of Rousseau, he professed to abhor. They were the countries of romance, the fairylands of his hot, artistic youth, and for them he had longed, to them he had looked, nourishing the hope that some day he might wander through their cities, behold their mysterious beauties, and revel in their poetry. Africa and Egypt drew him in turn, and, if he went to Russia, it was because sent there, and not because the country had any special attraction. Yet there also the strangeness, the picturesqueness, the oddity of costume, manners, dress, buildings, filled him with satisfaction, excited his artistic instinct, and made him taste anew the joy he had experienced in other and sunnier lands.

Gautier was intensely in earnest when travelling and sight-seeing; he was no mere globe-trotter who cares only to cover the greatest possible amount of country, to gallop through the finest scenery, to hurry through historical cities. He wanted to know each place, and if one, like Venice, like Granada, like Constantinople, particularly charmed him, there he would stay, enjoying every hour, every moment, and, in his brilliant accounts, making the world share the

delight he himself felt. He became one of the inhabitants for the time being; he threw off, as far as he could, the Parisian, and endeavoured to enter into the nature of the Spaniard, the Venetian, the Turk, or the Russian. He wore the dress of the natives; he fed as they did; sought, in a word, to be one of them. But he was even better than that, for he bore with him everywhere his deep feeling for beauty, his intense sense of the picturesque, his magical power of understanding and reproducing colour, his wonderful encyclopædic knowledge; and the Turk or Spaniard, the Russian or Venetian into whom he transformed himself was ever a poet and a painter.

In an article written for *l'Illustration* in March, 1867, he thus sums up his wanderings and his mode of sight-seeing: —

"In May, 1840, I started for Spain. I cannot describe the spell cast upon me by that wild, poetic country, which I dreamed of under the influence of Alfred de Musset's 'Tales of Spain and Italy,' and Hugo's 'Orientales.' Once there I felt I was on my own ground, and as if I had found again my native country. Ever since, my one thought has been to get a little money together and be off travelling. The

passion, or the disease, of travel had developed in me. In 1845, in the hottest month of the year, I visited the whole of French Africa, accompanying Marshal Bugeaud on the first campaign in Kabylia against Bel Kasem or Kase, and it was in the camp of Aÿn el Arba that I had the pleasure of writing the last letter of Edgar de Meilhen, the character I had charge of in the epistolary novel called 'The Berny Cross,' written in collaboration with Mme. du Girardin, Méry, and Sandeau. I pass over brief trips to England, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. I travelled through Italy in 1850, and I went to Constantinople in 1852. These excursions have been described in my books. More recently the publishers of an art work, the text of which I had engaged to write, sent me to Russia in the depth of winter, and I was thus enabled to enjoy the delights of the land of snow and ice. In the early summer I pushed on to Nijni-Novgorod at the time of the fair. That is the farthest point from Paris which I have reached. If I had been wealthy, I should have lived a wandering life. I have a wonderful facility for adapting myself easily to the life of different peoples. I am a Russian in Russia, a Turk in Turkey, a Spaniard in Spain. To the latter country I returned several times,

drawn by my fondness for bull-fights, which caused the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to call me 'a stout, jovial and sanguinary individual.' I used to be a great admirer of cathedrals, thanks to 'Notre-Dame de Paris,' but the sight of the Parthenon cured me of the Gothic disease, which in truth never had a very great hold upon me."

This book on Constantinople has a value, apart from its artistic form and its splendour of phraseology, in that it is a living picture of a Stamboul that has changed much since 1852 and is still changing. The innovations introduced by Mahmoud the reformer, many of which Gautier notes as he goes, have taken root and multiplied. The latest and best work on Constantinople has no pages to match those of the French traveller; the city the latter beheld is already a city of the past. It is but too true, as Hugo laments, that "*les vielles villes s'en vont.*" It is sufficient to compare the description of the Bezestan in Grosvenor's work with that in this volume to appreciate the change which has already taken place. And it will not be wondered at, either, that Gautier's book still remains popular and is still read with fervent delight, for it is the most vivid representation of that mysterious Con-

stantinople that has haunted imaginations for centuries and even yet is enshrined in a halo of romance.

The book, of course, first saw the light in the form of letters of travel, of newspaper "copy." It was in the year 1852, at a time when the grasping policy of Russia, bent on obtaining a foothold on the Bosphorus, was creating alarm throughout Europe, and drawing Great Britain, France, and Turkey into the alliance that was marked by the breaking out of the Crimean war, that Gautier sailed for the East. He was then on the staff of *la Presse*, and it was in this journal that his letters were published from October 1, 1852, to December 3, 1853, under the title, "From Paris to Constantinople — Summer Jaunts." No sooner had the last batch of copy appeared than the publication in book form was announced, first by Eugène Didier, and next by Michel Lévy, the latter finally bringing out the volume in 1853, though it is dated 1854. The title then given it was that it has ever since borne, — "Constantinople." The book proved very popular, and many successive editions of it have since appeared.

Constantinople

CONSTANTINOPLE

SYRA AND SMYRNA

USE doth breed a habit in a man," and I might say with as much truth, he who has travelled will travel again. The thirst for sight-seeing is excited by gratification instead of being appeased. Here I am in Constantinople, and I am already thinking of going to Cairo and Egypt. Spain, Italy, Africa, England, Belgium, Holland, a part of Germany, Switzerland, the Isles of Greece, and a few ports of the Levant, which I visited at different times and on different occasions, have merely increased my love of cosmopolitan vagabondage. It may be that travelling is a dangerous element to introduce into one's life, for it excites one deeply and causes an uneasiness like that of birds of passage kept prisoners at the time of migration, if any circumstance or any duty prevents one's starting. You are aware that you are going to expose yourself to fatigue, privations, annoyances, and even perils; it is

difficult to give up pleasant habits of mind and heart, to leave family, friends, and relatives for the unknown; yet you feel it impossible to remain, nor do your friends attempt to detain you, but press your hand silently as you step into the carriage.

And ought we not, after all, to explore, in part at least, the planet upon which we keep whirling through space until its mysterious Creator is pleased to transport us into another world where we may read another page of His infinite work? Is it not clearly laziness to keep on spelling the same word without ever turning over the page? What poet would be satisfied to see a reader keep to a single one of his stanzas? So every year, unless I am detained by imperious necessity, I study some one country of the vast universe, which seems to me less vast as I traverse it and as it emerges from the vague cosmography of imagination. Without quite going to the Holy Sepulchre, to Saint Jago de Compostello, or to Mecca, I start on a pious pilgrimage to those parts of the world where God is more visible in the beauty of the sites. This time I shall see Turkey, Greece, and a portion of that Hellenic Asia in which beauty of form mingles with Oriental splendour.

Sometime to-morrow we shall be in sight of Cape Matapan, a barbarous name which conceals the harmony of the old appellation, just as a coat of lime-wash spoils a fine carving. Cape Tænarum is the extreme point of the deeply cut fig-leaf spread out upon the sea, now called Morea, formerly named Peloponnesus. Every passenger was on deck, gazing in the direction indicated, three or four hours before anything could be made out. The magic name of Greece had started the most inert of imaginations; the *bourgeois* most averse to artistic ideas were moved. Finally a violet line showed faint above the waves. It was Greece. A mountain rose out of the waters like a nymph resting on the sand after a bath, beautiful, fair, elegant, and worthy of that land of sculpture. "What is that mountain?" I asked the captain. "Taygetus," he replied carelessly, just as he might have said, "Montmartre." As the name of Taygetus fell upon my ear, a line of the "Georgics" came back spontaneously to my mind,

"... virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygeta!"

and fluttered on my lips like a monotonous refrain that satisfied my thoughts. What better can one address to a Greek mountain than a line of Vergil? Although it

was in the middle of June and fairly warm, the summit of the mountain was silvered with snow, and I thought of the rosy feet of the lovely maids of Laconia who traversed Taygetus as Bacchantes, and left their charming footprints upon the white paths.

Cape Matapan stretches out between two deep gulfs which it divides, the Gulf of Koron and that of Kolokythia. It is an arid, bare point of land, like all the coasts of Greece. After passing it you are shown on the right a mass of tawny rocks cracked by dryness, calcined by heat, without a trace of verdure or even of loam. It is Cerigo, or Cythera of old, the island of myrtles and roses, the place beloved of Venus, whose name sums up all voluptuousness. What would Watteau have said, with his "Departure" for his blue and rosy Cythera, in the presence of that bare shore of crumbling rock, its hard contours standing out under a shadowless sun, and better fitted for a cavern for a penitent anchorite than for a lovers' grove? Gérard de Nerval at least had the pleasure of seeing on the shores of Cythera a man hanged, wrapped up in oil-cloth, which proves that justice is careful and comfortable in that part of the world.

Our vessel was too far away from land to allow the passengers to enjoy such a graceful detail, even if all the gibbets in the island had been in use at that moment. Did the ancients lie? Did they imagine lovely sites where now exist only a rocky isle and a bare land? It is difficult to suppose that their descriptions, the accuracy of which it was then easy to verify, can have been utterly fanciful. No doubt this land, worn out by human activity, has at last been exhausted. It died with the civilisation it supported, exhausted by masterpieces, genius, and heroism. What we behold is merely the skeleton; the skin and the muscles have fallen into dust. When the soul is withdrawn from a country, it dies like a body. Else how are we to explain so complete and general a difference? — for what I have just said is applicable to almost the whole of Greece. And yet these shores, desolate though they be, have still fine lines and pure colours.

By morning we were opposite Syra. Seen from the roads, Syra greatly resembles Algiers, on a smaller scale, of course. On a mountainous background of the warmest tone, sienna or burnt topaz, place a triangle dazzlingly white, the base of which is laved by the sea, and the apex of which is a church, and you have an

exact idea of the city, which but yesterday was a shapeless heap of hovels and which the transformation into a coaling port for steamers will soon make the queen of the Cyclades. Wind-mills with eight or nine sails break the sharp silhouette. There was not a tree, not a blade of green grass as far as the eye could see. A great number of vessels of all forms and all sizes were crowded along the shore, their slender rigging showing black against the white houses of the town. Boats were coming and going with joyous animation; earth, sea, and heaven were inundated with light; life broke out in every direction. Boats were pulling fast towards our vessel and formed a regatta of which we were the finish.

Soon the deck was covered with a swarm of bronze-complexioned fellows with hooked noses, flashing eyes, fierce moustaches, who offered their services in the same tone as elsewhere one is called upon for one's purse or one's life. Some wore Greek caps (they had a perfect right to do so), vast trousers very much like petticoats, pleated woollen sashes, and dark-blue cloth jackets; others wore kilts, white vests, and cotton caps, or else small straw hats with a black cord. One of them was superbly costumed, and seemed to be posing

for a water-colour sketch in an album. He deserved the epithet which speakers in Homer addressed to the hearers whom they desired to flatter, *euknemides Achaioi* (well-booted Greeks), for he had the handsomest *piqué*, embroidered *knemids*, ornamented with tufts of red silk, which it is possible to imagine. His closely pleated kilt, dazzlingly clean, spread out like a bell; a tightly drawn sash set off his wasp-like waist; his vest, braided, trimmed, and adorned with filigree buttons, gave passage to the sleeves of a fine linen shirt, and on his shoulders was elegantly thrown a handsome red jacket stiff with ornaments and arabesques. This superb individual was neither more nor less than a dragoman who acts as guide to travellers on their trips through Greece, and no doubt he desired to flatter his clients by this show of local colour, just as the handsome maids of Procida and Nisida put on their velvet and gold costumes for English tourists only.

Syra presents the peculiarity of being a city in ruins and a growing city, a rather strange contrast. In the lower town one comes everywhere upon scaffoldings; building stones and débris fill the streets; houses are visibly growing up; in the upper town, everything is

falling and going to ruin. Life has left the head and taken refuge in the feet.

A sort of very steep roadway separates New Syra from Old Syra. Once the bridge has been crossed, one has to climb almost vertical streets paved like torrent beds. With two or three comrades I scaled them between ruinous walls, fallen-in hovels, over loose stones and pigs that got out of the way with a yelp and scurried off, rubbing their bluish backs against my legs. Through half-opened doors I caught sight of haggard old witches cooking strange dishes on a fire blazing in the shadow. Men with the looks of melodrama brigands put aside their narghilehs and watched our little caravan go by with a very ungracious expression of countenance.

The slope became so steep that we were almost compelled to go on all-fours, through obscure labyrinths, vaulted passages, and ruinous stairs. The houses are built one above another, so that the threshold of the upper one is on the level of the terraced top of the lower. Every dwelling looks as if, in order to reach the top of the mountain, it had set foot on the head of the one below, on a road intended apparently more for goats than for men. The peculiar advantage of Old

Syra seems to be that it is easily accessible to hawks and eagles only. It is an admirable location for the eyries of birds of prey, but a most unsuitable one for human habitations.

Breathless and perspiring, we at last reached the narrow platform upon which rises the church of Saint George, — a platform paved with tombstones, under which rest the aerial dead; and here we were fully compensated by the magnificent panorama for the fatigue we had endured. Behind us rose the crest of the mountain upon which Syra is built; on the right, looking seaward, fell away an immense ravine broken and torn in the most wildly romantic fashion; at our feet sank in successive terraces the white houses of upper and lower Syra; farther in the distance shone the sea with its luminous gleam, and the circle of Delos, Mykone, Tino, and Andro, which the setting sun bathed in rose and changing tints that, if they were represented in painting, would be declared impossible.

The next day we were to sail for Smyrna, and I was for the first time to set foot on the Asian land, the cradle of the world, the happy place where rises the sun and which it leaves regretfully to light the West.

At early dawn we entered the roads of Smyrna, which form a graceful curvé, at the bottom of which spreads out the town. The first thing that struck my eyes at that distance was the great screen of cypresses rising above the houses, mingling their black tops with the white shafts of the minarets, the whole still bathed in shadow and surmounted by an old, ruined fortress, the walls of which stood out against the lighted sky and formed a sort of amphitheatre behind the buildings. It was no longer the bare and desolate shores of Greece; the land of Asia appeared, smiling and fresh in the rosy light of dawn.

It would be a grievous mistake to leave Smyrna without visiting the Caravan Bridge. This celebrated bridge, which unfortunately has been disfigured by an ugly balustrade of cast iron, crosses a small river a few inches in depth, in which were quietly swimming half a dozen ducks, as if the divine blind man had not washed his dusty feet in those waters which three thousand years have not dried up. The stream is the Meles, whence Homer was called Melesigenes. It is true that some scholars deny that this brook is the Meles, but other scholars, still more learned, maintain that Homer never lived, which simplifies the question

considerably. I, who am but a poet, willingly accept the legend which has fixed a thought and a remembrance upon a place already charming in itself.

Great plane-trees, under which a café has been erected, shade one of the banks; on the other superb cypresses tell of a cemetery. Let not this name awaken any gloomy thoughts in your mind. Dainty tombs of white marble, diapered with pretty Turkish letters on sky-blue or apple-green backgrounds and of a form entirely different from Christian sepulchres, shine gaily under the trees as the sunbeams light upon them. At most they excite in those who are not accustomed to them a slight melancholy which is not without its charm.

At the farther end is a sort of custom house and guard house, occupied by a few of the Zebecs, whose appearance is familiar to every one, thanks to Decamps' paintings of Asiatic scenes. They wear high, conical turbans, short white linen drawers very full behind, huge sashes which reach from the loins almost to the armpits, and which are formidably full of yataghans and kandjar-hilts; they have bare legs the colour of Cordova leather, hooked noses, and huge moustaches. Lying lazily on a bench were three or four scoundrels,

very honest fellows, no doubt, but who looked a great deal more like brigands than customs inspectors.

To rest our animals we had seated ourselves under the plane-trees, and pipes and mastic had been brought to us. Mastic is a sort of liquor much drunk in the Levant, especially in the Greek Islands, and the best comes from Khio. It is alcohol in which has been melted a perfumed gum. It is drunk with water, which it freshens and whitens like eau de cologne. It is the oriental absinthe. This local drink recalled to me the small glasses of *aguardiente* which I used to drink some twelve years ago on the ride from Granada to Malaga, as I was going to the bull-fight with Lanza the *arriero*, wearing my *majo* costume that had such a splendid pot of flowers embroidered on the back, and which is now, alas! all moth-eaten.

While we were smoking and sipping our mastic, a procession of some fifteen camels, preceded by an ass tinkling its bell, passed across the bridge with that singular ambling pace characteristic also of the elephant and the giraffe, their backs rounded and their long ostrich-necks waving. The strange silhouette of that ugly animal, which seems created for a special nature, surprises one, and impresses on you the fact

that you are away from home. When you meet in the open those curious animals shown at home in menageries, you distinctly feel that you have left Paris. We also saw two women carefully veiled, accompanied by a negro with a repulsive face, no doubt a eunuch. The East was beginning to exhibit itself unmistakably, and the most paradoxical mind could not have maintained that we were still in Paris.

THE TROAD AND THE DARDANELLES

GREAT was my regret at having to leave Smyrna so soon, with its Asiatic and voluptuous grace. As I hastened to the boat, my glance plunged eagerly into the half-opened doors, through which I could see courts paved with marble, cooled by fountains, like the Andalusian *patios*, and verdant gardens, calm and shady oases embellished by lovely girls in white and soft coloured wrappers, wearing elegant Greek head-dresses, and grouped as would love to have them a painter and a poet. My regret was for the fine streets of this city, the Street of Roses and the neighbouring ones, for the Jewish quarter and certain parts of the Turkish quarter are wretchedly sordid and hideously dilapidated. Truth compels me not to conceal this reverse of the medal.

In spite of its great antiquity, — it existed already in the days of Homer, — Smyrna has preserved few remains of its former splendour. For my part, I saw no

other antique ruins than three or four huge Roman columns rising by the frail modern structures at their feet. These columns, the remains of a temple of Jupiter or of Fortune, I am not sure which, have a fine effect, and must have excited the sagacity of scholars. I merely caught sight of them from the back of an ass as I passed by, so that I cannot express any satisfactory opinion about them.

The Asiatic shore is much less barren than the European, and I remained on deck as long as the daylight enabled me to distinguish the outline of the land.

The next morning at dawn we had passed Mitylene, the antique Lesbos, the country of Sappho. A flat shore spread out before us on the right. It was the Troad, —

"Campos ubi Troja fuit," —

the very soil of epic poetry, the theatre of immortal verse, the place twice consecrated by the genius of Greece and of Rome, by Homer and by Vergil. It is strange to find one's self thus in the very centre of poetry and mythology. Like Æneas relating his story to Dido from his raised couch, I can say from the quarter-deck, and with greater truth, —

"Est in conspectu Tenedos," —

for there is the island whence glided the serpents that bound in their folds the unfortunate Laocoön and his sons, and furnished a subject for one of the masterpieces of sculpture; Tenedos, on which reigns the mighty Phœbus Apollo, the god of the silver bow invoked by Chryses; and farther on, the shore which Protesilaus, the first victim of a war that was to destroy a people, tinged with his blood as with a propitiatory libation. The mass of vague ruins, faintly seen in the distance, is the Scæan Gates, through which issued Hector wearing the helmet with the red aigrette that terrified little Astyanax, and before which sat down in the shade the old men who, in Homer, bowed before Helen's beauty. The dark mountain clothed with a mantle of forest, which rises on the horizon, is Ida, the scene of the judgment of Paris, where the three lovely goddesses, Hera, with the snowy arms, Pallas Athene with the sea-green eyes, and Aphrodite with the magic cestus, posed nude before the fortunate shepherd; where Anchises enjoyed the intoxication of a celestial hymen, and made Venus the mother of Æneas. The fleet of the Greeks was moored along this shore; on it rested the prows of their black vessels partly drawn up on the sand. The accuracy of the Homeric description

is plainly evident in every detail of the place; a strategist could follow, Iliad in hand, every phase of the siege.

While thus recalling my classical remembrances, I gaze upon the Troad, Stalimene, the ancient Lemnos, which received Hephæstus hurled from heaven, rises over the sea, and shows behind me its yellowish promontories. Would I were two-faced like Janus! Two eyes indeed are but little, and man is greatly inferior in this respect to the spider, which has eight thousand according to Leuwenhoeck and Swammerdam. I turn for one moment to cast a glance at the volcanic isle where were forged the arms of proof of the heroes favoured by the gods, and the golden tripods, living metal slaves that served the Olympians in their celestial dwellings, and the captain draws me by the sleeve to point out upon the Trojan shore a rounded hillock, a conical hill, the regular form of which speaks of man's handiwork. The tumulus covers the remains of Antilochus, the son of Nestor and Eurydice, the first Greek who slew a Trojan at the beginning of the siege, and who perished himself by Hector's hands while warding off a blow aimed at his father by Memnon. Does Antilochus really rest under that mound? no doubt the

discursive critics will say. Tradition affirms that he does, and why should tradition lie?

As we proceed we discover two other tumuli not far from a little village called Yeni Scheyr, recognisable by a row of nine wind-mills like those of Syra. Nearer to Smyrna, and also nearer to the shore, is the tomb of Patroclus, brother in arms and inseparable companion of Achilles. There was raised the gigantic pile watered with the blood of innumerable victims, on which the hero, mad with grief, cast four costly horses, two thorough-bred dogs, and ten young Trojans slain with his own hand, and around which the mourning army celebrated funeral games which lasted many days. The second, more inland, is the tomb of Achilles himself; such, at least, is the name given to it. According to the Homeric tradition, the ashes of Achilles were mingled with those of Patroclus in a golden urn and thus the two great friends, undivided in life, were not separated in death. The gods were moved by the hero's fate. Thetis rose from the sea with a plaintive chorus of Nereids, the Nine Muses wept and sang hymns of grief around the funeral bed, and the bravest in the army performed bloody games in honour of the hero. The tumulus is no doubt that of some other Greek or

Trojan, that of Hector perhaps. In Alexander's days, the place of the tomb of the hero of the Iliad was well known, for the conqueror of Asia stopped there, saying that Achilles was very fortunate to have had such a friend as Patroclus and such a poet as Homer; he had only Hephæstion and Quintus Curtius; yet his exploits surpassed those of the son of Peleus, and for once history triumphed over mythology.

While I am discoursing on Homeric geography and the heroes of the Iliad, — a very innocent piece of pedantry which may well be forgiven in the presence of Troy, — our steamer continues on its way, somewhat retarded by a north wind blowing from the Black Sea, and proceeds towards the Strait of the Dardanelles, which is defended by two castles, the one on the Asiatic, the other on the European shore. Their cross fire bars the entrance to the Strait and renders access to it, if not impossible, at least very difficult for a hostile fleet. Before I leave the Troad, let me add that beyond Yeni Scheyr falls into the Bosphorus a stream claimed by some to be the Simois and by others the Granicus.

The Hellespont, or Sea of Helle, is very narrow. It is more like the mouth of a great river than a sea.

Its breadth is not greater than that of the Thames at Gravesend. As the wind was fair to run into the Ægean Sea we passed through a fleet of vessels going in that direction with all sails set.

The European shore, which we kept close aboard, is formed of steep hills spotted with vegetation. The general aspect is rather barren and monotonous. The Asiatic shore is much more smiling, and presents, I know not why, an appearance of Northern verdure which would seem more suitable to Europe. At one time we were so close to the shore that we could make out five Turkish horsemen riding along a narrow foot-path stretching along the foot of the cliff like a narrow yellow ribbon. They formed a scale which gave me an idea of the height of the shore, which is much greater than I should have supposed. It is near this place that Xerxes built the bridge intended for the crossing of his army, and caused the disrespectful sea, which had been rude enough to break it, to be beaten with rods. Judged on the spot, this enterprise, mentioned in all books of morals as the very acme of human pride, seems, on the contrary, quite reasonable. It is also supposed that Sestos and Abydos, made famous by the loves of Hero and Leander, were situated about

here, where the Hellespont is not much more than eight hundred and seventy-five yards wide. Lord Byron, as every one knows, repeated, without being in love, Leander's swimming exploit, but instead of Hero on the shore, holding up her torch as a guiding light, he found fever only. He took an hour and ten minutes to traverse the distance, and was prouder of the performance than of having written "Childe Harold" or "The Corsair."

I cannot tell you much about the Sea of Marmora itself, for it was dark when we traversed it, and I was asleep in my cabin, worn out by fourteen hours' watching on deck. Above Gallipoli it broadens considerably and narrows again at Constantinople. When day dawned, on the Asiatic side the Bithynian Olympus, covered with eternal snows, was rising in the rosy vapours of morning with changing tints and silvery sheen. The European shore, infinitely less picturesque, was spotted with white houses and clumps of verdure, above which rose tall brick chimneys, the obelisks of industry, the ruddy material of which, seen from a distance, is a very fair imitation of the rose granite of Egypt. If I did not fear being accused of indulging in a paradox, I would say that the whole of

this part recalled to me the appearance of the Thames between the Isle of Dogs and Greenwich: the sky, very milky, very opaline, almost covered with transparent haze, still further increased the illusion.

In the blue distance loomed the Archipelago of the Princes' Islands, a great Sunday resort. In a few minutes more Stamboul would appear to us in all its splendour. Already, on the left, through the silvery gauze of the mist, showed up a few minarets; the Castle of the Seven Towers, where formerly ambassadors were imprisoned, bristled with its massive towers connected by crenellated walls; its base plunges into the sea, and it backs up against the hill. It is from this castle that start the old ramparts that surround the city as far as Eyoub. The Turks call it Yedi Kouleh, and the Greeks called it Heptapyrgion. It was built by the Byzantine emperors, commenced by Zeno and completed by the Komnenoi. Viewed from the sea, it appears to be in very bad condition, ready to fall in ruins. It is, however, very effective with its heavy form, its squat towers, its thick walls, and its look of a Bastile and a fortress.

Our steamer, slowing down so as not to arrive too early, shaved Seraglio Point. It is a series of long,

whitewashed walls, the crenellations of which stand out against gardens of terebinth and cypress trees, of cabinets with trellised windows, kiosks with projecting roofs and without any symmetry. It is very far from the magnificence of the "Thousand and One Nights" which the single word "seraglio" calls up in the least excitable imagination; and I must confess that these wooden boxes with close bars, that contain the beauties of Georgia, Circassia, and Greece, the houris of that paradise of Mohammed of which the Padishah has the key, are uncommonly like hen-coops. We are constantly confounding Arab architecture and Turkish architecture, which have no relation to each other, and involuntarily we turn the seraglio into an Alhambra, which is far from being the truth. These disappointing remarks do not prevent the old Seraglio from having an agreeable aspect, with its dazzling whiteness and its sombre verdure, between the blue sky and the blue sea, the rapid current of which laves its mysterious walls.

As we passed, we were shown an inclined plane jutting out of an opening in the wall and projecting over the sea. That is the spot, we were told, where were cast into the Bosphorus faithless odalisques

and those who for some reason or another had fallen into disgrace with the master. They were enclosed in a sack containing a cat and a serpent.

We have doubled Seraglio Point. The steamer stops at the entrance to the Golden Horn. A marvellous panorama is outspread before me like an operatic stage-setting in a fairy sky. The Golden Horn is a gulf of which the Old Seraglio and the landing at Top Khaneh form the two ends, and which penetrates the city, built like an amphitheatre upon its two banks, as far as the Sweet Waters of Europe and the mouth of the Barbyses, a small stream which flows into it. The name of Golden Horn comes, no doubt, from the fact that it represents to the city a true cornucopeia, owing to the commodity it offers to shipping, commerce, and naval construction. On the right, beyond the sea, is a huge white building, regularly pierced with several rows of windows flanked at its angles with turrets surmounted by flagstaffs. It is a barracks, the largest but not the most characteristic of Scutari, the Turkish name of the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, which extends, ascending towards the Black Sea, from the site of the former Chrysopolis, of which no traces remain. A

little farther, in the centre of the waters, rises upon a rocky islet a dazzlingly white lighthouse, which is called Leander's Tower, and also the Maiden's Tower, although the place has no connection whatever with the legend of the two lovers celebrated by Musæus. The tower, of elegant shape and which in the clear light looks like alabaster, stands out beautifully against the dark blue of the sea.

At the entrance to the Golden Horn lies Top Khaneh with its landing place, its arsenal, and its mosque with bold dome, and slender minarets, built by Sultan Mahmoud. The palace of the Russian Embassy raises amid red-tiled roofs and clumps of trees its proudly dominating façade which compels the glance, and seems already to seize upon the city; while the palaces of the other embassies are satisfied with a more modest appearance. The Tower of Galata, in the Frankish business quarter, rises from the centre of the houses, topped by a pointed cap of verdigrised copper, and overlooks the old Genoese walls falling in ruins at its feet. Pera, the residence of the Europeans, outspreads on the top of a hill its cypresses and its stone houses, that contrast with the Turkish wooden shanties, and stretch as far as the Great Field of the Dead.

The Seraglio Point forms the other extremity, and on this bank rises the city of Constantinople, properly so called. Never did a more superbly varied line meander between heaven and earth. The ground rises from the shore, and the constructions are arranged like an amphitheatre. The mosques overtopping the sea of verdure and many-coloured houses with their bluish domes and their lofty white minarets surrounded by balconies and ending in a sharp point that pierces the clear morning sky, give to the town an Oriental and fairy-like appearance, augmented by the silvery light that bathes the vaporous contours. An officious neighbour names them in order, from the Seraglio and up the Golden Horn: Saint Sophia, Saint Irenæus, Sultan Achmet, Nouri Osmanieh, Sultan Bayezid, Souleïman, Shahzadeh Djami, Sedja Djamassi, Sultan Mohammed II, Sultan Selim. Amid all these minarets, behind the façade of the Mosque Bayezid, rises to a prodigious height the Seraskierat Tower, whence warning is given of fires.

Three bridges of boats connect the two shores of the Golden Horn and allow of constant communication between the Turkish city and its suburbs, with their varied populations. As in London, there are

no quays at Constantinople, and everywhere the city is laved by the sea. Vessels of all nations draw near the houses without being kept at a respectful distance by a granite wall. Near the bridge, in the centre of the Golden Horn, were anchored flotillas of English, French, Austrian, and Turkish steamers; water omnibuses, the watermen of the Bosphorus, the Thames of Constantinople, on which is concentrated the movement and bustle of the city. Myriads of boats and caïques were darting like fishes through the azure water of the gulf and pulling towards our steamer anchored a short distance from the Custom House, which is situated between Galata and Top Khaneh.

As usual, our decks were covered in a moment by a polyglot crowd. It was an unintelligible babel of Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Italian, French, and English. I was feeling rather bothered by these conflicting dialects, although before starting I had carefully studied Covielle's Turkish speeches and the ceremony in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," when fortunately appeared in a caïque, like a guardian angel, the person to whom I had been recommended, and who speaks as many languages as the famous Mezzofanti. He sent to the devil, each in his own particular

idiom, every one of the rascals that crowded around me, made me enter his boat, and took me to the Custom House, where the inspectors were satisfied with casting a careless glance at my small trunk, which the *hammal* threw on his back as if it were a feather.

The hammal is a genus peculiar to Constantinople. It is a two-legged, humpless camel. It lives on cucumbers and water, and carries enormous burdens through impracticable streets, up perpendicular slopes, in overwhelming heat. Instead of hooks, it carries on its shoulders a cushion of stuffed leather, on which it places the burdens under which it is bowed down, its strength lying in its neck, like that of oxen. Its costume consists of white linen breeches, a jacket of coarse yellow stuff, and a fez with a handkerchief wrapped around it. The torso of the hammal is amazingly developed, and, curiously enough, the legs are often very thin. One finds it difficult to understand how these poor legs, covered with tanned skin and looking like flutes in a case, can support weights under which a Hercules would bend.

As I followed the hammal, who was proceeding towards the lodging reserved for me, I entered a labyrinth of streets and narrow lanes, tortuous, ignoble,

horribly paved, full of holes and pitfalls, encumbered with leprous dogs and asses carrying beams or rubbish The dazzling mirage presented by Constantinople at a distance was rapidly vanishing, Paradise was turning into a slough, poetry into prose; and I asked myself, with a feeling of melancholy, how these ugly hovels could possibly assume at a distance such a seductive aspect, such a tender and vaporous colour. I reached, walking on the heels of my hammal and clinging to the arm of my guide, the room which had been secured for me at the house of a Smyrniote woman, *copa syriska* like that of Vergil, near the High Street of Pera, bordered with buildings insignificant but in good taste, somewhat like streets of the third rank in Marseilles or Barcelona.

CONSTANTINOPLE

THE LITTLE FIELD OF THE DEAD
THE GOLDEN HORN

THE lodging which had been prepared for me was on the first floor of a house situated at the end of a street in the Frankish Quarter, the only one that Europeans are allowed to inhabit. The street leads from the end of Pera to the Little Field of the Dead. I do not indicate it more clearly for the very good reason that in Constantinople streets have no names, either Turkish or French, posted at the corners. Besides, the houses are not numbered, which increases the difficulty. Some streets, however, have a traditional name derived from a neighbouring khan or mosque, and the one in which I lived, as I learned later, was called Dervish Sokak; but the name is never written, and consequently is of no use in guiding you.

The house was built of stones, a point which was particularly insisted on to me and which is not to be disdained in a city as combustible as Constantinople.

For greater security, an iron door and shutters of thick iron plate were, in case of the neighbourhood taking fire, to intercept the flames and sparks and to isolate the house completely. I had a sitting-room with white-washed walls, a wooden ceiling painted gray and ornamented with blue lines, furnished with a long divan, a table and a Venetian mirror in a black and gold frame; and a bedroom with an iron bedstead and a chest of drawers. There was nothing particularly Eastern about it, as you see. On the other hand, my hostess was a Smyrniote; her niece, though wearing a rose-coloured wrapper after the European fashion, owned languorous Asiatic eyes that glowed in her pale face framed in by mat black hair. A very pretty Greek maid, with a little kerchief twisted on top of her head, and a sort of lout from the Cyclades, completed the staff of the house, and gave it a touch of local colour. The niece knew a little French, the aunt a little Italian, and so we managed to understand each other somewhat. Constantinople is, for the matter of that, a genuine Tower of Babel, and it would be easy to suppose it was still the day of the Confusion of Tongues. A knowledge of four languages is indispensable for the ordinary relations of life. Greek, Turkish, Italian, and

French are spoken in Pera by polyglot street boys. The famous Mezzofanti would surprise no one in Constantinople. We Frenchmen, who know our own language only, are amazed at such prodigious facility.

The Little Field of the Dead, which, by way of abbreviation, or perhaps to avoid the suggestion of a melancholy thought, is usually called the Little Field, lies on the reverse of a hill that rises from the Golden Horn, and on the crest of which is built Pera, the hill-top marked by a terrace and bordered by high houses and cafés. It is an old Turkish cemetery where no one has been buried for some years, either because there is no more room or because the dead Mahometans think they are too near the living Giaours.

A brilliant sun rained down burning light upon the slope bristling with the black foliage and gray trunks of cypresses, under which rose a host of marble posts topped by coloured turbans. These posts leaning, some to the right, some to the left, some forward and some backward, as the ground had yielded under their weight, had a vague resemblance to human forms. In several places these posts, covered with verses of the Koran, had been borne down by their own weight and, carelessly set in friable soil, had fallen or been broken in

pieces. Some of them were decapitated, the turbans lying at their base like heads cut off. It is said that these truncated tombs are those of former Janissaries, pursued beyond the confines of death by Mahmoud's rancour. There is no symmetry in this scattered cemetery, which sends a line of cypresses and tombs through the houses of Pera as far as the Tekieh, or monastery, of the Whirling Dervishes. Two or three paths built up with the débris of the funeral monuments, cross it diagonally. Here and there are small mounds, sometimes surrounded by low walls or balustrades, which are the reserved burial-places of some powerful or rich family. They usually contain a pillar ending in a huge turban, surrounded by three or four marble leaves rounded on top in the shape of a spoon handle, and a dozen smaller stones. They are in memory of a pacha, with his wives, and his children who have died young; a sort of funeral harem which keeps him company in the next world.

In the open spaces workmen are cutting door-jambs and steps; idlers are sleeping in the shade, or smoking their pipes upon a tomb; veiled women pass by, dragging their yellow boots with careless feet; children are

playing hide-and-seek behind the tombstones, uttering little glad cries; cake sellers offer their light confections incrusted with almonds; between the interstices of the fallen monuments, hens are picking up seed, cows are looking for a few blades of grass, and for lack of it feed upon old shoes and old hats; dogs have settled themselves in the excavations caused by the rotting of the biers, or rather, of the planks that support the ground around the bodies, and out of these refuges of death, enlarged by their ferocity, they have made hideous kennels for themselves.

In the more travelled spaces the tombs are worn away under the careless feet of the passers-by, and little by little disappear in dust and detritus of all kinds. The broken pillars are scattered on the ground like the pieces of a game, and are buried like the bodies which they designate, concealed by the invisible grave-diggers who remove everything that has been abandoned, whether a tomb, a temple, or a city. Here it is not solitude overspreading forgetfulness, but life taking back the place temporarily granted to death. Some denser cypress groves have nevertheless preserved a few corners of this profaned cemetery, and maintain its melancholy appearance. The doves roost in the dark

foliage, and the hawks circling in the azure sky soar above their sombre tops.

A few wooden houses built of planks, laths, and trellis-work painted red, which has turned rose-colour under rain and sun, are grouped among the trees, sunken out of plumb, and in a state of dilapidation most favourable to water-colour painters and English book-illustrators.

Before descending the slope leading to the Golden Horn, I stopped for a moment, and gazed upon the wondrous spectacle unrolled before my eyes. The foreground was formed by the Little Field and its declivities planted with cypresses and tombs; the second distance, by the brown-tiled roofs and the reddish houses of the Kassim Pacha Quarter; the middle distance, by the blue waters of the gulf that stretches from Seraï Burnou to the Sweet Waters of Europe; and the fourth, by the lines of undulating hills on the slopes of which Constantinople is built. The bluish domes of the bazaars, the white minarets of the mosques, the arches of the old aqueduct of Valens standing out against the sky like black lace, the clumps of cypresses and plane-trees, the angles of the roofs, varied that wonderful sky-line prolonged from the Seven Towers

to the heights of Eyoub; and over all, a silvery white light in which floated like transparent gauze the smoke of the steamers on the Bosphorus about to start for Therapia or Kadikeui, of a lightness of tone which formed the happiest contrast with the crude, warm firmness of the foreground.

After a few moments of thoughtful admiration, I started again, following sometimes a faint track, sometimes treading over the tombs, and I reached a network of lanes bordered by black houses inhabited by charcoal burners, blacksmiths, and other workers in iron. I said houses, but the word is rather large, and I take it back. Say hovels, dens, stalls, shanties, whatever you can imagine of smoky, dirty, wretched, but without those good old *impasto* walls, scratched, leprous, scabby, ruinous, which Decamps' trowel builds with such success in his Eastern paintings, and which give such character to hovels. Poor little asses with flapping ears and thin, raw backs, laden with charcoal and iron-work, shaved the walls of the dingy shops. Old beggar-women, seated on their haunches, their legs drawn up like those of grass-hoppers, pitifully held out to me from their ragged *ferradjehs* their hands, that resembled those of mummies after being unwrapped.

Their owl-like eyes made two brown spots in the muslin rag, bossed by the arch of the nose like the beak of a bird of prey, and drawn like a shroud over their hideous faces. Others, more alert, passed along with bowed back, their head sunk on their chest, leaning upon great sticks like Mother Goose in the pantomime prologues at the Funambules.

It is impossible to imagine to what an astounding degree of ugliness old women attain in the East, when they have absolutely given up their sex and no longer disguise themselves with the clever artifices of a complicated toilet. Here even the mask adds to the impression. What is visible is awful, what one imagines is frightful. It is a pity that the Turks do not possess a sabbath to which they could send these witches astride a broomstick.

A few Arnaut or Bulgarian hammals, bending under enormous burdens, and, like Dante in hell, not lifting one foot until they have made sure the other is firmly planted, were ascending or descending the lane; horses were travelling noisily, striking, every time they shied, sheaves of sparks from the uneven, rough pavement of this quarter, which is more industrious than fashionable.

I thus reached the Golden Horn, debouching near the white buildings of the Arsenal, which are raised upon vast sub-structures and crowned by a tower in the form of a belfry. The Arsenal, constructed in the civilised taste, has nothing interesting to a European, although the Turks are very proud of it. I did not, therefore, stop to contemplate it, but devoted my whole attention to the movement of the port, filled with vessels of all nations, traversed in every direction by caïques, and especially to the marvellous panorama of Constantinople outstretched on the other bank.

The view is so strangely beautiful that it seems unreal. It is as if there were spread out before one a stage drop intended for the setting of some Oriental fairy play, bathed by the painter's fancy and the glow of the footlights in the impossible luminousness of apotheosis. The palace of Seraï Burnou, with its Chinese roofs, its white, crenellated walls, its trellised kiosks, its gardens full of cypresses, umbrella pines, sycamores, and plane-trees; the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, with its cupola showing round among its six minarets like ivory masts; Saint Sophia raising its Byzantine dome upon heavy counterforts rayed transversely with white and rosy courses and flanked by four minarets; the

Bayezid Mosque upon which hover like a cloud flocks of doves; Yeni Djami; the Seraskierat Tower, a huge hollow column which bears on its cupola a perpetual Stylites watching for conflagrations at every point of the horizon; Souleïman with its Arab elegance, its dome like a steel helmet, — all these stand out blazing with light against a background of inconceivably delicate bluish, pearly, opaline tints, and form a picture that seems to be a mirage of the Fata Morgana rather than a prosaic reality. These splendours are reflected in the trembling mirror of the silvery waters of the Golden Horn, which add to the wondrousness of the spectacle. Ships at anchor, Turkish vessels furling their sails, opened like birds' wings, serve by their vigorous tones and the small black lines of their rigging to set off the background of vapour through which shows in dream colours the city of Constantine and of Mohammed II.

I am aware, thanks to friends who visited Constantinople before I did, that these marvels, like stage setting, need light and perspective; as you draw near, the charm vanishes, the palaces turn out to be only rotten barracks, the minarets great whitewashed pillars, the streets narrow, steep, filthy, and characterless; but no

matter, if the incoherent collection of houses, mosques, and trees, coloured by the palette of the sun, produces an admirable effect between land and sky. The prospect, though it be the result of an illusion, is none the less absolutely beautiful.

I retraced my way and ascended to the Little Field of the Dead to reach Pera again. I turned off to the right, which brought me, by following the old Genoese walls, — at the foot of which is a dry moat half filled with filth in which dogs sleep and children play, — to the Galata Tower, a high building which is seen from afar off at sea, and which, like the Seraskierat Tower, has at its top a sentry watching for fires. It is a genuine Gothic donjon, crowned with battlements and topped by a pointed roof of copper oxidized by time, which, instead of a crescent, might well bear the swallow-tailed vane of a feudal manor. At the foot of the tower is a mass of low houses or huts which give an idea of its very great height. It was built by the Genoese. Those soldier merchants turned their warehouses into fortresses, and crenellated their quarter like a fortified city ; their trading-places might have sustained a siege, and did sustain more than one.

CONSTANTINOPLE

A NIGHT IN RAMAZAN

IN Paris the idea of going for a walk between eight and eleven at night in Père-Lachaise or the cemetery at Montmartre would strike one as ultra-singular and cadaverously Romanticist; it would make the boldest dandies quail, and as for the ladies, the mere suggestion of such a party of pleasure would make them faint with terror. At Constantinople no one thinks twice about it. The fashionable walk of Pera is situated on the crest of the hill on which lies the Little Field. A frail railing, broken down in several places, forms between the Field of Death and the lively promenade a line of demarcation which is crossed constantly. A row of chairs and tables, at which are seated people drinking coffee, sherbet, or water, runs from one end to the other of the terrace, that forms an elbow farther on and joins the Great Field behind Upper Pera. Ugly houses of five, six, or seven stories in a hideous order of architecture unknown to Vignola, border the road on one side, and

enjoy a prospect of which they are utterly unworthy. They exhibit the most civilised and modern hideousness, and yet I am bound to say that at night, when they are faintly lighted by the reflection of the lights and the sparkling of the stars or the violet beams of the moon which shimmer on their painted façades, they assume, owing to their very mass, an imposing aspect.

At either end of the terrace there is a café concert, where one can enjoy with one's refreshments the pleasure of hearing an open-air orchestra of gipsies performing German waltzes, or overtures to Italian operas.

This tomb-bordered promenade is uncommonly gay. The incessant music — for one orchestra starts up when another stops — imparts a festive air to the daily meeting of idlers, whose soft chatter forms a sort of bass to the brass phrases of Verdi. The smoke of *latakieh* and *tombeki* ascends in perfumed spirals from the chibouques, the narghilehs and cigarettes, for everybody, even women, smokes in Constantinople. Lighted pipes fill the darkness with brilliant dots and look like swarms of fireflies. The summons "A light!" is heard in every possible idiom, and the waiters hurry in answer to these polyglot calls, brandishing a red-hot coal at the end of a small pair of pincers.

The families living in Pera advance in numerous clans along the space left free by the seated customers. They are dressed in European fashion, save for some slight modifications in the head-dress and the attire of the ladies. The East shows in this place only when some Greek goes by, throwing back the sleeves of his embroidered jacket and swinging his white fustanella outspread like a bell, or some Turkish functionary on horseback, followed by his khavass and his pipe-bearer, returning from the Great Field and going back to Constantinople by way of the Galata Bridge.

Turkish manners have influenced European ones, and the women in Pera live very much shut up. This seclusion is entirely voluntary, of course. They scarcely go out, save to take a turn around the Little Field to breathe the evening air. There are many, however, who do not allow themselves this innocent distraction, and thus the tourist has not the opportunity of reviewing the feminine types of the country as at the Cascine, the Prado, Hyde Park, or the Champs-Élysées. Man alone seems to exist in the East; woman becomes a sort of myth, and Christians in this respect share the views of Mussulmans.

On that particular evening the Little Field of the Dead was very animated. Ramazan had begun with the new moon, the appearance of which above the top of Bithynian Olympus is watched by pious astrologers and proclaimed throughout the Empire, for it announces the return of the great Mohammedan Jubilee. Ramazan, as every one knows, is half Lent, half carnival; the day is given up to austerity, the night to pleasure; penance is accompanied by debauch as a legitimate compensation. From sunrise to sunset, the exact time being marked by a cannon-shot, it is forbidden by the Koran to take any food, however light. Even smoking is forbidden, and that is the most painful of privations for a people whose lips are scarcely ever taken away from the amber mouthpiece. To quench the most burning thirst with a drop of water would be a sin, and would rob fasting of its merit. But from evening to morning everything is permissible, and the privations of the day are amply compensated for; the Turkish city then gives itself up to feasting.

From the promenade of the Little Field I enjoyed a most marvellous spectacle. On the other side of the Golden Horn Constantinople sparkled like the carbuncle crown of an Eastern emperor. The minarets of the

mosques bore upon each of their galleries girdles of lights, and from one to the other ran, in letters of fire, verses of the Koran inscribed upon the azure of the sky as on the pages of a divine book. Saint Sophia, Sultan Achmet, Yeni Valideh Djami, Souleïman, and all the temples of Allah which rise from the Seraï Burnou to the hills of Eyoub were dazzling with light, and proclaimed with a blaze of exclamations the formula of Islam. The crescent moon, accompanied by a star, seemed to embroider the blazon of the empire on the celestial standard. The waters of the gulf multiplied and broke the reflections of the millions of lights, and their waves seemed to be formed of half-melted gems. Fact, it is said, always falls short of fancy, but here the dream was surpassed by the reality. The "Thousand and One Nights" have nothing more fairylike, and the splendours of the outpoured treasures of Haroun al Raschid would pale by the side of this casket which flames along a whole league.

During Ramazan the most complete freedom is enjoyed. The carrying of lanterns is not obligatory as at other seasons. The streets, brilliantly lighted, render this precaution needless. Giaours may remain in

Constantinople until the last lights have been extinguished, a piece of boldness rather dangerous at any other time. I therefore accepted eagerly the proposal of a young gentleman of Constantinople, to whom I had a letter of introduction, to go down to the Top Khaneh landing, hire a caïque, go to see the Sultan pray at Tcheragan, and finish the evening in the Turkish city.

As we descended, the crowd increased and became dense; the shops, brilliantly lighted, illumined the way, invaded by Turks crouching on the ground or squatting upon low stools, smoking with all the voluptuousness due to a day's abstinence. People were coming and going, forming a perpetually animated and most picturesque swarming; for between these two banks of motionless smokers flowed a stream of foot-passengers of every nation, sex, and age. Carried by the stream, we reached the square at Top Khaneh, traversed the arcaded court of the mosque which forms the corner on this side, and found ourselves opposite that charming fountain which English engravings have made familiar to every one, and which has been stripped of its pretty Chinese roof, replaced at present by an ignoble balustrade of cast iron.

A NIGHT IN RAMAZAN

A masked ball cannot offer a greater variety of costumes than Top Khaneh Square on a night in Ramazan. Bulgarians, in their coarse smocks and fur-trimmed caps; slender-waisted Circassians, their broad chests covered with cartridges which make them resemble organ fronts; Georgians, in short tunics belted with metal girdles, and Russian caps of varnished leather; Arnauts, wearing sleeveless, embroidered jackets over their bare torsos; Jews, known by their gowns split down the side and their black caps bound with a black handkerehief; the Island Greeks, with their full trousers, their tightly drawn sashes, and their fez with silk tassel; the Reformed Turks, in frock coats and red fez; the Old Turks, wearing huge turbans, and rose-coloured, jonquil, cinnamon or sky-blue caftans, recalling the fashions of the days of the Janissaries; Persians, in tall black astrakhan-lamb caps; Syrians, easily known by their gold striped kerchief and their white *mach'las*, cut like Byzantine dalmatics; Turkish women, draped in white yashmaks and light-coloured ferradjehs; Armenians, less carefully veiled, wearing violet and black shoes, — form, in groups which constantly draw together and fall apart, the most amazing carnival imaginable.

Open-air stalls for the sale of *yaourt* (curdled milk), *kaimak* (boiled milk), confectioners' shops, — for the Turks are very fond of sweets, — water-sellers' stalls, the little chimes of bells or capsules of crystals struck by hydraulic means, drinking-places where one can get sherbets, granites, or snow water, border the sides of the square and brighten it with their illumination. The tobacconists' shops, brilliantly lighted, are filled with high personages who watch the festival while smoking first-class tobacco in cherry or jasmine pipes with enormous mouthpieces. Within the cafés the tarbouka roars, the tambourine clatters, the rebeb shrieks, and the reed flute miaouls; monotonous nasal songs, interrupted from time to time by shrill cries and calls like the Tyrolese *jödels*, rise from the clouds of smoke. We had the greatest difficulty in reaching, through the crowd, which would not make way, the landing-place at Top Khaneh, where we were to get a caïque.

A few strokes of the oars took us well out, and we could see from the centre of the Bosphorus the illuminations of the mosque of Sultan Mahmoud and of the cannon foundry near it, which has given its name to the landing-place: "Top" in Turkish means cannon; "Khaneh," place or storehouse. The minarets of the

mosque of Sultan Mahmoud are said to be the most elegant in Constantinople and are cited as classical types of Turkish architecture. They rose slender in the blue atmosphere of night, outlined by fire and connected by verses of the Koran, producing the most graceful of effects. In front of the cannon foundry the illuminations were in the shape of a giant cannon with its carriage and wheels, a flaming blazon of Turkish artillery pretty accurately symbolised by this artless design.

We proceeded down the Bosphorus, keeping close to the European shore, which was blazing with light and bordered by the summer palaces of viziers and pachas, each distinguished by set pieces mounted upon iron frameworks and representing complicated monograms after the Oriental fashion, streamers, bouquets, flower-pots, verses from the Koran; and we came opposite the palace, Tcheragan Seraï, which is composed of a main building with a pediment and slender columns, something like the Hall of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, and two wings with trellised windows, making them look like two great cages. The name of the Sultan, written in letters of fire, blazed upon the façade, and through the open door we could see a large hall, where, amid the dazzling light of the

candelabra, moved a number of opaque shadows, a prey to pious convulsions. It was the Padisha praying, surrounded by his court officers kneeling on carpets. A sound of nasal psalm-singing escaped from the hall along with the yellow reflections of the tapers, and spread out in the calm, blue night.

After looking on for a few moments, we signed to the *caïdgi* to return, and I was enabled to look at the other shore, the shore of Asia, on which rose Scutari, the old Chrysopolis, with its illuminated mosques, and its cypress curtains dropping behind it the folds of their funereal leaves.

During the trip I had the opportunity of admiring the skill with which the rowers of these frail craft steer their way through the riot of boats and currents which would make travelling on the Bosphorus extremely dangerous for less skilful watermen. The caïques have no rudder, and the rowers, unlike the Venetian gondoliers, who face the prow of the gondola, turn their backs to the place to which they are bound, so that with every stroke they look around to see if some unexpected obstacle is in their way. They have also conventional calls by which they warn and avoid each other with uncommon quickness.

Seated on a pillow at the bottom of the caïque by my companion's side, I enjoyed silently and in the most absolute immobility this wonderful spectacle. The least movement is sufficient to capsize the narrow craft, which is built for Turkish gravity. The night dew fell in pearls upon our coats and sputtered in the latakieh of our chibouques; for warm as the days are, the nights are cool on the Bosphorus, which is always swept by the sea-breeze and the columns of air displaced by the currents.

We entered the Golden Horn, and shaving Seraglio Point, we landed amid the flotilla of caïques, among which ours, after having turned around, pushed in like a wedge near a great kiosk with Chinese roof and walls hung with green cloth. It was the Sultan's pleasure-house, now abandoned and used as a guard-room. It was pleasant to watch the landing of the long boats, with gilded prows, of the pachas and high personages awaited on the quay by handsome Barbary horses splendidly equipped and held by negroes or khavasses. The crowd respectfully drew aside to make room for them.

Usually the streets of Constantinople are not lighted, and every one is bound to carry a lantern in his hand

as if he were looking for a man; but during the Ramazan nothing can be more joyously luminous than the ordinarily sombre lanes and squares, along which sparkles here and there a star in a paper. The shops, which remain open all night, are ablaze, and cast great trains of light, brightly reflected by the houses opposite. At every stall there are lamps, tapers, and night-lights swimming in oil; the eating-houses, in which mutton cut in small pieces (*kabobs*) is grilling upon perpendicular spits, are illumined by the brilliant reflections of the coals; the ovens, where cook the *baklava* cakes, open their red mouths; the open-air merchants surround themselves with small tapers to attract attention and to show off their goods; groups of friends sup together around three-branched lamps, the flame of which trembles in the air, or else that of a big lantern striped with many brilliant colours; the smokers, seated at the doors of the cafés, revive with each puff the red spark of their chibouque or of their narghileh, and over the good-tempered crowd falls the splendour of light, splashing in quaintly picturesque reflections.

Everybody was eating with an appetite sharpened by sixteen hours' fast: some, balls of rice and hashed

meat served in vine leaves; others, kabobs rolled in a sort of pancake; others again, ears of boiled or roasted green corn; still others, huge cucumbers or Smyrna *carpous*, with their green skin and their white flesh; a few, richer or more sensual, were helped to large shares of baklava or gorged themselves with sweets with an infantine avidity laughable in tall fellows bearded like the pard; others regaled themselves more frugally on white mulberries, which were to be seen heaped up in quantities in the fruiterers' stalls.

My friend made me enter one of the confectioners' shops to initiate me into the delights of Turkish gormandism, far more refined than people think it in Paris. The shop deserves a separate description. The shutters, drawn up like fans, like the ports of a ship, formed a sort of carved awning quadrilled and painted yellow and blue, above great glass vases filled with red and white sweets, stalactites of *rahat lakhoum*, — a sort of transparent paste made with the best of flour and sugar and then coloured in various ways, — pots of preserves of roses, and bowls of pistachios.

We entered the shop, which, though three people would have found it difficult to move about in it, is one of the largest in Constantinople. The master, a stout,

dark-complexioned Turk, with a black beard and a good-humouredly fierce expression, served us, with an amiably terrible air, rose and white rahat lakhoum and all sorts of exotic sweets highly perfumed and very exquisite, though somewhat too honeyed for a Parisian palate. A cup of excellent mocha relieved by its salutary bitterness the cloying sweets, of which I had partaken too lavishly through love for local colour. At the back of the shop young boys, with print aprons around their waists, were moving upon the bright fire the copper basins in which the almonds and pistachios were being rolled in sugar, or were dusting sugar upon rolls of rahat lakhoum, making no mystery of their preparations. Seated upon low stools, which with divans form the only seats known to Turks, we watched the compact, multi-coloured crowd pass down the street, broken here and there by sherbet sellers, vendors of ice water and of cakes, and through which a functionary on horseback, preceded by his khavass and followed by his pipe-bearer, imperturbably made his way without a single cry of warning, or else a *talika*, abominably jolted by the ruts and the rocks, and led by a coachman on foot. I could not look long enough on a picture so new to me, and it was past one o'clock in the morning

when, guided by my companion, I started for the landing where our boat was waiting for us.

On our way we traversed the Court of Yeni Valideh Djami, which is surrounded by a gallery of antique columns surmounted by Arab arches in a superb style, whitened by the moon's silvery rays and bathed in bluish shadows. Under the arcades lay, in the perfect contentment of people who are at home, numerous groups of rascals rolled up in their rags. Any Mussulman who has no home may, without fear of the watch, stretch himself out on the steps of the mosques, and sleep there as safely as a Spanish mendicant under a church porch.

CONSTANTINOPLE

CAFÉS

THE Turkish café on the Boulevard du Temple has given Parisians a false idea of the luxury of the Oriental cafés. Constantinople is very far from indulging in such wealth of horse-shoe arches, slender columns, mirrors, and ostrich-eggs. Nothing can be plainer than a Turkish café in Turkey. I shall describe one considered to be one of the finest, yet in no wise recalling the luxuries of Oriental fairyland.

Imagine a room about twelve feet square, vaulted and whitewashed, surrounded with a breast-high wainscotting and a divan covered with straw matting. In the centre is the most elegantly Eastern detail, a fountain of white marble with three basins superimposed one above another, which throws into the air a jet of water that falls splashing down. In one corner blazes a brazier on which coffee is made, cup by cup, in little coffee-pots of brass, just as consumers call for it. On the walls are shelves laden with razors and hung with

pretty mother-of-pearl mirrors in the shape of screens, in which customers look to see if they have been shaved as they wished, for in Turkey every café is also a barber's shop.

People believe, because the Koran forbids it, that the Turks absolutely proscribe images, and look upon the products of the plastic arts as idolatrous. That is true in theory, but the practice is far less rigorous, and the cafés are adorned with amazing selections of all sorts of engravings in the most extraordinary taste, which do not appear to scandalise Moslem orthodoxy in the smallest degree.

It is a real pleasure to drink, in one of these cafés, one of the small cups of coffee, which a young rascal with great black eyes brings you on the tips of his fingers in a big egg cup of silver filigree or brass open-work, after you have been rambling through the tiring streets of Constantinople. It is more refreshing than all iced drinks. With the cup of coffee is brought a glass of water which Turks drink first and Franks afterwards. Every one brings his own tobacco in a pouch; the café furnishes only chibouques, the amber mouthpiece of which cannot be infected, and narghilehs, the latter a somewhat complicated apparatus which it would be difficult to carry around.

Although in Turkey any ragged rascal may sit down on the divan of a café by the side of the most splendidly dressed Turk without the latter drawing away to avoid touching with his gold-embroidered sleeve the greasy, torn rags, nevertheless, certain classes have their customary resorts, and the Marble Fountain Café, situated between Seraï Burnou and the mosque of Yeni Valideh Djami, in one of the finest quarters of Constantinople, is frequented by the best people in the city. A charming and absolutely Eastern detail imparts much poetry to this café so far as Europeans are concerned. Swallows have built their nests in the ceiling, and as the café is always open, they enter and go out on their fleet wings, uttering joyous little cries and bringing food to their young without being in the least disturbed by the smoke of the pipes and the presence of customers, whose fez or turbans they sometimes touch with their brown wings. The young swallows, their heads sticking out of the openings in the nests, quietly look, with eyes that are just like little black beads, at the customers coming and going, and fall asleep to the snoring of the water in the bowls of the narghilehs.

The café of Beschik Basch, on the European shore of the Bosphorus, is a remarkably picturesque building.

It resembles the cabins supported on piles from which fishermen watch the passage of schools of fish. Shaded by clumps of trees and built of trellis on piles, it is bathed by the rapid current that laves the quay of Arnaoutkeui, and refreshed by the breezes of the Black Sea; looked at from seaward, it produces a graceful effect with its lights, the reflection of which streams over the water. A continuous tumult of caïques seeking to land enlivens the approach of this aerial café, that recalls, though it is more elegant, the cafés bordering the Gulf of Smyrna.

In closing this monograph of the cafés at Constantinople, let me mention another situated near the Yeni Valideh Djami landing, and frequented by sailors only. It is lighted in rather original fashion, by glasses filled with oil in which burns a wick, and that hang from the ceiling by twisted wires like the springs in toy guns. The *cavadji* (master of the café) from time to time touches the glasses, which through the tension of the spring, rise and fall, performing a sort of pyrotechnical ballet, to the great delight of the customers, who are dressed in such a way that they need not fear oil stains. A chandelier formed of a brass body representing a vessel outlined by a quantity of lights, completes this

curious illumination. The delicate allusion is easily understood by the customers of the café.

On seeing a Frank enter, the cavadji gave in his honour such a mad impetus to the luminary, that the glasses began to dance like will-o'-the-wisps, while the nautical chandelier, pitching and rolling like a ship in a seaway, scattered a heavy shower of rancid oil.

To depict the physiognomy of the customers of this place, I should need Raffet's pencil or Decamps' brush. There were fellows with formidable moustaches, with noses spotted with violent tones, with complexions like Havana cigars or red brick, great Eastern white and black eyes, temples shaven and blue, who had a most ferocious look and an extraordinary vigour of features; heads never forgotten once seen, and which eclipse the wildest work of the most truculent masters.

Let me note also a rather remarkable café situated near the Old Bridge at Oun Capan on the Golden Horn, and frequented chiefly by Phanariote Greeks. It is reached by boat, and while smoking your pipe, you can enjoy the prospect of the shipping going and coming, and the evolutions of the gulls that skim over the waters, and the hawks that soar in great circles in the blue sky.

Such are, with a few variations, the types of Turkish cafés, which are scarcely like the French idea of them. I was not, however, surprised, for I had been prepared for them by the Algerian cafés, which are still more primitive, if that be possible.

THE SHOPS

AN Oriental shop is very different from a European one. It is a sort of alcove cut out of the wall, and closed at night with shutters that are let down like the ports of a ship. The dealer, sitting cross-legged upon a bit of matting or Smyrna carpet, idly smokes his chibouque, or counts with careless fingers the beads of his chaplet, with an impassible, indifferent look, preserving the same attitude for hours at a time, and apparently caring very little whether he has a customer or not. Purchasers generally stand outside in the street and examine the goods heaped up on the stall without the smallest attempt on the owner's part to set these off to advantage. The art of dressing windows, carried to such a high degree in France, is wholly unknown or disdained in Turkey.

Smoking is one of the most pressing needs of a Turk, consequently tobacconists' shops abound. The tobacco, which is cut very fine in long, silky, golden masses, is arranged in heaps upon the stalls according

to price and quality. There are four principal sorts: *iavach* (mild), *orta* (medium), *dokan akleu* (strong), *sert* (very strong), and it is sold at from eighteen to twenty piastres an *ocque*, according to the brand, an *ocque* being equivalent to two and a half pounds. This tobacco, graded in strength, is smoked in chibouques or rolled in cigarettes, which are beginning to be common in Turkey. The most highly prized tobacco comes from Macedonia.

Tombeki, a tobacco intended for the narghileh exclusively, comes from Persia. It is not cut, like the other, but rubbed and broken into small bits. It is darker in colour, and so strong that it cannot be smoked until it has been washed two or three times. As it would scatter easily, it is kept in glass jars like apothecaries' drugs. Without tombeki one cannot smoke a narghileh, and it is to be regretted that it is very difficult to obtain it in France; for nothing is more favourable to poetic reverie than to puff, while lying on a divan, this odorous smoke refreshed by the water it has passed through, and reaching you after travelling through the tube of red or green morocco that you wrap around your arm as a snake charmer in Cairo wraps serpents. It is the very sybaritism of smoking

carried to its highest degree of perfection. Art contributes also to this delicate enjoyment. There are narghilehs of gold, silver, or steel admirably wrought and damascened, with niello work, engraved in marvellous fashion and as elegant in shape as the finest antique vases. They are often adorned with capricious arabesques formed of garnets, turquoises, corals, and other precious stones. You smoke in masterpieces tobacco metamorphosed into perfume.

The Constantinople tobacco dealers are called *tutungis*. They are mostly Greeks and Armenians. The Greeks come from Janina, Larissa, and Salonica; the Armenians from Samsoun, Trebizond, and Erzeroum.

In modern Byzantium the greatest care, and often the greatest luxury is lavished on everything that concerns the pipe, the Turks' favourite pleasure. The shops of the dealers in pipe-stems, bowls, and mouthpieces, are very handsome and very well-stocked. The most highly prized stems are made of cherry or jasmine, and very high prices are paid for them, according to their size and perfection. A handsome cherry stem with the bark intact, shining with the sombre brilliancy of garnet satin, or a jasmine stem, with uniform callosities and of a pretty blond tint, is

worth fully five hundred piastres. I used to stand quite a long time before the shop of a dealer in pipe-stems in the street which leads down to Top Khaneh, opposite the walled cemetery through the grated openings of which one catches sight of rich tombs striped with gold and azure. The dealer was an old fellow with a scanty gray beard, the skin wrinkled around his eyes, his nose hooked, looking like a parrot that has been plucked and forming unconsciously an excellent Turkish caricature that Cham would have delighted in. From the sleeve-holes of his vest with its worn buttons emerged a thin, yellow, lean arm that drove a bow like a violinist performing on the fourth string a difficult passage like Paganini. On an iron point spun around by this bow turned with dazzling rapidity a tube of cherry wood undergoing the delicate operation of boring, and which the old dealer tapped from time to time on the edge of his stall to drive out the dust. Near the old man worked a young lad, his son no doubt, who was practising on less costly stems. A family of kittens played nonchalantly in the sun and rolled around in the fine sawdust. The unbored and the finished stems were ranged at the back of the stall, sunk in shadow, and the whole thing formed a pretty

Eastern *genre* picture, which, with a few variations, is to be seen at every street corner.

The places where *lulehs* (pipe-bowls) are manufactured, are easily known by the reddish dust that covers them. An infinite number of yellow clay bowls, which firing will turn to a rosy red, await, ranged in order upon planks, the moment of being put into the oven. These bowls, of a very fine, soft clay, upon which the potter imprints different ornaments by means of a wheel, do not colour like French pipes, and are sold very cheap. Incredible quantities of them are used.

As for the amber mouthpieces, they form a special business which is almost the equal of the jewellery business as regards the value of the stock and of the labour. At Constantinople, where amber is very dear, the Turks prefer the pale, semi-opaque citron shade, and insist on there being neither spot, flaw, nor veins; and as this is a rare combination, the price of mouthpieces is consequently very high. A pair of mouthpieces has brought as much as eight or ten thousand piastres, and a set of pipes worth one hundred and fifty thousand francs is by no means rare in the homes of the high dignitaries and rich men of Stamboul These valuable mouthpieces are encircled with rings

of enamelled gold, sometimes enriched with diamonds, rubies, and other gems. It is an Oriental way of displaying wealth, just as we use silver plate and Boulle furniture. All these bits of amber, differing in tone and transparency, polished, turned, bored with extreme care, assume in the sunlight warm, golden tints that would make Titian jealous and inspire the most fanatical opponent of tobacco with a desire to smoke. In humbler shops are to be found less expensive mouthpieces that have some imperceptible flaw, but which fulfil their purpose equally well and are just as sweet to the tongue. There are also imitations of amber in coloured Bohemian glass which are sold largely and which cost very little, but these imitation mouthpieces are used only by the Greeks and the Arnaouts of the lowest class. Of any Turk who respects himself may be spoken the line in "Namouna," slightly modified, —

"Happy *Turk!* He smokes *orta* in amber."

In the street running along the Golden Horn between the New and the Old Bridge are the marble yards where are cut the turban-topped posts that bristle, like white phantoms emerging from their tombs, in the numerous cemeteries of Constantinople. There is a

continual din of mallets and hammers; a cloud of brilliant, micaceous dust covers with unmelting snow the whole of the roadway; painters, surrounded by pots of green, red, and blue, colour the backgrounds on which are to be inscribed in gilded letters the name of the dead, accompanied by a verse of the Koran, or ornaments such as flowers, vine stems, and grapes, used more particularly, as emblematic of grace, gentleness, and fecundity, to adorn the tombs of women. There also are carved the marble basins of fountains intended to cool courts, apartments, and kiosks, or to serve in the frequent ablutions called for by the Mussulman law, which has raised cleanliness to the rank of a virtue, differing in this respect from Catholicism, in which dirt has been sanctified, so that for a long time in Spain people who bathed frequently were suspected of being heretics and considered Moors rather than Christians.

One thing that strikes the stranger in Constantinople is the absence of women from the shops. Mussulman jealousy does not allow of the relations which commerce involves, so it has carefully kept from business a sex in which it trusts very little. Many of the smaller household duties which are with us relegated to women are carried out in Turkey by athletic fellows

with mighty biceps, curly beards, and great bull necks, a practice that, rightly enough, appears ridiculous to us.

On the other hand, if women do not sell, they buy. They are to be seen standing in the shops in groups of two or three, followed by their negresses, who carry an open bag, and to whom they pass their purchases just as Judith passed the head of Holofernes to her black maid. Bargaining appears to delight Turkish women just as much as Europeans. It is as good a way as any to pass the time and to talk with a human being other than the master, and there are few women who will deny themselves that satisfaction, especially among those of the middle class; those of the upper have stuffs and goods brought to their homes.

BAZAARS

BY following the tortuous streets leading to the Yeni Valideh Djami and the mosque of Sultan Bayezid, the Egyptian, or Drug Bazaar, is reached; it is a great market traversed from end to end by a lane intended for the use of purchasers and dealers. A penetrating odor, composed of the aroma of innumerable exotic products, catches and intoxicates you as you enter. Here are exposed in heaps or in open bags henna, sandalwood, antimony, colouring powders, dates, cinnamon, gum Benjamin, pistachios, gray amber, mastic, ginger, nutmegs, opium, hashisch, guarded by cross-legged merchants in attitudes of indifference, who seem benumbed by the heaviness of the atmosphere saturated with perfumes. "These mountains of aromatic drugs," which recall the comparisons of Sir Hasirim, do not attract one long.

Continuing through the deafening hammering of coppersmiths and the sickening exhalations of eating-

houses that exhibit upon their stalls jars full of Turkish preparations — not very appetising to a Parisian stomach — you reach the Grand Bazaar, the outer aspect of which is in no wise imposing, with its high gray walls ornamented by low, wart-like leaden domes and a multitude of hovels and stalls occupied by mean industries.

The Grand Bazaar, to give it the name bestowed upon it by the Franks, covers a vast space of ground, and forms, as it were, a city within a city, with streets, lanes, passages, squares, crossings, and fountains; an inextricable maze in which it is difficult to find one's way even after several visits. The vast space is covered over, and light filters into it through the small cupolas I have just mentioned that dot the flat roof of the edifice. The light is soft, faint, and doubtful, favouring the dealer more than the purchaser. I do not wish to destroy the idea of Oriental magnificence suggested by the name Bezestin of Constantinople, but the Turkish Bazaar is like nothing more than the Temple at Paris, which it resembles also greatly in its arrangement.

I entered through an arcade devoid of architectural pretensions, and found myself in a lane devoted to per-

fumery. Here are sold essences of bergamot and jasmine, flagons of *atar gull* in cases of spangled velvet, rose water, cosmetics, seraglio pastilles marked with Turkish characters, sachets of musk, chaplets of jade, amber, cocoa, ivory, fruit-stones, rose or sandal wood, Persian mirrors framed in with delicate paintings, square combs with large teeth, — in a word, the whole arsenal of Turkish coquetry.

In front of the stalls are numerous groups of women, whose apple-green, rose-mauve, or sky-blue ferradjehs opaque and carefully drawn *yashmaks*, and yellow morocco boots, over which are worn galoshes of the same colour, mark them as thorough-paced Mussulmans. They often hold by the hand handsome children dressed in red or green jackets braided with gold, full Mameluke drawers of cerise, jonquil, or other bright-coloured taffeta, that shine like flowers in the cool, transparent shade. Negresses wrapped in white and blue checkered Cairo *habbarahs* stand behind them and complete the picturesque effect. Sometimes also a black eunuch, recognisable by his short body, his long legs, his beardless, fat, flaccid face sunk between his shoulders, watches with morose look the small company confided to his care, and waves, to make

room for them in the crowd, the *courbach* of hippopotamus leather which is the distinguishing mark of his authority. The dealer, leaning on his elbow, replies phlegmatically to the innumerable questions of the young women, who turn over his goods and upset his stall, asking all sorts of absurd questions, demanding to know the prices and objecting to them with little incredulous bursts of laughter.

Behind the stalls there are back shops, reached by two or three steps, where more precious goods are locked up in coffers or cupboards opened to genuine buyers only. There are to be found the beautiful striped scarfs of Tunis, Persian shawls, the embroidery on which is a perfect imitation of the palms of Cashmere, mirrors of mother-of-pearl, stools incrusted with open-work and intended to support trays of sherbets, reading-desks to hold the Koran, perfume burners in gold or silver filigree, in enamel and engraved copper, small hands of ivory or shell to scratch the back, narghileh bells in Khorassan steel, Chinese and Japanese cups, — in a word, all the curious bric-à-brac of the East.

The chief street in the Bazaar is surmounted with arcades in courses alternately black and white, and the

vaulting is covered with half-effaced arabesques in grisaille in the Turkish rococo taste, which is closer than might be supposed to the style of ornamentation in vogue under Louis XV. It ends in an open place in which rises an ornamented and painted fountain, the water of which is used for ablutions; for the Turks never forget their religious duties, and calmly break off in the middle of a bargain, leaving the purchaser waiting, to kneel upon their carpets, turn towards Mecca, and say their prayers with as much devotion as if they were under the dome of Saint Sophia or Sultan Achmet.

One of the shops most frequented by strangers is that of Lodovico, an Armenian merchant who speaks French and most patiently allows you to turn over his wares. Many a long stay I have made there, enjoying excellent Mocha coffee in small china cups placed in holders of silver filigree in the old Turkish fashion. Rembrandt would have found here the wherewithal to enrich his museum of antiquities: old weapons, old stuffs, quaint goldsmith-work, curious pottery, extraordinary utensils the use of which is unknown. On a little low table are spread out kandjars, yataghans, daggers with sheaths in repoussé silver, scabbards of

velvet, shagreen, Yemen leather, wood, brass, and handles of jade, agate, ivory, studded with garnets, turquoises, coral, long, narrow, broad, curved, waving; —of every shape, of every period, of every country, from the damask blade of the pacha, engraved with verses of the Koran, in letters of gold, to the coarse camel-driver's knife. How many Zebecs and Arnaouts, how many beys and effendis, how many omrahs and rajahs must have stripped their belts to form this precious and quaint arsenal, that would drive Decamps crazy with delight.

On the walls hang, below their helmets, with a scintillation of steel, Circassian coats of mail, gleaming bucklers of tortoise-shell, hippopotamus, or damascened steel, covered with copper bosses; Mongolian quivers, long guns with *niello* work, with incrustations, at once weapons and gems; maces absolutely like those of mediæval knights and which Turkish illustrations never fail to put in the hands of Persians as a distinguishing mark of ridicule.

In the cupboards Broussa silks shimmer like water in the moonlight under their silver overlay; Albanian slippers and tobacco pouches with light golden weft, coloured designs, and lozenges; chemises of fine, *crêpé*

silk with opaque and transparent stripes; neckerchiefs embroidered with spangles; Indian and Persian cashmeres, emir-green pelisses lined with zibelline sable; jackets with braiding more complicated than the arabesques of the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Alhambra; dolmans stiff with gold; brocades sparkling with dazzling gold embroidery; Cairo *machlas*, cut on the pattern of Byzantine dalmatics, — the whole of the fabulous luxury, the chimerical wealth of these countries of the sun, of which we get a glimpse like the mirage of a dream from the depths of our cold Europe.

Amid the chaplets of amber, ebony, coral, sandalwood, with the perfume boxes of enamelled gold, the writing-stands, the coffers and the precious mirrors, the paintings on which represent scenes drawn from the Mahabharata, the fans made of the feathers of peacocks or argus pheasants, the bowls of hookahs chased or inlaid with silver, — amid all these delightful Turkish things are met unexpectedly Sèvres and Dresden porcelains, Vincennes ware, Limoges enamels, which have come heaven knows whence.

Every street in the Bazaar is devoted to some special trade. Here are the dealers in slippers, sandals, and

boots. Most curious are these stalls covered with extravagant foot-gear, turned up at the ends like Chinese roofs, with low heels, of leather, morocco, velvet, brocade, piqué, spangled, braided, and adorned with tufts of down and of floss, and wholly unfitted to European feet. Some are curved and turned up at the ends like Venetian gondolas; others would drive Rhodope and Cinderella to despair by their dainty smallness, and look like jewel-cases rather than possible slippers. Yellow, red, and green disappear under gold and silver quilling. Children's shoes are worked into the most charmingly capricious shapes and ornaments. For street wear women put on the yellow morocco boots which I have already mentioned; for all these lovely marvels, intended for Indian mattings and Persian carpets, would soon stick in the mud of the streets of Constantinople.

Next are the dealers in caftans, *gandouras*, and dressing-gowns of Broussa silk. The costumes are not expensive, although the colours are charming and the tissues extremely soft. These dealers also sell Broussa stuffs, half silk and half thread, for the making of dresses, vests, and trousers in the European fashion, which are very cool, light, and pretty. This is a new industry, fostered by Abdul Medjid.

Then in a special lane come the gold-wire drawers, who manufacture the silver and golden threads with which are embroidered tobacco pouches, slippers, handkerchiefs, vests, dolmans, and jackets. Behind the glass of the show-cases sparkle on their bobbins the brilliant threads which by and by will turn into flowers, foliage, and arabesques. There also are manufactured the cords and the graceful bows so coquettishly complicated, which our people are unable to imitate. The Turks make them by hand, fastening the end of the thread to the toe of the bare foot.

There are jewellers whose gems are enclosed in coffers from which they never take their eyes, or in glass cases placed out of reach of thieves. These obscure shops, very like cobbler's stalls, are full of incredible riches. Vizapoor and Golconda diamonds brought by caravans; rubies of Giamschid, sapphires of Ormuz, — to say nothing of garnets, chrysoberyls, aquamarines, azerodrachs, agates, aventurine, lapis-lazuli, — are piled up in heaps; for the Turks make great use of gems not only for purposes of luxury, but also as a convenient way of carrying money. A diamond, easy to conceal and carry, represents a large sum in a small volume. From the Eastern point of view it is a

safe investment, although it brings in no interest. These gems are generally cut *en cabochon*, for the Orientals cut neither the diamond nor the ruby, either because they are not acquainted with diamond dust, or because they fear to diminish the number of carats by cutting away the angles of the stones. The setting is usually heavy and in Genoese or rococo taste. The delicate, elegant, pure art of the Arabs has left but scanty traces among the Turks. The jewellery consists chiefly of necklaces, earrings, ornaments for the head, stars, flowers, crescents, bracelets, anklets, sword and dagger hilts; but these are seen in all their splendour only in the depths of the harem, on the heads and bosoms of the odalisques, under the eye of the master curled up on a corner of the divan, and all this luxury, so far as the stranger is concerned, is as if it were not.

Although the splendour of the foregoing sentences, constellated with the names of gems, may have made you think of the treasure of Haroun al Raschild and Abul Kassim's cave, you are not to imagine anything dazzling, a mad play of light; for the Turks do not understand the art of showing off gems like Parisian jewellers, and the uncut diamonds, thrown in handfuls into small wooden cups, look like grains of glass. Yet

it would be easy to spend a million in these two-penny shops.

The Arms Bazaar may be considered as the very heart of Islam. None of the modern ideas have crossed its threshold. The Old Turkish party reigns there, gravely seated cross-legged, professing for the dogs of Christians a contempt as deep as in the days of Mohammed II. Time has stayed its steps for these worthy Osmanlis, who, perhaps rightly, regret the janissaries and former barbarities. Here are to be found the great swelling turbans, the fur-edged dolmans, the full Mameluke trousers, the high sashes, and the true classical costume such as it may be seen in the Elbicei Attica collection, in the tragedy of "Bajazet," and in the ceremony of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Here are to be seen faces as impassible as fate, serious, fixed glances, hooked noses over long white beards, brown cheeks tanned by the abuse of vapour baths, robust bodies worn by the voluptuousness of the harem and the ecstasies of opium, — the thorough-bred Turks, in a word, who are slowly disappearing, and who will soon have to be sought for in the very depths of Asia.

At noon the Arms Bazaar coolly closes, and the millionaire merchants withdraw to their kiosks on the

banks of the Bosphorus to watch with angry looks the passing steamboats, diabolical Frankish inventions. The riches contained in this bazaar are incalculable. Here are preserved the damascened blades engraved with Arabic letters with which Sultan Saladin cut down pillows thrown in the air in the presence of Richard Cœur de Lion, who sliced an anvil with his great two-handed sword, and which have as many notches on the back as they have cut off heads, — their bluish steel cuts through breastplates as if they were sheets of paper, their handles are caskets of gems, — old wheel-lock and linstock muskets, marvels of chasing and niello work; battle-axes which perhaps Timour, Ghenghis Khan and Scanderberg used to smash helmets and skulls, — in a word, the whole of the ferocious and picturesque arsenal of antique Islam. Here gleam, sparkle, and shine, under a sunbeam fallen from the high vaulting, saddle-cloths embroidered with silver and gold, studded with suns of gems, moons of diamonds, stars of sapphires; chamfers, bits, and stirrups in silver gilt; fairy-like caparisons which Oriental luxury bestows upon the noble steeds of Nedji, worthy descendants of the Dahis, the Rabras, the Naamahs, and other equine celebrities of the old Islam turf.

It is noteworthy, considering Moslem carelessness, that this bazaar is considered so precious that smoking is not permitted within its precincts. No more need be said, for the fatalist Turk would light his pipe upon a powder magazine.

By way of contrast to this splendour, let me tell you something about the Lice Bazaar. It is the morgue, the charnel house, the abattoir, where end all these glories after they have gone through the diverse phases of decadence. The caftan that shone on the shoulders of a vizier or a pacha ends its career on the back of a hammal or a calfat; the jacket that moulded the opulent charms of a Georgian beauty of the harem here envelopes, soiled and faded, the mummified frame of an old beggar-woman. It is an incredible mass of rags and tatters, in which, where there is not a hole, there is a stain. They hang flaccidly, lugubriously, from rusty nails, with that queer human look peculiar to clothes that have long been worn; they move as the vermin travel over them. Formerly plague nestled in the worn folds of these indescribable garments stained with sanies, and concealed itself there like a black spider in its web in some loathsome corner. The Rastro at Madrid, the Temple at Paris, the former

Alsatia of London, are nothing compared with this Tyburn of Eastern second-hand clothing known by the significant name I have given above. I hope I may be forgiven this itching description in favour of the gems, brocades, and vials of essences of the beginning. Besides, a traveller is like a doctor, he may say anything.

THE WHIRLING DERVISHES

UNLIKE other Mohammedans who forbid Giaours from witnessing the ceremonies of their worship, and drive them with insults from their mosques if they attempt to enter them at the hours of prayer, the Dervishes allow Europeans to enter their tekiehs, on the sole condition that they shall leave their shoes at the door and enter barefooted or in slippers. They sing their litanies and perform their evolutions without being in the slightest degree troubled by the presence of dogs of Christians. It even looks as if they were pleased to have spectators.

The tekieh at Pera is situated on a square covered with tombs, turban-topped marble posts, and edged with cypresses, a sort of annex to the Little Field of the Dead. The hall in which the religious waltzes of the whirlers are performed is at the back of the court. Its interior reminds one both of a dancing-hall and of a theatre. It has a perfectly smooth, carefully waxed floor surrounded by a circular balustrade breast-high.

Slender columns support a gallery of the same form, with seats for spectators, the Sultan's box, and the tribunes intended for women. This part, which is called the Seraglio, is protected against profane looks by a very close trellis like that seen at the windows of harems. The orchestra is opposite the *mirâhb*, which is adorned with tablets covered with verses of the Koran and cartouches of sultans and viziers who have been benefactors of the tekieh. The whole place is painted white and blue, and is exceedingly clean. It looks more like a class-room arranged for a dancing-master's pupils than the praying-place of a fanatical sect.

After a prolonged wait, the dervishes arrived slowly, two by two. The sheik of the community sat down cross-legged upon a carpet covered with gazelle-skins, in front of the mirâhb, between two acolytes. He was a little old man with a leaden complexion and a weary look, his skin all wrinkles, and his chin bristling with a scanty gray beard. His eyes, which flashed occasionally in his wan face out of great brown circles, alone imparted a look of life to his spectral appearance. The dervishes filed past him, bowing in the Oriental fashion with the marks of the deepest respect, as if he

were a sultan or a saint. It was at once a courtesy, a proof of obedience, and a religious evolution. The movements were slow, rhythmic, hieratic, and the rite having been accomplished, each dervish placed himself opposite the mirâhb.

The head-dress of these Mussulman monks consists of a cap of inch-thick brown or reddish felt, which is most like a flower-pot put on upside down. A white vest and jacket, a great plaited skirt of the same colour, like the Greek fustanella, and tight white trousers coming down to the ankle complete the costume, which has nothing monkish according to our view, but which does not lack a certain elegance. At first I could only get a glimpse of it, for the dervishes wore cloaks or surtouts, blue, purple, cinnamon, or other shade, not forming a part of their uniform, and which they throw off when about to begin whirling, and put on again when they fall breathless, dripping with perspiration, worn out by ecstasy and fatigue.

When they had chanted a good many verses of the Koran, wagged their heads sufficiently, and prostrated themselves enough, the dervishes rose, cast aside their mantles, and began to march in procession around the hall. Each couple passed in front of the sheik, who

was standing, and after having exchanged salutes, he blessed them, a sort of consecration performed with a singular etiquette. The dervish who has last been blessed takes another from the following couple and appears to present him to the *imam*, a ceremony which is repeated from group to group until all have passed.

A remarkable change had already taken place in the faces of the dervishes thus prepared for ecstasy. When they entered they looked gloomy, tired, somnolent, their heads bent under their heavy caps; now their faces lightened, their eyes shone, they drew themselves up, they seemed stronger, the heels of their bare feet smote the floor with nervous trepidation.

To the chanting of the Koran in a nasal, falsetto tone was now added the accompaniment of flutes and tarboukas. The tarboukas marked the time and played the bass; the flutes performed in unison a melody of a high tonality and of infinite sweetness. Motionless in the centre of the hall, the dervishes seemed to intoxicate themselves with the delicately barbaric and melodiously wild music, the original theme of which goes back perhaps to the earliest days of the world. Finally one of them opened his arms, stretched them out horizontally in the attitude of Christ on the cross; then began

to twist slowly, moving his bare feet noiselessly on the floor; his skirt, like a bird preparing to fly, began to lift and flutter, his speed became greater, the soft tissue, raised by the air, spread out in wheel-shape, then in bell-shape, like a whirlwind of whiteness of which the dervish was the centre. To the first was added a second, then a third, till the whole band had finally been drawn into the irresistible whirl.

They spun, arms extended, heads bent on shoulders, eyes half-closed, lips parted, like good swimmers who allow themselves to be carried away on the stream of ecstasy; their movements, regular and undulating, had extraordinary suppleness; neither effort nor fatigue was apparent. The most intrepid German waltzer would have fallen suffocated, but these men continued to spin on themselves as if carried on by their own impulse, just as a top that whirls motionless when it is going round fastest, and seems to sleep to the sound of its own snoring.

There was a score of them, perhaps more, pirouetting in the centre of their skirts outspread like the calyxes of gigantic Javanese flowers, and yet they never touched, never left the orbit of their whirl, never lost the time marked by the tarbouka. The imam walked

about among the groups, sometimes clapping his hands, either by way of indication to the orchestra to quicken or slow the rhythm, or to encourage the whirlers and applaud their pious zeal. His impassible appearance presented a strong contrast to the illuminated, convulsed faces. The cold, wan old man walked like a phantom among these frantic whirlers, as if doubt had struck his withered soul, or as if the intoxication of prayer and the vertigo of sacred incantations had long since ceased to affect him, like opium and haschisch eaters, who are proof against the effects of their drugs, and are obliged to increase the dose until they poison themselves.

The whirling stopped for a moment, the dervishes reformed in couples and two or three times marched in procession around the room. This evolution, performed slowly, gives them time to recover their breath and to recollect themselves. What I had hitherto seen was in a way the prelude of the symphony, the beginning of the poem, the introduction to the waltz.

The tarboukas rumbled a quicker step, the sound of the flutes became livelier, and the dervishes resumed their dance with increased activity. Sometimes a dervish stopped, his fustanella rose and fell for a few

moments, then, no longer supported by the whirling, slowly sank, and the unfolded stuff drooped and resumed its perpendicular folds like those of a Greek drapery of antiquity. Thereupon the whirler threw himself on his knees, his face to the ground, and a serving brother covered him with one of the mantles I have mentioned, just as a jockey throws a blanket over a thorough-bred at the end of his race. The imam approached the dervish, prostrate, sunk in absolute immobility, murmured a few sacramental words, and passed on to another. After a time all had fallen, broken down by ecstasy. Soon they rose again, marched two and two around the hall, and left it in the same order as they had entered.

Dazzled by the giddy spectacle, I went to the door to pick out my shoes from amid the collection of foot-gear, and until night I saw whirling outspread before me great white skirts, and heard in my ears the implacably suave theme of the little flute sounding above the drone of the tarboukas.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES

AFTER seeing the Whirling Dervishes at Pera, one must visit the Howling Dervishes at Scutari.

Their hall is not circular in shape, like that at Pera; it is a parallelogram devoid of architectural beauty. On the bare walls are hung some fifteen huge kettle-drums and a few placards inscribed with verses from the Koran. On the side of the mirâhb above the carpet on which the imam and his acolytes sit, the wall is decorated in a ferocious manner that makes one think of the chamber of a torturer or an inquisitor. There are darts ending in heart-shaped pieces of lead from which hang chains, sharp basting instruments, maces, pincers, nippers, and all kinds of weapons of troublous, barbaric forms, the use of which is incomprehensible but terrifying, and which make you shudder like the apparatus of a surgeon spread out preliminary to an operation. It is with these atrocious tools that the Howling Dervishes flagellate themselves when

they have attained to the highest degree of religious fury, and when cries no longer suffice to express their sacred, orgy-like delirium.

The imam was a tall, bony, dry old man, his face deeply marked and wrinkled. He had a very dignified and majestic look. By his side stood a handsome young fellow with a white turban bound with a cross-band of gold and dressed in an emir-green pelisse such as is worn by the descendants of the Prophet, and by hadjis who have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. His profile, clean, sad, and gentle, was more Arab than Turkish, and his complexion, of a uniform olive tone, seemed to confirm that origin.

Opposite were ranged the dervishes in the regulation attitude, repeating in unison a sort of litany intoned by a big man with the chest of a Hercules, a bull neck, brazen lungs, and a stentorian voice. At each verse they nodded their heads forward and back with the same motion as Chinese figures, a motion which ends by causing a sympathetic vertigo when it is watched for any time.

Sometimes one of the Mussulman spectators, fascinated by the irresistible oscillation, staggered out of his place, joined the dervishes, prostrated himself, and began to swing his head like a bear in a cage.

The song rose higher and higher, the nodding became faster, the faces began to turn livid and the breath to come short and quick; the coryphæus accented the sacred words with increased energy, and I awaited, full of anxiety and terror, the scene which was about to take place.

Some dervishes, wrought up to the proper point, had arisen and continued their leaps at the risk of smashing their heads against the walls and of straining the vertebræ of their necks in their furious noddings. Soon everybody was up. That is the moment when the kettledrums are usually taken down, but it was not done on this occasion, the men being excited enough; besides, on account of the Ramazan fast, it was desired not to work them up overmuch. The dervishes formed a chain, placing their hands on each others' shoulders, and began to justify their name by uttering from their chests a hoarse, prolonged howl, "*Allah hou!*" which seemed to be produced by anything but human voices.

The whole band, now moving together, stepped back a pace, then forward, with a simultaneous dash, and howled in a low, hoarse tone resembling the growling of a menagerie when lions, tigers, panthers, and

hyænas have come to the conclusion that it is past feeding-time.

Then inspiration gradually grew, eyes began to shine like those of wild beasts in a cave, epileptic foam showed at the corners of the lips, faces became decomposed, and shone livid under the perspiration. The whole file bent down and rose up under an invisible breath like ears of corn under a storm wind; and every time, with every rise, the terrible "*Allah hou!*" was repeated with increasing energy. I cannot understand how such howls, kept up for more than an hour, do not burst the framework of the chest and drive the blood from broken vessels. One of the dervishes was swinging his head, flagellated by long, black hair, and uttering from his skeleton breast roars like a tiger, or like a lion, or like the wounded wolf bleeding to death in the snow; cries full of rage and desire, hoarse utterances of unknown voluptuousness, and sometimes sighs of mortal sadness, protestations of the body broken under the grindstone of the soul.

Excited by the feverish ardour of this mad devotee, the whole company, calling up its last remnant of strength, threw itself back in a body and sprang forward like a line of drunken soldiers, and howled the last

"*Allah hou!*" without any relation to known sounds, but such as may have been the bellowing of a mammoth or a mastodon in the colossal reeds of antediluvian marshes. The floor trembled under the rhythmical tramping of the howling band, and the walls seemed ready to fall like the ramparts of Jericho at the sound of the horrible clamour.

The exaltation was now at its highest pitch, the howling went on without any break; a noisome odour like that of a menagerie was given out by the perspiring bodies. Through the dust raised by the feet of those madmen, grimaced convulsively, as through a reddish mist, convulsed, epileptic faces, illumined with white eyes and weird smiles.

The imam stood before the mirâhb, urging on the growing frenzy with gesture and voice. A young lad left the group and drew near the old man; and then I saw the purpose of the terrible irons suspended from the wall. Acolytes took from a nail an exceedingly sharp larding-iron and handed it to the imam, who drove it through both cheeks of the young devotee without the lad exhibiting the least sign of pain. The operation over, the penitent returned to his place and continued his frantic nodding. Horribly strange looked

the spitted head. It was like a practical joke in a pantomime, when Harlequin drives his bat through Pierrot's body; only, in this case the joke was no joke.

Two other fanatics sprang into the centre of the room, bare to the belt. They were handed a couple of the sharp darts ending in leaden hearts and iron chains; brandishing them in each hand, they began to perform a sort of disorderly, violent dagger dance, only with unexpected leaps and galvanic jumps; but instead of avoiding the points of the darts, they dashed furiously upon them in order to wound themselves. Soon they rolled to the ground, exhausted, breathless, covered with blood, sweat, and foam, like horses spurred to death and falling near the finish.

A pretty little girl of seven or eight years of age, as pale as Goethe's "Mignon," who rolled black eyes full of nostalgia, and who had stood near the door during the whole ceremony, walked alone towards the imam. The old man received her in a friendly and paternal manner. The little maid stretched herself out upon a sheepskin on the floor, and the imam, supported by two assistants, his feet in large slippers, stepped on to the small child and stood upon her for a few moments. Then he descended from his living pedestal, and the little girl

rose quite happy. Women brought children of three or four years of age, who were, one after another, laid upon the sheepskin and gently trampled under foot by the imam. Some stood it very well, others shrieked like jays plucked alive. I could see their eyes nearly starting from their heads and their poor little ribs bending under the pressure, which was frightful for them. Their mothers, their eyes brilliant with faith, took them up in their arms and appeased them with caresses. After the children came young fellows, grown men, soldiers, and even a general officer, who underwent the salutary imposition of the feet; for according to the ideas of Mussulmans, the pressure cures all diseases.

On leaving the tekieh, I saw the lad whose cheeks had been spitted by the imam. He had withdrawn the instrument of torture, and two small purple cicatrices, already closed, alone marked where the steel had passed through.

CONSTANTINOPLE

THE CEMETERY AT SCUTARI

I CANNOT understand why Turkish cemeteries do not make me feel sad like Christian cemeteries. A visit to Père-Lachaise makes me dismally melancholy for many days, but I have spent hours at a time in the cemeteries of Pera and Scutari without falling into aught else than a vague, sweet reverie. Is this indifference due to the beauty of the heavens, the brilliancy of the light and the romantic beauty of the site, or to religious prejudices, which act upon us unconsciously and make us despise the burial-places of infidels with whom we are to have nothing to do in the next world? I have not been able to make out the reason clearly, although I have often thought the matter over. Possibly it is due to purely plastic causes. Catholicism has shrouded death in a sombre poetry of terror unknown to paganism and Mohammedanism. It has covered its tombs with lugubrious, cadaverous forms intended to cause terror, while the urns of antiquity are surrounded with joyous *bassi-relievi*

on which graceful genii play amid leaves, and the Mussulman tombstones, diapered with azure and gold, seem, under the shadow of the beautiful trees, to be kiosks of eternal rest rather than the abodes of dead bodies.

Many a time I have traversed the Pera cemetery in the most weird moonlight, at the time when the white funeral columns rose in the shadows like the nuns of Saint Rosalie in the third act of "Robert le Diable," without my heart beating faster; a feat which I should perform in the Montmartre Cemetery only with ineffable horror, a cold sweat breaking out all over me, and nervous starts at the least sound, although I have confronted a hundred times in the course of my travels much more genuine subjects of terror. But in the East death is so familiarly mingled with life that one ceases to be afraid of it. The dead on top of whom one drinks coffee, with whom one smokes a chibouque, cannot possibly turn into spectres. So on leaving the menagerie of the Howling Dervishes, I accepted with pleasure, in order to drive the hideous spectacle from my mind, a proposal to walk over to the Scutari cemetery, the best situated, largest, and most populous in the East.

It consists of a vast cypress wood rising on a hilly slope, traversed by broad walks and bristling with funeral stones over an extent of more than three miles. It is impossible in our Northern countries, where we know cypresses as thin broomsticks only, to imagine the degree of beauty and development reached in warmer latitudes by this tree friendly to tombs, but which in the East awakens no melancholy thoughts and is used to adorn gardens as well as cemeteries.

As the cypress grows old, its trunk becomes divided into rough ribs like the corrugations of Gothic pillars in cathedrals; its worn bark turns a silvery gray, its branches spring out in unexpected fashion, and have curiously deformed elbows, yet without destroying the pyramidal outline and the vertical direction of the foliage, massed sometimes in thick clumps, sometimes in scattered tufts. The tortuous, bare roots grip the ground on the edge of the ridges like the talons of a vulture clutching a prey, and sometimes resemble serpents half disappearing within their holes. The solid, dark foliage does not lose its colour in the hot rays of the sun and is always vigorous enough to show sharply against the intense blue of the sky. There is no tree

at once so majestic, so grave, and so serious. Its apparent uniformity is varied by differences appreciated by the painter, though they in no wise break the general lines. The cypress harmonises admirably with the architecture of Italian villas and its black tops match wonderfully well the white columns of the minarets. Its brown draperies form, on the summits of the hills, a background against which stand out the painted wooden houses of the Turkish villas like shimmering vermilion spots.

Already in Spain, in the Generalife and the Alhambra I had fallen in love with cypresses; my stay at Constantinople merely increased this passion, while satisfying it. The silhouette of two cypresses especially is ineffaceably engraved in my memory, and I cannot hear the name of Granada without seeing them at once rise above the red walls of the ancient palace of the Moorish kings with whom I am certain they are contemporary. With what pleasure I used to perceive them, "black sheaves of foliage heavenward springing," when I returned from my excursions in the Alpujarras in company with Romero the eagle hunter or Lanza the cosario, riding a mule whose harness was covered with ornaments and bells. But let me return to the

cypresses of Scutari, which are worthy of posing to Marilhat, Decamps, and Jadin.

A cypress is planted by the side of each tomb. Every standing tree represents a corpse lying down; and in this soil saturated with human manure, vegetation is very active; every day new graves are dug, and the funeral forest quickly grows in height and extent. The Turks do not have the system of temporary leases of ground which makes the cemeteries of Paris resemble woods cut down at regular times; the economy of death is not so well understood by these worthy barbarians. The dead, poor or rich, once here, stretched out on his last couch, sleeps until the trumpets of the Last Judgment shall awaken him, and the hand of man at least does not disturb him.

By the side of the city of the living the necropolis extends infinitely, constantly recruited by peaceful inhabitants who will never emigrate. The inexhaustible quarries of Marmora furnish every one of these mute citizens with a marble post telling his name and his dwelling, and although a coffin takes very little room and the bodies lie very close to each other, the city of the dead is more extensive than the other. Millions of bodies have been laid there since the conquest

of Byzantium by Mohammed. If time, which destroys everything, even nothingness, did not throw down the tumuli stones and strike off their turbans, and if the dust of years, those invisible grave-diggers, did not slowly cover the débris of the broken tombs, a patient statistician might, by adding up the funeral columns, find out the number of inhabitants of Constantinople from 1453, the date of the fall of the Greek Empire. But for the intervention of nature, which everywhere tends to resume its primitive form, the Turkish Empire would soon be naught but a vast cemetery whence the dead would drive the living.

I first followed the main walk bordered by two vast curtains of sombre green most funereally effective. Marble cutters, quietly squatting down, were carving tombs on the roadside; arabas filled with women were going to Haïdar Pacha; Mussulman courtesans, their eyebrows joined by a line of Indian ink, their reddened cheeks showing through the thin muslin yashmak, were idling along, exciting Turkish Johnnies with lascivious glances and sonorous laughter. I soon quitted the beaten road and my companions to roam among the tombs and study the Oriental aspect of death. I have already stated, in speaking of the Little Field of the

Dead at Pera, that Turkish tombs consist of a sort of marble therm ending in a ball, vaguely recalling a human face, and covered with a turban the folds and form of which denote the rank of the dead. Nowadays the turban has been replaced by a coloured fez; stones adorned with a stalk of lotus, or a vine-stem with leaves and clusters of grapes carved in relief and painted denote women. At the foot of the stone, which varies only in being more or less richly gilded and coloured, usually stretches a slab having in the centre a small basin a few inches deep in which the friends of the dead place flowers and pour milk or perfumes.

There comes a time when the flowers fade and are not renewed; for there is no such thing as eternal grief, and life would be impossible without forgetfulness; rain water replaces the rose water; little birds come to drink the tears of heaven on the spot where fell the tears of the heart; the doves dip their wings in the marble bath, and dry themselves while cooing in the sun on the neighbouring stone, and the dead, deceived, thinks he hears the sigh of one faithful to him. Most fresh, most graceful is the winged life warbling on tombs. Sometimes a turbeh, with Moorish arcades, rises in monumental fashion among the hum-

bler sepultures, and serves as a sepulchral kiosk to a pacha surrounded by his family.

The Turks, who are grave, slow, and majestic in every action of life, never hurry save where death is concerned. The body, as soon as it has undergone the lustral ablutions, is borne to the grave at a run, laid so as to point to Mecca, and quickly covered with a few handfuls of earth. This is due to superstitious ideas. Mussulmans believe that the body suffers so long as it is not restored to the earth whence it has come. The imam questions the dead on the principal articles of faith of the Koran; its silence is taken for assent; the spectators answer "Amen," and the procession scatters, leaving the dead alone with eternity.

Then Monkir and Nekir, the two funeral angels whose turquoise eyes shine in their ebony faces, question him on his virtuous or wicked life, and in accordance with his answers assign the place which his soul is to occupy, either in Hades or Paradise. The Mussulman Hades is merely a Purgatory, for after having expiated his faults by more or less lengthened, more or less atrocious punishments, a true believer ends by enjoying the embraces of the houris and the ineffable sight of Allah.

At the head of the grave is left a sort of hole or conduit leading to the ear of the body, so that it may hear the groans, lamentations, and weepings of the family and friends. This opening, too often enlarged by dogs and jackals, is the window of the sepulchre, the wicket through which this world can look into the other.

Walking about at random, I reached an older portion of the cemetery, consequently one more abandoned. The funeral columns, almost all out of plumb, leaned to the left or the right. Many had fallen, as if weary of having remained standing so long, and considering it was useless to mark a grave long effaced and which no one remembered. The earth, which had sunk through the falling in of the coffins or by being washed away by the rains, preserved less carefully the secrets of the tomb. At almost every step I struck against a jaw-bone, a vertebra, a rib, or a thigh-bone. Through the short, scanty grass shone occasionally, white as ivory, spherical and oblong like an ostrich-egg, a singular protuberance. It was a skull just showing above the ground. In some of the fallen-in graves, pious hands had set in order similar bones that had been cast up; other fragments of skele-

tons rolled like pebbles on the edge of the deserted footpaths.

I was seized with a strange and horrible curiosity: I wanted to look through the holes of which I spoke just now, to surprise the mystery of the tomb, to see death in its own home. I bent over the window opened on nothingness, and easily perceived the human remains. I could see the yellow, livid, grimacing skull, with dislocated jaws and hollow orbits, the lean ribs filled with sand or black humus, on which carelessly rested the bone of the arm. The rest was lost in shadow and earth. The sleeper seemed very quiet, and far from being terrified, as I expected, I was reassured by the sight. It was really nothing more than phosphate of lime that lay there, and the soul having vanished, nature was little by little taking possession of its own elements to form new combinations.

Years ago I thought out "The Comedy of Death" in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, but I could not have written a single stanza of it in the Scutari cemetery. Under the shadow of these quiet cypresses a human skull did not seem to me in any wise different from a stone, and the peaceful fatalism of the East seized upon me in spite of my Christian terror of death

and my Catholic studies of the sepulchre. None of the dust that I questioned answered; everywhere silence, rest, forgetfulness, and the dreamless sleep in the bosom of Cybele, the holy mother. In vain I listened at every half-opened door; I heard no other noise than that of the worm spinning its web. None of the sleepers lying on their side had turned over, feeling uncomfortable, and I continued on my walk, stepping over the marble tombstones, walking over human débris, calm, serene, almost smiling, and thinking with no great dread of the day when the foot of the passer-by would strike sonorous upon my own empty skull.

Sunbeams, piercing the black pyramids of the cypresses, glittered like will-o'-the-wisps on the white tombs, the doves were cooing, and in the blue heavens the hawks were soaring. A few women, seated on a small carpet in company with a negress or a child, were dreaming in melancholy fashion or resting cradled by the mirage of tender remembrances. The air was delightfully balmy, and I felt life penetrating me at every pore amid this dark forest, the soil of which is made of dust that once was living men.

I had met my friends again, and we were now traversing an entirely modern portion of the cemetery.

There I saw recent tombs surrounded with railings and small flower-beds like those in Père-Lachaise, for death has also its fashions, and in this place were buried in the latest style well-to-do people only. For my part, I prefer the Marmora marble post with carved turban, and the lines of the Koran in gilded letters.

The road through the cemetery issues into a broad plain called Haïdar Pacha, a sort of drill-ground which stretches between Scutari and the vast neighbouring barracks of Kadikeuï. A revetment wall formed of old broken tombs, ran along either side of the road and formed a terrace three or four feet high which offered the gayest of spectacles. It looked like a vast bed of living flowers. Two or three rows of women squatting on mats or carpets, exhibited the varying colour of their ferradjes, — rose, sky-blue, apple-green, lilac, elegantly draped round their forms. In front of these groups the red jackets, the yellow trousers, and brocade vests of the children shimmered in a luminous maze of spangles and gold embroidery.

The ferradje and yashmak at first produce on the traveller the same effect as a domino at the Opera balls. At the outset you can make out nothing; you feel dazzled by these anonymous shadows which whirl

before you, apparently all alike; you can recognise no one. But soon the eye becomes accustomed to the uniformity, notes differences, observes forms under the satin which veils them. Some ill-concealed grace betrays youth, old age is marked by some senile symptom, a propitious or unpropitious breeze lifts up the lace of the mask, the face shows, and the black phantom becomes a woman.

It is the same way in the East. The ample merino drapery, which resembles a dressing-gown or a bath-robe, soon loses its mystery; the yashmak becomes unexpectedly transparent, and in spite of all the garments with which Mussulman jealousy clothes her, a Turkish woman, when you do not absolutely stare at her, soon becomes as visible as a French woman. The ferradje which conceals her form may also reveal it; the folds, purposely drawn tight, will exhibit what they ought to conceal; by opening it under pretext of rearranging it, a Turkish coquette — there are such — sometimes exhibits through the opening of her gold-embroidered, velvet jacket a superb bosom scarcely concealed by a gauze chemise, and marble breasts that owe nothing to the shams of the corset. Those among them who have pretty hands know very

well how to put out their slender fingers tinged with henna from the mantle in which they are wrapped; there are certain ways of making the muslin of the yashmak opaque or transparent by doubling it or using a single fold. This white mask, importunate at first, can be placed higher or lower, the space which separates it from the head-dress may be narrowed or broadened. Between these two white bands shine like black diamonds, like jet stars, the most wonderful eyes in the world, brightened by kohl, and concentrating in themselves the whole expression of the faintly seen face.

Walking slowly in the centre of the road, I was able to review at my leisure this gallery of Turkish beauties, just as I might have inspected a row of boxes at the Opera. My red fez, my buttoned frock-coat, my dark complexion and my beard enabled me to be easily confounded amid the crowd; I did not look too scandalously Parisian.

On the drive at Haïdar Pacha filed gravely by arabas, talikas, and even coupés and broughams filled with very richly dressed ladies, whose diamonds, scarcely deadened by the white mist of muslin, sparkled in the sunshine, like stars behind a light cloud. Khavasses on

horseback and on foot accompanied some of these carriages, in which odalisques of the imperial harem were idly whiling away the weary hours. Here and there groups of five or six women rested in the shade, guarded by a eunuch, close to the araba which had brought them, and seemed to be posing for a picture by Decamps or Diaz. The great gray oxen chewed the cud peacefully and shook, to drive away the flies, tufts of red wool suspended from the curved sticks planted in their yoke and tied to their tails by a string. With their grave looks and their frontlets studded with steel plates, these splendid animals looked like priests of Mithra or Zoroaster.

The vendors of snow water, sherbet, grapes, and cherries passed from one group to another offering their wares to the Greeks and Armenians, and contributed to the animation of the picture. There were also sellers of Smyrna *carpous* cut in slices, and of rosy watermelons. Horsemen riding handsome steeds performed fantasias at a distance from the carriages, no doubt in honour of some invisible beauty. The thorough-breds of Nedji, Hedjaz, and Kourdistan proudly shook their long, silky manes and shone in their housings studded with gems, feeling themselves

admired, and sometimes when a horseman had turned his back, a lovely head would show at the window of a talika.

The sun was setting, and I returned, thoughtful and a prey to vague desires, towards Scutari, where my caïdji was patiently waiting for me between a cup of muddy coffee and a chibouque of latakieh, as he had the right to do, being a Greek and a Christian, not subject to the rigours of Ramazan.

THE SULTAN AT THE MOSQUE

IT is customary for the Padisha to go in state every Friday to a mosque to pray in public. Friday, as every one knows, is to Mussulmans what Sunday is to Christians and Saturday to Jews, a day particularly devoted to religious practices, although it does not involve the idea of obligatory rest.

Every week the Commander of the Faithful visits a different mosque, Saint Sophia, Souleïman, Osmanieh, Sultan Bayezid, Yeni Valideh Djami, the Tulip Mosque, or any other, according to an itinerary settled upon and published beforehand. Besides the fact that prayer in a mosque is obligatory on that day in accordance with the precepts of the Koran, and that the Padisha, as head of the church, cannot avoid it, there is also a political reason for this official practice of piety. The object is to make the people see for themselves that the Sultan is alive; for the whole week he remains shut up within the mysterious solitudes of the Seraglio or the summer palaces scattered on the shores of the

Bosphorus. By traversing the town on horseback, plainly visible to all, he certifies to the people and the foreign ambassadors that he is alive; a precaution which is not needless, for it would be easy, for the sake of palace intrigues to conceal his natural or violent death. Even serious sickness does not interrupt the performance, for Mohammed I, son of Mustapha, died between the two gates of the Seraglio on returning from one of these Friday excursions on which he had gone although he could scarcely keep in his saddle and had to be rouged to conceal his pallor.

I learned by the dragoman of the hotel that the Sultan was to go from the palace of Tcheragan to Medjidieh, situated close by. Medjidieh is connected with the palace, the façade of which looks out upon the Bosphorus, and on that side consists simply of great walls topped by the chimneys of the kitchens. These chimneys are painted green, and are in the shape of columns. The mosque is quite modern, and its architecture, with Genoese rococo volutes and foliage, has nothing noticeable, although its dazzling whiteness makes it stand out well against the dark blue sky.

The door of the mosque was open, and I had a glimpse of the various pachas and high officers, wearing

the tarboush, their breasts blazing with gold, their shoulders set off by big epaulettes. They were performing, in spite of their obesity, the rather complicated pantomimes called for by Oriental prayer. They knelt and rose heavily, with apparently sincere faith, for philosophical ideas have progressed much less in Constantinople than people think. Even Turks brought up in Europe show themselves, on their return from London and Paris, none the less attached to the Koran. It needs but a slight scratching of their varnish of civilisation to come upon the faithful believer.

Black slaves and syces held horses or walked them round. These animals, covered with superb housings, had brought the sultan and his suite. They were very handsome, robust, and solid-looking, although without the muscular elegance of the Arab horse; but they are said to possess remarkable endurance. The light desert steeds would break down under the weight of the heavy Turkish horsemen, who are most of them excessively stout, especially when they have attained to high rank. These horses are all of a particular Barbary breed. The sultan's was easily known by the gems that starred the schabrach, and by the imperial cipher, embroidered in a complicated arabesque at every

corner of the velvet, which almost disappeared under the ornamentation.

Files of soldiers were drawn up along the walls, awaiting the coming out of His Highness. They wore the red tarboush, and their uniform, not unlike the undress uniform of our troops of the line, consisted of a round jacket of blue cloth and trousers of coarse white linen. This costume contrasts curiously with the characteristic, tanned faces, that a Janissary's turban would become a great deal better.

On the floor of the mosque was stretched a rather narrow band of black cashmere for the Sultan to walk upon. It led from the gate over the steps to a marble horse-block, like those seen at the entrances of palaces and near the landing-places of caïques. I think, though I am not certain, that this black carpet is specially reserved for the Sultan as Grand Khan of Tartary.

Genuflections, prostrations, and psalm-singing went on within the sanctuary, and the noonday sun, shortening the shadows, made the paving-stones on the square shine again, while the white walls reflected the blinding light, which was the more unpleasant for the three or four ladies who happened to be there because etiquette forbids opening a parasol in the presence of the Sultan

or even in front of the palaces in which he dwells. In the East the parasol has always been the emblem of supreme power; the master is in the shade, while the slaves roast in the sun.

On this point, as on many others, etiquette has been relaxed, and one would not run any risk nowadays by breaking the rule, but well-bred strangers always conform to it. What is the good of shocking the habits of the country one visits, — habits which are due to some good reason and often are not more ridiculous than our own?

Some commotion was now visible within the mosque; the officers put on their boots at the door, the syces brought the Sultan's horse to the horse-block, and soon, between two files of viziers, pachas, and beys, bowing to him in Oriental fashion, a bow which I greatly prefer for its respectful grace to the European bow, appeared His Highness, Sultan Abul Medjid, standing out in the light against the dark background of the door, the frame of which formed a setting for him. His dress, which was very simple, consisted of a sort of sack coat of dark blue cloth, trousers of white silk, patent-leather boots, and a fez to which the imperial aigrette of heron's plumes was fixed by

a clasp of huge diamonds. Through the opening of his coat showed gold embroidery. I greatly regret, for my part, the former Oriental magnificence. I looked for sultans as impassible as idols in reliquaries of gems, something like peacocks of power, blooming amid an aureole of suns. In despotic countries the sovereign cannot segregate himself too much from humanity by imposing, solemn, and hieratic forms, by a dazzling, chimerical, and fabulous display of luxury. As God to Moses, he ought to appear to his people only in a burning bush of blazing diamonds.

However, in spite of the austere simplicity of his dress, Abdul Medjid's rank was plain to every one. Utter satiety was visible on his pale face; the assurance of irresistible power gave to his features, not very regular, a marmorean tranquillity; his fixed, motionless eyes, piercing, and lacklustre, seeing everything and looking at nothing, did not resemble the eyes of men. A short, somewhat thin brown beard fringed the sad, imperious, and gentle face.

With a few paces taken extremely slowly and rather gliding than walking, the steps of a god or a phantom that does not progress like a man, Abdul Medjid crossed the steps separating the gate of the mosque from the

stirrup-block, walking along the band of black stuff on which no one but he set foot, and rather let himself slide than got on to the saddle of his horse, which was as motionless as if carved out of stone. The stout officers hoisted themselves up with greater difficulty on top of their respective saddles, and the procession started to return to the palace amid cries of "Long live the Sultan!" uttered in Turkish by the soldiers with genuine enthusiasm.

During the defile, the band played a march arranged on Turkish motives by the brother of Donizetti, who is band-master to the Sultan, and with enough kettle-drums and dervishes' flutes to satisfy Mohammedan ears, without, however, shocking Catholic ones. The march has a good deal of dash, and is rather characteristic.

Then every one entered the palace, through the open gate of which I could see the great modern court. The doors were closed, and no one was left in the street but a few sight-seers scattering in different directions, Bulgarian peasants with coarse blouses and fur caps, and old mummified beggar-women squatting in their rags along the burning hot walls.

The noonday silence fell upon the mysterious

palace which, behind its trellised windows, contains so much weariness and languor. I could not help thinking of all the treasures of loveliness lost to human gaze, of all the marvellous beauties of Greece, Circassia, Georgia, India, and Africa that vanish without having been reproduced by marble or on canvas, without art having made them immortal and bequeathed them to the loving admiration of centuries; of the Venuses who will never have a Praxiteles, of the Violantes deprived of a Titian, of the Fornarinas whom no Raphael will see.

CONSTANTINOPLE

WOMEN

THE first question asked of any traveller who returns from the East is, "What about the women?" However much it may hurt my self-love, I must humbly confess that I have nothing to say in the way of love affairs, and I am forced to my great regret to omit from my story any account of amourous and romantic adventures. And yet it would have been so pleasant to vary my tale of cemeteries, tekiehs, mosques, palaces, and kiosks; for nothing better sets off an account of a voyage to the East than an old woman who, at the corner of a deserted lane, signs to you to follow and introduces you by a secret door into an apartment adorned with all the splendour of Asiatic luxury, where you find awaiting you, seated upon brocaded carpets, a sultana covered with gold and gems.

It is true that Turkish women go out freely, repair to the Sweet Waters of Asia and Europe, drive at Haïdar Pacha, on Sultan Bayezid Square, sit on the

mounds in the cemeteries at Pera and Scutari, spend whole days bathing and visiting their friends, go to the play at Kadikeuï, watch the tricks of the jugglers at Psammathia, chat under the arcades of the mosques, stop at the shops in the Bezestan, travel on the Bosphorus in caïques or steamboats; but they have always with them two or three companions, either a negress or an old woman as a duenna, and if they are rich, a eunuch, who is often jealous on his own account; when they are alone, which sometimes happens, a child serves to maintain respect for them; and if they have no child, public custom watches over and protects them, perhaps even more than they desire. The freedom which they enjoy is but apparent.

Strangers have believed they have had love adventures because they have mistaken Armenian for Turkish women, both wearing the same costume save the yellow boots, and the Armenians imitating Turkish manners sufficiently well to deceive a stranger; but in reality Turkish life is hermetically closed, and it is very difficult to know what goes on behind the closely trellised windows in which are cut small holes as in the drop curtain of a theatre, to enable those behind to look out.

Nor is it any use to ask for information from the natives themselves. As Alfred de Musset says at the beginning of "Namouna," —

"The deepest silence in this story reigns."

To speak to a Turk of his wife is the worst of manners; not the faintest allusion must ever be made to the delicate subject. The French minister's wife, desiring to give Reschid Pacha some beautiful Lyons silks for his harem, said to him as she handed them over: "Here are stuffs which you will know best how to use." If she had expressed more clearly the intention of her gift, it would have been a rudeness, even to Reschid, accustomed to French manners, and the exquisite tact of the marchioness made her choose a graciously vague form which could in no wise wound Oriental susceptibilities.

It will easily be understood, when these are the ways of the people, that it would be a great mistake to ask of a Turk information concerning the inner life of the harem and the character and manners of Mussulman women. Even if one has known him familiarly in Paris, even if he has drunk two hundred cups of coffee and smoked as many pipes on the same divan as yourself, he will merely give an evasive answer, get

very angry, and avoid you thereafter. Civilisation, in this respect, has not made the smallest progress. The only way to learn anything is to ask some European lady who has been well recommended and who is received in a harem, to tell you exactly what she has seen. A man must give up all hope of knowing anything more of Turkish beauty than the domino shows or the glimpse he may have caught of it under the awning of an araba, behind the windows of a telika, or under the shade of the cypresses in a cemetery, when heat and solitude suggest that the veil may be slightly drawn aside. Even then, if one draws too near and there happens to be a Turk in the neighbourhood, one is exposed to receive compliments of this sort: "Dog of a Christian! Giaour! May the birds of heaven soil your chin! May the plague dwell in your home! May your wife be barren!" a Biblical and Mussulman curse most seriously spoken. And yet the anger is feigned rather than real, and is principally intended for the gallery. A woman, even a Turkish woman, is never sorry to be looked at, and to keep her beauty secret always annoys her somewhat.

At the Sweet Waters of Asia, by remaining motionless against a tree or leaning against the fountain like

one slumbering and dreaming, I managed to catch a glimpse of more than one lovely profile scarcely concealed by the finest of gauze, of more than one pure bosom white as Parian marble, swelling under the folds of a half-opened ferradje, while the eunuch, reassured by my careless, idle look, was walking about at some distance, or watching the steamers on the Bosphorus.

For the matter of that, the Turks are no better off than the giaours. Even in the houses of their most intimate friends, they never get beyond the *selamlik*, and they are acquainted with their own wives only. When one harem pays a visit to another, the slippers of the visitors placed on the threshold forbid entrance even to the master of the house, who is thus turned out of his own place. An immense feminine population, anonymous and unknown, transformed into a perpetual masked ball, moves in the mysterious city, but the dominoes have not the right to unmask. Fathers and brothers alone have the right to see uncovered the faces of their daughters and sisters, which are veiled in the presence of less close relatives; so a Turk very likely has not seen in the course of his life more than five or six faces of Mussulman women.

Large harems are owned by viziers, pachas, beys, and other wealthy persons only, every woman who becomes a mother having the right to a separate household and slaves of her own. Most Turks are satisfied with one legitimate wife, although they may have as many as four, and also one or two purchased concubines. The remaining members of the sex are to them as phantoms or chimeras. It is true that they can make up for it by looking at the Greek and Armenian women, the Jewesses, the ladies of Pera and the few lady tourists who visit Constantinople.

Let me give a description of a Turkish interior taken down from the account of a lady invited to dinner by the wife of an ex-pacha of Kurdistan. This lady had been in the seraglio before she married the pacha. When they have attained the age of thirty, the Sultan gives their freedom to a number of his slaves, who usually marry very well on account of the relations which they maintain with the palace, and the influence which they are supposed to exert. Besides, they have been very well brought up: they can read, write, rime verses, dance, play on various instruments, and they have the high-bred manners acquired at court. They also possess in a very high degree a knowledge

of intrigues and cabals, and often, through their friends who remain in the harem, learn political secrets, which their husbands turn to account either to obtain a favour, or to avoid being disgraced. To marry a lady of the seraglio is therefore a very wise step on the part of an ambitious or a prudent man.

The room in which the pacha's wife received her guest was elegant and rich, contrasting with the severe nudity of the selamlik. The three outer walls were filled with windows to admit as much air and light as possible. A hothouse gives an accurate idea of these rooms, themselves intended for the keeping of precious flowers. A magnificent, soft Smyrna carpet covered the floor; the walls were decorated with painted and gilded arabesques and knots; a long blue and yellow satin divan ran down two sides of the room; another small and very low divan was placed between two windows from which there was a view of the splendid panorama of the Bosphorus. Squares of blue damask were thrown here and there on the carpet.

In a corner sparkled a great emerald-coloured Bohemian glass ewer with gold ornaments, placed upon a tray of the same material; in the other corner was a

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The hostess was sumptuously dressed

coffer of goffered, ornamented, piqué and gilded leather in the most charming taste. Unfortunately this Oriental luxury was marred by a mahogany chest of drawers, on the marble top of which was placed a clock under a glass shade between two vases of artificial flowers, also under glass shades, exactly as on the mantelpiece of a worthy retired Paris tradesman. These discords, painful to an artist, are met with in every Turkish house with any pretensions to good taste. A room less richly ornamented and opening out of the first was used as a dining-room and led to the service staircase.

The hostess was sumptuously dressed, as all Turkish ladies are at home, especially when they expect a visit. Her black hair, divided into an infinite number of small tresses, fell down her cheeks and over her shoulders. On her head sparkled a sort of diamond helmet formed of the quadruple chains of a rivière of diamonds and of gems of purest water sewn upon a small, sky-blue satin cap, which disappeared almost wholly under the jewels. This splendid head-dress thoroughly became the noble and severe character of her beauty, her brilliant black eyes, her thin, aquiline nose, her red lips, her long oval face; she had the mien of a haughty and kindly lady of rank.

On her somewhat long neck was a necklace of large pearls, and through the opening in her silk chemise showed the upper part of lovely, well shaped breasts which had no support from stays, an instrument of torture unknown in the East. She wore a gown of dark garnet silk open in front like a man's pelisse, and on the sides from the knee down, with a train behind like a court dress. The gown was edged with a white ribbon puffed in rosettes at regular intervals. A Persian shawl fastened round her waist the full white taffeta drawers, the falling folds of which covered small slippers of yellow morocco, of which only the upturned tips could be seen.

She placed the stranger by her on the small divan with much grace, after having, however, offered her a chair to sit in European fashion if the Turkish seat should be inconvenient: and she examined her dress curiously without any marked affectation, as a well-bred person may do when she sees something new. Conversation between people who do not speak the same language and are reduced to pantomime could not be very varied. The Turkish lady asked the European if she had children, and gave her to understand that to her great grief she herself was deprived of that happiness.

When the hour for the repast came, they went into the next room, around which also were divans, and a polished brass table covered with meats was brought in. A favourite slave of the *khanoum* shared the meal by her mistress's side. She was a handsome maid of seventeen or eighteen years of age, robust, lovely, splendidly developed, but greatly inferior in breeding to the exodalisque of the seraglio. She had great black eyes, broad eyebrows, rich red lips, round cheeks, a somewhat rustic glow of health over her face, white, firm arms, large breasts, and a wealth of contours which her loose costume enabled one to perceive freely. She wore a small Greek cap from which her brown hair escaped in two heavy plaits, and was dressed in a jacket of a light pistachio yellow very light and soft in tone, which French dyers have never managed to reproduce. This vest, slashed on the sides and back so as to form basques, had short sleeves from which emerged silk gauze undersleeves. Great full drawers of muslin completed the costume, as simple as it was graceful.

A mulatto woman, the colour of new bronze, with a bit of white drapery twisted around her head, and wrapped carelessly in a white habbarah that brought

out splendidly the dark colour of her skin, stood barefooted by the door taking the dishes from the hands of two servants who brought them from the kitchen, situated on the lower floor.

After dinner the khanoum rose and passed into the drawing-room, where she went from one divan to another, gracefully nonchalant. Then she smoked a cigarette, instead of the traditional narghileh, for cigarettes are now the fashion in the East, and there are as many *papelitos* smoked in Constantinople as in Seville. The Turkish women love to fill up their leisure by rolling the golden latakieh in the thin paper. The master of the house came to pay a visit to his wife and the European lady, but on hearing him coming, the young slave fled in the greatest haste; belonging to the khanoum alone and already engaged, she could not appear with uncovered face before the ex-pacha of Kurdistan, who, for the matter of that, had but one wife, like many Turks.

After a few minutes the pacha withdrew to say his prayers in the next room, and the khanoum called her slave.

The hour of leave-taking had come. The stranger rose to go. The hostess signed to her to remain a

little longer, and whispered a few words to the young slave, who began to rummage in the drawers very energetically, until she found a small object enclosed in a case, which the pacha's wife handed to her visitor as a graceful remembrance of the pleasant evening spent together. The case, which was of lilac cardboard glazed with silver, contained a small crystal vial on which was the following label: "Extract for the handkerchief. Paris. Honey," and on the other side: "Double extract, guaranteed quality of honey. L. T. Piver, 103 Rue Saint-Martin, Paris."

CONSTANTINOPLE

THE BREAKING OF THE FAST

I HAVE several times mentioned the caïque, and one cannot well do otherwise when speaking of Constantinople; but I perceive that I have not described it, though it is worth doing so, for unquestionably the caïque is the most graceful craft that ever furrowed the blue waters of the sea. By its side the elegant Venetian gondola is but a rough box, and gondoliers are wretched louts compared with the caïdjis.

The caïque is a boat fifteen to twenty feet long by three feet beam, cut in the shape of a skate, and double-ended so that it can proceed in either direction. The rail is formed of two long planks carved on the inner side with a frieze of foliage, flowers, fruits, knots of ribbon, quivers, and other ornaments of the kind. Two or three planks, open-worked and forming braces, divide the boat and strengthen the sides against the pressure of the water. The prow is armed with a bronze beak. The craft is built of ash polished or varnished, relieved occasionally with a gold line, and is kept ex-

tremely clean and elegant. The caïdjis, who each pull a pair of sculls larger at the handle by way of counter-weight, sit upon small thwarts covered with a sheep-skin, to prevent slipping as they pull, and their feet rest against wooden stretchers. The passengers seat themselves on the bottom of the boat, at the stern, so as to bring the prow a little out of the water, which makes the boat travel very easily. The boatmen often grease the outside of the boat in order to prevent the water adhering to it. A more or less costly carpet is laid down in the stern sheets of the caïque, and it is necessary to preserve the most complete immobility, for the least abrupt movement would upset the craft, or at all events make the caïdjis hit their hands, for they row overhanded. The caïque is as sensitive as a pair of scales, and heels over if the equilibrium is disturbed even for a moment. The gravity of the Turks, who do not move any more than idols, is admirably suited to this constraint, painful at first to the more spirited giaours, though they soon acquire the habit of it.

A two-sculled caïque can hold four persons seated opposite to each other. In spite of the heat of the sun the boats have no awning, for it would cause windage and would be contrary to Turkish etiquette — awnings

being reserved for the sultan's caïques; but a parasol may be used, provided it be closed when passing near the imperial residences. These boats can keep up with a horse trotting on the bank, and often distance it.

Each boat has on the bow a plate with the name of the landing where it is stationed: Top Khaneh, the Galata, the Green Kiosk, Yeni Valideh Djami, Beschicktasch. The caïdjis, or rowers, are mostly superb Arnaouts or Anatolians, of great manly beauty and of herculean strength. Air and sunshine tanning their skin have given them the colour of the splendid bronze statues of which they already have the form. Their dress consists of full linen drawers, dazzlingly white, a striped gauze shirt with slit sleeves which leave the arms free, and a red fez with a blue or black tassel half a foot long, fitting close to their shaven temples. A woollen girdle, striped red and yellow, is twisted several times around their loins and sets off their busts. They wear a moustache only, in order not to be heated by useless hair. They are bare-legged and bare-footed, and their open shirt shows powerful pectoral muscles tanned to a rich colour. At every stroke their biceps swell and fall like cannon-balls on their athletic arms. The obligatory ablutions

keep these handsome bodies scrupulously clean, and they are made healthy by exercise, open air, and a sobriety unknown to Northern people. The caïdjis, in spite of their hard work, live as a rule on bread, cucumbers, maize, and fruit, drinking nothing but pure water and coffee; and those among them who profess the religion of the prophet will row from morning to evening without smoking or drinking a drop of water during the thirty days of the Ramazan fast. I think I do not exaggerate when I estimate at three or four thousand the number of caïdjis who serve at the different landings of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, as far as Therapia or Buyoukdereh. The situation of the town, separated from its suburbs by the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora, renders constant water travel necessary. You have constantly to take a caïque to go from Top Khaneh to Seraglio Point, from Beschicktasch to Scutari, from Psammathia to Kadikeuï, from Kassim Pacha to Phanar, and from one side to the other of the Golden Horn, if you happen to be too far from one of the three bridges of boats that cross the harbour.

It is most amusing, when you reach one of the landings, to see the caïdjis hasten up and fight for your

custom as formerly the stage-coach drivers used to do for travellers, swearing at each other with amazing volubility, and offering to take you at a reduced price. The tumult is increased occasionally by the barking of the frightened dogs which are trampled upon in the heat of the debate. At last, pushed, shoved, elbowed, dragged, you remain the prey of one or two gigantic fellows, who carry you off in triumph towards their boat through the growling groups of their disappointed brethren.

To board a caïque without making it turn bottom up is a rather delicate operation. A good old Turk with a white beard, his complexion burned by the sun, steadies the boat with a stick provided with a bent nail, and you give him a *para* for his services. It is not always easy to get clear of the flotilla crowding around each landing-place, and it takes the incomparable skill of the caïdjis to manage it without collisions and without accident. When landing, every caïque is turned around so as to bring it in stern first, and this manœuvre might involve dangerous collisions if the caïdjis had not, like the Venetian gondoliers, conventional cries of warning. When you land, you leave the price of the trip at the bottom of the boat on

the carpet, in piastres or *beschliks*, according to the trip and the price agreed upon.

The business of the Constantinople caïdjis would be very profitable, but for the competition of the steamboats which are now beginning to travel up and down the Bosphorus as they do on the Thames. From the Bridge of Galata, beyond which they cannot go, there start at every hour of the day numbers of Turkish, English, and Austrian steamers, the smoke of which mingles with the silvery mists of the Golden Horn, and which transport travellers by hundreds to Bebek, Arnaoutkeuï, Anadoli Hissar, Therapia, and Buyukdereh on the European shore; to Scutari, Kadikeuï and the Isles of the Princes on the Asiatic shore. Formerly these trips had to be made in caïques, and cost much time and money on account of their length, being also somewhat perilous because of the violent currents and the wind, which may at any moment freshen up as it blows from the Black Sea.

The caïdjis seek in vain to rival the speed of the steamers. Their muscles strive uselessly against the steel pistons. Soon they will have to be satisfied with the shorter intermediary trips, and the old retrograde Turks, who weep at the Elbicei Atika as they behold

the costumes of the vanished janissaries, alone will make use of them to repair to their summer houses through hatred of the diabolical inventions of the giaours.

There are also omnibus caïques, heavy craft carrying some thirty people and pulled by four or six rowers who at every stroke rise, ascend a wooden step and throw themselves back with all their weight to move the huge sweeps. These automatic motions, repeated constantly, produce the strangest effect. This economical and slow method of travelling is employed by soldiers, hammals, poor devils, Jews, and old women, and the steamship companies will put an end to it whenever they please, by providing third-class seats and reduced fares.

The patiently expected time of the breaking of the fast had now come. It is celebrated by public rejoicings. The Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, and the basin of the Sea of Marmora then present the liveliest and gayest of aspects. All the ships in port are dressed in many-coloured flags, their ensigns, hoisted chock-a-block, flying out in the wind. The swallow-tailed Turkish standard exhibits its three silvery crescents on a green shield placed on a red field; France unfolds its

tri-colour; Austria hoists its banner, red and white, bearing a shield; Russia its blue Saint Andrew's cross upon a white field; England her cross of Saint George; America her starry sky; Greece her blue cross with the black and white checker of Bavaria in the centre; Morocco its red pennant; Tripoli its half-moons upon the prophet's favourite green colour; Tunis its green, blue, and red, like a silken girdle; and the sun gleams and blazes brightly upon all these banners, the reflections of which lengthen and wind over the illuminated waters. Volleys of artillery salute the Sultan's caïque, which passes by splendid in gold and purple, pulled by thirty vigorous oarsmen, while the sailors on the yards cheer and the frightened albatrosses whirl about in the white smoke.

I take a caïque at Top Khaneh and have myself rowed from vessel to vessel, to examine the shape of the different ships, stopping by preference at those which have come from Trebizond, Moudania, Ismick, Lampsaki. With their lofty, galleried poops, their prows swelling like the breasts of swans, and their long antennæ, they cannot be very different from the vessels that composed the fleet of the Greeks in the days of the War of Troy. The American clippers, so much

talked about, are far from having the same elegance of form, and it would not take a great deal of imagination to fancy that the fair Achilles Peleades is seated on one of these high poops, floating on the sea into which flows the Simois.

As we roam around, my boat passes close by the rocky islet on which rises what the Franks call, no one knows why, Leander's Tower, and the Turks Kiss Koulessi, the Virgin's Tower. Needless to say, Leander has nothing whatever to do with this white tower, since it was the Hellespont and not the Bosphorus which he swam to visit Hero, the lovely priestess of Venus. The truth is that this tower, — or at least, a similar one, — built by Manuel Comnenus in the time of the Lower Empire, held the chain which, fastened to two other points on the European and the Asiatic shores, barred the entrance of the Golden Horn to hostile vessels coming from the Black Sea. If one cares to go farther back, it appears that Damalis, the wife of Chares, the general sent from Athens to help the inhabitants of Byzantium, then attacked by the fleet of Philip of Macedon, died at Chrysopolis and was buried on this islet under a monument surmounted by a heifer.

The day is devoted to prayers and to visits to the mosques; in the evening there is a general illumination. If the view of the harbor, with all the vessels dressed and the incessant motion of the boats, was a marvellous spectacle under a superb Oriental sun, what shall I say of the festival at night. It is now that I feel the powerlessness of pen and brush. A panorama alone could give, with its changing beauty, a faint idea of the magical effect of the light and shade. Salvos of artillery followed each other incessantly, for the Turks delight in burning powder. They burst out in every direction, deafening one with their joyous roar; the minarets of the mosques were lighted up like light-houses, the lines of the Koran blazed like letters of fire against the dark blue of the night; and the many-coloured, dense crowd, divided into human streams, poured down the sloping streets of Galata and Pera. Around the fountain at Top Khaneh sparkled like glow-worms thousands of lights, and the Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud sprang heavenward illumined by points of fire.

The boat took us into the harbour and on board of one of the Lloyd's steamers, whence we could see Constantinople. Top Khaneh, lighted by red and green

Bengal fires, flamed in an apotheosis atmosphere, torn from time to time by the flash of the guns, the crackling of the fireworks, the zigzags of serpents, the explosions of bombs. The Mahmoudieh mosque appeared, through the opal-coloured smoke, like one of the carbuncle edifices created by the imagination of the Arab story tellers to lodge the Queen of Peris. It was fairly dazzling. The vessels at anchor had outlined their masts, yards, and rails with lines of green, blue, red, and yellow lanterns, so that they resembled vessels of gems floating on an ocean of flame, so brilliantly were the waters of the Bosphorus lighted by the reflections of that conflagration of luminous flower-pots, suns, and illuminated ciphers. Seraglio Point stretched out like a promontory of topazes, above which rose, circled with bracelets of fire, the silvern staffs of Saint Sophia, Sultan Achmet, and Osmanieh. On the Asiatic shore Scutari cast myriads of luminous sparks, and the two banks of the Bosphorus formed, as far as the eye could reach, a river of spangles constantly stirred up by the oars of the caïques. Sometimes a distant vessel, hitherto unperceived, was lighted up with a purple and blue aureole and then vanished in the darkness like a dream. These pyrotechnic surprises had the

most charming effect. The steamers, adorned with coloured lamps, came and went, carrying bands, the music of which spread joyously abroad with the breeze. Over all, the sky, as if it also intended to celebrate the feast, was prodigally lavishing its casket of stars upon a vault of the darkest and richest lapis-lazuli, and all the blaze upon earth scarcely managed to cast a red reflection upon its edges. Here and there after a time the lights began to pale, there were breaks in the lines of fires, the guns were fired less frequently, huge banks of smoke the wind could not dissolve curled over the water like monstrous forms; the cold dew of night soaked the thickest clothing. I had to think of returning, an operation not unattended with difficulty and peril. My caïque was waiting for me at the foot of the gangway. I hailed my caïdjis and we were off.

The Bosphorus was filled with the most prodigious swarm imaginable of crafts of all kinds. In spite of warning cries, oars interlocked constantly, rail struck rail, sweeps had to be unshipped along the boats like insects' legs, to avoid being smashed. The sharp points of the prows swept within two inches of your face like javelins or the beaks of birds of prey. The reflection of the dying blaze casting its last gleams,

blinded the caïdjis and made them mistake their road. A boat going at full speed nearly ran us down, and we should surely have suffered that fate if the oarsmen, with incomparable skill, had not backed water with superhuman vigour. At last I arrived safe and sound, at Top Khaneh, through the glitter and sparkle of the waves, in a riot of boats and cries fit to drive one mad, and I returned, stepping carefully over camps of sleeping dogs, to the Hôtel de France on the Little Field by streets which were gradually becoming more and more deserted.

THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

I HAD resolved to make a grand round of the outer quarters of Constantinople, seldom visited by travellers, whose curiosity scarcely leads them beyond the Bezestan, the Atmeïdan, Sultan Bayezid's Square, the Old Seraglio, and the neighbourhood of Saint Sophia, in which are concentrated the whole movement of Mussulman life. I therefore started early, accompanied by a young Frenchman who has long inhabited Turkey.

We rapidly descended the Galata slope, traversed the Golden Horn on the bridge of boats, and leaving Yeni Valideh Djami on one side, plunged into a labyrinth of Turkish lanes. The farther we went, the greater was the solitude. The dogs, more savage, looked at us with fierce glances and followed us growling. The wooden houses, discoloured and tumble-down, with hanging trellises, out of plumb, looked like ruined hen-coops. A broken-down fountain filtered water

into a mouldy shell; a dismantled *turbeh* covered with brambles and asphodel, showed in the shadow, through its gratings covered with cobwebs, a few funeral stones leaning to right and left, the inscriptions of which were illegible. Elsewhere a chapel with its dome roughly plastered with lime and flanked by a minaret, resembling a candle with an extinguisher behind it. Above the long walls rose the black tops of the cypresses; clumps of sycamores and plane-trees hung over the street. There were no more mosques with marble columns and Moorish galleries, no more pacha's *konacks* painted in bright colours and projecting their graceful, aerial cabinets; but here and there great heaps of ashes amid which rose a few chimneys of blackened bricks remaining standing, — and over all the wretchedness and loneliness, the pure, white, implacable light of the East which brings out harshly every mean detail.

From lane to lane, from square to square, we reached a great mournful, ruinous khan, with high arches and long stone walls, intended to lodge caravans of camels. It was the hour of prayer, and on the top gallery of the minaret of the neighbouring mosque two phantom-like, white-robed muezzins were walking around calling out in their strange-toned voices the

sacramental formula of Islam to the mute, blind, deaf houses that were falling here in silence and solitude. The words of the Koran, that seemed to drop from heaven, modulated by the suavely guttural voices, awoke no other echo than the plaintive moan of a dog disturbed in his dream, and the beating of the wings of a frightened dove; nevertheless the muezzins continued on their impassible round, casting the name of Allah and his prophet to the four winds of heaven, like sowers who care not where falls the grain, knowing well that it will find its own furrow. Perhaps even under these worm-eaten roofs, within those hovels apparently abandoned, some of the faithful were spreading out their poor little worn carpets, turning towards Mecca, and repeating with deep faith, "*La Allah, il Allah!*" or "*Mohammed rasoul Allah!*"

A mounted negro passed from time to time; an old woman, leaning against the wall, held out from a heap of rags a monkey-claw, begging for alms, profiting by the unexpected opportunity; two or three street boys, apparently escaped from a water-colour by Decamps, tried to stuff pebbles into the spout of a dried fountain; a few lizards ran in perfect security over the stones, and that was all.

We were looking for something to eat, for if we had satisfied our eyes, our stomachs had received no food and every minute increased our sufferings. There were not to be found in this forlorn quarter any of those appetising eating houses where kabobs dusted with pepper spin around before a fire spitted on a perpendicular spit, none of the stalls upon which baklava is spread out in large bars which the confectioner's hand dusts with a light snow of sugar, none of the splendid places offering balls of rice enveloped in leaves, and jars in which slices of cucumber swim in oil, mixed with pieces of meat. All we could find to buy were white mulberries and black soap, which was pretty poor entertainment.

The quarter we next traversed had an entirely different aspect; it no longer was Turkish. The half-opened doors of the houses allowed the interiors to be seen; at the untrellised windows showed lovely female heads wearing rose or blue crépon, and crowned with great plaits of hair in the form of diadems. Young girls, seated on the threshold, looked freely into the street, and we could admire, without putting them to flight, their delicate, pure features, their great blue eyes and fair tresses. In front of the cafés men in white fustanellas, red caps, jackets with long braided sleeves

were swallowing glasses of *raki* and getting drunk like good Christians. We were in Psammathia, the quarter inhabited by rayots, non-Mussulman subjects of the Porte, who form a sort of Greek colony in the centre of the Turkish city. Animation had replaced silence; joy, sadness; we felt ourselves among a living race of beings.

We wished to proceed along the outer side of the old walls of Byzantium from the seashore to Edirneh Kapou, and even farther if we were not too tired. I do not believe there exists anywhere on earth a more austere and melancholy walk than this road which runs for more than three miles between ruins on the one hand and a cemetery upon the other. The ramparts, composed of two rows of walls flanked by square towers, have at their foot a broad moat now filled by gardens, and provided with a stone parapet, so that there were three lines to be crossed. These are the old walls of Constantinople, such as they have been left by assaults, time, and earthquakes. In their brick and stone courses are still to be seen the breaches made by catapults, balistas, and rams, and the gigantic culverin, the mastodon of artillery, served by seven hundred gunners, which threw marble balls weighing

six hundred pounds. Here and there a huge crack has split a tower from top to bottom, elsewhere a whole piece of wall has fallen within the moat; but where the stones fall, the wind brings dust and grains, a bush rises in place of the fallen battlements and becomes a tree, the innumerable roots of the parasitical plants keep together the falling bricks. The roots of the arbutus, after having acted as pincers to separate the joints of the stones, now turn into bolts to hold them in, and the wall continues uninterruptedly, showing its broken silhouette against the sky, spreading out its curtains draped with ivy and striped by time with rich, severe tones. Here and there rise the old gates, of Byzantine architecture with excrescences of Turkish masonry. They are still half recognisable. It is difficult to believe there is a living city behind these dead ramparts, which nevertheless conceal Constantinople. It is easy to fancy one's self near one of those cities of Arab tales, the population of which has been turned into stone by a spell. A few minarets alone rise above the vast line of ruins and testify that Islam has set its capital there. The conqueror of Constantine XIII, if he were to return to this world, could well repeat his melancholy Persian quotation: "The spider spins its

web in the palace of the emperors, and the owl sings its night song on the towers of Ephrasiab."

Four hundred years ago those red walls, now overgrown with the vegetation of ruins, slowly perishing in solitude, and overrun by lizards, saw crowding at their feet the hordes of Asia, driven on by the terrible Mohammed II. The corpses of Janissaries and Timariots rolled, covered with wounds, into the moat where now grow peaceful vegetables; cascades of blood flowed down their sides where now hang the filaments of the saxifrage and of wall-flowers. One of the most terrible of human struggles, the combat of a race against a race, of a religion against a religion, took place in this desert where now reigns the silence of death. As usual, lusty barbarism won the day over decrepit civilisation; and while the Greek priest was frying fish, unable to believe in an attack of Constantinople, the triumphant Mohammed II was riding his horse into Saint Sophia, and putting his bloody hand upon the wall of the sanctuary; the cross was falling from the top of the dome to be replaced by the crescent, and from under a heap of dead was drawn Emperor Constantine, covered with blood, mutilated, and recognisable only by the golden eagles that clasped his purple cothurns.

BALATA. THE PHANAR. A TURKISH BATH

NEAR the Andrinople Gate we alighted to drink a cup of coffee and smoke a chibouque in a café filled with a multicoloured throng of customers, and then continued on our way, still along the cemetery, which appeared to be endless. At last, however, we reached the end of the wall and re-entered the city, riding our tired horses carefully, as they stumbled against the marble turbans and broken tombstones that cover the slippery slopes. In this wise we reached a curious quarter, the appearance of which was very peculiar. The dwellings were more ruinous than ever, filthy and wretched, the sulky-looking, bleareyed, haggard façades were cracked, disjointed, dislocated, and rotting; the roofs looked scurfy and the walls leprous; the scales of the grayish wash came off like the pellicles of a skin disease. Some bleeding dogs, reduced to skeletons, a prey to vermin and bitten all over, were asleep in the black, fetid mud. Villain-

ous rags hung from the windows, behind which, by standing in our stirrups, we could get a glimpse of strange faces, sickly and livid, with complexions the colour of wax and lemon, heads covered with huge cushions of white linen, and stuck on little, thin, flat-chested bodies clothed in stuff shining like the cover of a wet umbrella; dull, colourless, wan eyes, showing in the yellow faces like bits of coal in an omelette, turned slowly upon us and then turned again to their work. Fearful phantoms passed along the hovels, their brows bound with black-spotted, white rags, as if a usurer had been wiping his pen on them all day, their bodies scarce concealed in loathsome garments. We were in Balata, the Jewish quarter, the Ghetto of Constantinople. We beheld the result of four centuries of oppression and insult; the dunghill under which that nationality, proscribed everywhere, conceals itself as do certain insects, to avoid its persecutors. It hopes to escape through the disgust which it inspires; it lives in dirt and assumes its colour. It is difficult to imagine anything more loathsome, more filthy, more purulent. Plica, scrofula, itch, and leprosy, all the Biblical impurities which it has never got rid of since the days of Moses, consume it without the people car-

ing, so thoroughly are they given up to money-making. They do not even pay attention to plague if they can make something by the clothing of the dead. In this hideous quarter crowd together Aaron and Isaac, Abraham and Jacob. These wretches, some of whom are millionaires, feed on fish-heads, cast away because they are considered poisonous. This repulsive food to which are due certain peculiar diseases, from which these people suffer, attracts them because it is exceedingly low in price.

Opposite, on the other side of the Golden Horn, on a bare, red, dusty slope, lies the cemetery in which are buried their unhealthy generations. The sun blazes down upon the shapeless tombstones, no blade of grass grows around them, no tree casts its shade upon them; the Turks would not grant that alleviation to the proscribed corpses, and took particular care to make the Jewish cemetery look like a gehenna. The Jews are scarcely permitted to engrave a few mysterious Hebraic characters upon the cubes that dot this desolate and accursed hill.

We at last left this ignoble quarter, and turned into the Phanar quarter, inhabited by Greeks of rank, a sort of West End by the side of a Court of Miracles.

The stone houses have a fine architectural look. Several of them have balconies supported by brackets carved in the shape of steps or volutes; some of the older recall the narrow façades of the small mansions of the Middle Ages, half fortresses, half dwellings. The walls are thick enough to stand a siege, the iron shutters are ball-proof, enormous gratings protect the windows, which are as narrow as those of barbicans; the cornices are often cut into the shape of battlements, and project like look-outs, a needless defensive display useful only against fire, for the powerless flames in vain seek to sweep through this stone quarter.

It is here that ancient Byzantium has taken refuge, that live in obscurity the descendants of the Komnenoi, the Duka, the Palaiologoi, princes without principalities, whose ancestors wore the purple and in whose veins flows imperial blood. Their slaves greet them as though they were kings, and they console each other for their decadence by these simulacra of respect. Great wealth is contained within these solid walls, very ornate internally, but very simple externally; for in the East wealth is timid and exhibits itself only when safe from prying eyes. The Phanariotes have long been famous for their diplomatic skill. Formerly

they directed all the international affairs of the Porte, but their credit seems to have greatly diminished since the Greek revolt.

At the end of the Phanar Quarter one enters again the streets that line the Golden Horn and where swarms a busy commercial population. At every step are met hammals bearing a burden hung between them from a pole, asses harnessed between two long planks, of which they each support one end, blocking traffic and breaking down whatever happens to be in their way when they are obliged to turn into a cross street. The poor brutes sometimes remain blocked against the walls of narrow lanes, unable to go forward or backward; soon there results an agglomeration of horses, foot-passengers, porters, women, children, dogs, grumbling, cursing, crying, and barking in every key, until the ass-driver pulls the animal by the tail and thus raises the blockade. The crowd disperses and calm is re-established, not, however, until a number of blows have been struck, the asses, the innocent cause of the trouble, naturally getting the greater part of them.

The ground rises like an amphitheatre from the sea to the ramparts along which we had just travelled, and

above the maze of roofs of the Turkish houses is seen here and there a fragment of crenellated wall, or the arch of an aqueduct, spurning the wretched modern buildings ready prepared for conflagration, and that a match would suffice to set on fire. How many Constantinoples have these old, blackened stones already seen falling in ashes at their feet! A Turkish house a hundred years old is rare in Stamboul.

The next day I was somewhat tired, and I resolved to take a Turkish bath, for there is nothing so restful; so I proceeded towards the Mahmoud Baths situated near the Bazaar. They are the finest and largest in Constantinople.

The tradition of the antique thermæ, lost with us, has been preserved in the East. Christianity, by preaching contempt of matter, has caused to be abandoned, little by little, the care of the perishable body, as smacking too much of paganism. I forget who was the Spanish monk that, some time after the conquest of Granada, preached against the use of the Moorish baths, and charged those who would not give them up with sensualism and heresy.

In the East, where personal cleanliness is a religious obligation, the baths have preserved all the refinement

of Greece and Rome. They are large buildings of fine architecture, with cupolas, domes, pillars of marble, alabaster, and coloured breccia, and are filled with an army of bathers and *tellacks*, recalling the scrubbers, rubbers, and anointers of Rome and Byzantium.

The customer first enters a great hall opening on the street, enclosed by a portière of tapestry. Near the door the bath-master is seated on the ground, between a box in which he puts the receipts, and a coffer in which are deposited the money, jewels, and other valuables deposited on entering, and for which he becomes answerable. Around the room, the temperature of which is about the same as that outside, run two galleries, one above the other, provided with camp-beds. In the centre of the constantly wet marble pavement a fountain throws up its jet of water, which splashes into a double basin. Around the basin are ranged pots of basil, mint, and other odoriferous plants, the perfume of which is particularly grateful to the Turks. Blue, white, and rose striped cloths are drying on cords, or hung from the ceiling like the flags and standards from the vaulting of Westminster and the Invalides. On the beds are smoking, drinking coffee or sherbet, or else sleeping covered up to the chin like babies, bathers

who are waiting until they have ceased to perspire, before they dress.

I was taken up into the second gallery by a narrow wooden stair, and was shown to a bed. When I stripped off my clothes, two attendants wrapped round my head a napkin in the shape of a turban, and clothed me from the loins to the ankles in a piece of stuff that wrinkled on my hips like the loin-cloth of Egyptian statues. At the foot of the stair I found a pair of wooden clogs into which I slipped my feet, and my attendants, supporting me under the arms, passed with me from the first room to the second, the temperature of which was higher. I was left in it for a few moments to accustom my lungs to the burning temperature of the third hall, which is as high as ninety-five to a hundred degrees.

These baths are different from our vapour baths. Under the marble flagging a fire is continually burning, and the water when poured out turns at once into a white steam, instead of coming from a boiler in strident jets. They are dry baths, as it were, and the very high temperature alone provokes perspiration.

Under a cupola fitted with thick panes of greenish glass through which filters faint daylight, seven or eight

slabs very much like tombs are arranged to receive the bodies of the bathers, who, stretched out like corpses upon a dissecting table, undergo the first process of a Turkish bath. The muscles are lightly pinched, or rubbed like soft paste, until a pearly sweat comes out like that formed around the ice-pails used for champagne. The result is very quickly attained. When through the open pores the perspiration ran down my softened limbs, I was made to sit up, slipped on the clogs in order to avoid touching the burning pavement with my bare feet, and was led to one of the niches around the rotunda. In each of these niches there was a basin of white marble fitted with taps of hot and cold water. The attendant made me sit down by the basin, drew on a camel's-hair glove, and rubbed down first my arms, then my legs, then my torso, so as to bring the blood to the skin, without, however, scratching or hurting me in the least in spite of the apparent rough handling. Then with a brass pail he drew from the basin hot water, and poured it over my body. When I had dried somewhat, he caught hold of me again and polished me with the palm of his bare hand, poured water over me again, rubbed me softly with long pieces of tow filled with foamy soap, parted

my hair and cleansed the skin of my head, an operation which is followed by another cataract of cold water to avoid the congestion which might be caused by the high temperature. These different ceremonies over, I was swathed in dry wraps, and taken back to my bed, where two young lads massaged me for the last time. I remained about an hour plunged in a dreamy reverie, drinking coffee and iced lemonade, and when I went out I was so light, so fresh, so supple, so thoroughly free from fatigue that it seemed to me "the angels of heaven were walking by my side."

CONSTANTINOPLE

THE BEÏRAM

RAMAZAN was over. Without desiring in the least to reflect upon the zeal of Mussulmans, it may be said that the ending of the fast is welcomed with general satisfaction, for in spite of the nightly carnival which accompanies the fast, it is none the less painful. At this time every Turk renews his wardrobe, and very pretty it is to see the streets diapered with new costumes in bright, gay colours, adorned with embroidery in all the brilliancy of newness, instead of being filled with picturesquely sordid rags more pleasant to look at in a picture by Decamps than in reality. Every Mussulman then puts on his gayest and richest clothes, — blue, rose, pistachio green, cinnamon, yellow, scarlet, bloom out on every hand; the muslin turbans are clean, the slippers free from mud and dust. The metropolis of Islam has made its toilet from top to toe. If a traveller coming by steamer should land at that time and go back the next day, he would carry away a very

different idea of Constantinople from what he would have after a prolonged stay. The city of the Turks would strike him as much more Turkish than it really is.

Through the streets walk, with flutes and drums, musicians who have serenaded, during Ramazan, the houses of the wealthy. When the noise they produce has lasted long enough to attract the attention of the dwellers in the house, a grating is opened, a hand issues and drops a shawl, a piece of stuff, a sash, or something similar, which is immediately hung at the end of a pole loaded with presents of the same kind. It is the bakshîsh intended to recompense the trouble taken by the players, usually dervish novices. They are Mussulman *pifferari*, paid at one time instead of getting every day a sou or a para.

The Beïram is a ceremony something like the Spanish kissing of hands, when all the great dignitaries of the Empire come to pay their court to the Padisha. Turkish magnificence then reveals itself in all its splendour, and it is one of the best opportunities for a stranger to study and admire the luxury usually concealed behind the mysterious walls of the Seraglio. It is not, however, easy to obtain admission to this func-

tion unless one is fictitiously included in the staff of some hospitable embassy. The Sardinian legation was kind enough to do me this favour, and at three o'clock in the morning one of its khavasses was smiting the door of my hostelry with the hilt of his sword. I was already up, dressed, and ready to follow him. I descended the stairs in haste, and we began to traverse the steep streets of Pera, waking hordes of sleeping dogs that looked up at the sound of our steps and weakly tried to bark by way of salve to their consciences. We met lines of loaded camels, shaving the walls of the houses and leaving scarce room to pass.

A rosy tint bathed the upper portion of the painted wooden houses that border the streets with their projecting stories and look-outs which no municipal regulations interfere with, while the lower portions were still plunged in a transparent, azure shadow. Most charming indeed is dawn as it plays upon these roofs, domes, and minarets, colouring them with tints fresher than I have seen anywhere else. They make one feel close to the land of the rising sun. The sky in Constantinople is not of a hard blue like Southern skies. It is very like that of Venice, but rather more luminous and vaporous. The sun, as it rises, draws aside cur-

tains of silvery gauze. It is only later that the atmosphere takes on an azure tint, and when you walk out at three in the morning, you thoroughly appreciate the local accuracy of the epithet *rododactulos* which Homer invariably bestows upon dawn.

We were to call for a number of persons on our way. Wonderful to relate, every one was ready, and having got our little troop together, we descended to the landing of Top Khaneh, where the embassy caïque awaited us. In spite of the early hour, the Golden Horn and the broad basin at its entrance were most animated. Every vessel was already dressed from stem to stern with many-coloured flags; an infinite number of gilded and painted boats furnished with magnificent carpets and propelled by vigorous oarsmen cut through the pearly, rosy waters; the flotilla bearing pachas, viziers, and beys arriving from their summer palaces on the banks of the Bosphorus, was proceeding towards Seraglio Point. The albatrosses and gulls, somewhat terrified by this premature tumult, soared above the boats, uttering little cries, and seemed to drive away with their wings the last remains of the mist, blown about by the breeze like swan's-down.

A great mob of caïques crowded around the landing of the Green Kiosk in front of the Seraglio quay, and we had considerable difficulty in reaching the shore, where syces were leading splendid horses waiting for their masters.

At last the Seraglio Gates were opened, and we traversed courts planted with cypresses, sycamores, and plane-trees of monstrous size, bordered by Chinese-looking kiosks, buildings with crenellated walls and projecting turrets, recalling faintly English feudal architecture, a mingling of garden, palace, and fortress; and we reached a court in the corner of which rises the old church of Saint Irenæus, now used as an arsenal, and containing a small, tumble-down house pierced with many windows, reserved for the ambassadors, and whence one can see the procession pass as from a box at the theatre.

The ceremony begins with a religious function. The Sultan, accompanied by the great dignitaries of the Empire, goes to pray at Saint Sophia, the metropolis of the mosques of Constantinople. It was then about six o'clock. Expectation wrought every one up to a high pitch of excitement; all bent forward to see if anything was appearing. Suddenly a mighty uproar

broke out. It was a Turkish march arranged by Donizetti's brother, who is band-master to the Sultan. The soldiers sprang to their arms and formed a double line. These troops, who were part of the Imperial Guard, wore white trousers and red jackets like English grenadiers in undress. The fez rather suited the uniform. The officers and the *mouschirs* bestrode the handsome horses the syces had been leading.

The Sultan, coming from his summer palace, was proceeding towards Saint Sophia. First came the grand vizier, the seraskier, the capitan-pacha and the various ministers, wearing straight frock coats of the reform, but so covered with gold braid that it really required a stretch of the imagination to recognise a European costume, even though the tarbousch had not made them look sufficiently Eastern. They were surrounded with staff officers, secretaries, and servants splendidly embroidered, and mounted like their masters upon fine horses. Next came the pachas, the beys of provinces, the aghas, the seliktars, and officers of the four Odas of the Selamlik, whose strange names would tell the reader nothing, but whose business it is, the one to take off the Sultan's boots, another to hold his stirrup, a third to hand him the napkin, etc., the

tzoudahar, or chief of pages, the icoglans, and a crowd of followers forming the Padisha's household.

Then came a detachment of the body-guard, whose uniform entirely fulfilled the idea of Eastern luxury. These guards, selected from among the handsomest men, wear orange-red velvet tunics richly braided and frogged with gold, white Broussa silk trousers, and a sort of red toque very like the headgear of our chief-justices, surmounted by a huge crest of peacock plumes two or three feet high, recalling the birds' wings on Fingal's helmet in the Ossianic compositions of painters in the times of the Empire. For offensive arms they have a curved sabre fastened to a belt covered with embroidery, and a great halberd, damascened and gilded, the blade of which is ferociously cut out like the old Asiatic weapons. Next came half a dozen superb horses, Arabs or Barbs, led by grooms, caparisoned with magnificent saddle-cloths embroidered with gold and constellated with gems, bearing the imperial cipher, the caligraphic complications and interlacings of which form an extremely elegant arabesque. The ornamentation was so close that the red, blue, or green of the stuff almost disappeared. Luxurious saddles replace in the East luxurious car-

riages, although many pachas have begun to import coupés from Vienna and Paris. The handsome animals seemed to be conscious of their beauty. The light fell in silky shimmers on their polished quarters, their manes flowed in brilliant tresses with every motion of their head, powerful muscles swelled on their steel-like legs. They had the gentle, proud air, the almost human glance, the elasticity of motion, the coquettish prancings, the aristocratic port of thoroughbred horses that explain the idolatry and passion of the Oriental for those superb creatures, the qualities of which are lauded in the Koran, which recommends their care in several places, so as to add religious sanction to this natural taste.

These animals preceded the Sultan, who was riding a splendid horse whose saddle-cloth sparkled with rubies, topazes, pearls, emeralds, and other gems, forming the flowers of the gold-embroidered foliage.

Behind the Sultan marched the Kislar Agassi and the Capou Agassi, the chiefs of the black and the white eunuchs; then a squat, obese, ferocious-looking dwarf dressed like a pacha, who occupies a post analogous to that of court jester at the courts of mediæval kings. This dwarf, whom Paolo Veronese

would have put into one of his great feasts, a parrot on his fist and wearing a particoloured surcoat, or else playing with a greyhound, had been hoisted, no doubt by way of contrast, upon the back of a big horse which he found it difficult to bestride with his bow legs. I believe this is the only dwarf of the kind now existing in Europe. The office of Cuillette, Triboulet, and l'Angeli has been maintained in Turkey only.

The eunuchs no longer wear the tall white cap which is their distinguishing mark in comic operas; their dress consists of a fez and frock coat, yet they have a peculiar look which makes them easily recognisable. The Kislar Agassi is hideous enough, with his sallow black face, wrinkled and glazed with grayish tones, but the Capou Agassi is uglier yet, his hideousness not being masked by a negro complexion. His pasty, unhealthy-looking fat face, seamed with many wrinkles and of an ugly livid white, in which wink two dead eyes under pendulous eyelids, and his drooping, ill-tempered lips make him look like an angry old woman. These two monsters are powerful personages; they enjoy the revenues of Mecca and Medina, they are enormously rich, and dispense weal or woe in the seraglio, although their influence has

been greatly diminished nowadays. It is they who govern despotically the swarms of houris whom no human glance ever profanes, and it will be readily understood that around them centre innumerable intrigues.

A squad of body-guards closed the procession. The brilliant train, — though less varied than formerly, when the fullest Asiatic luxury shone on the fantastic costumes of pashas, capidgi-pachas, bostangis, mabaindzes, janissaries, with their turbans, kalpaks, Circassian helmets, wheel-lock arquebuses, maces, bows and arrows, — disappeared through the arch of the passage leading from the Seraglio to Saint Sophia. Then, about an hour later, it returned and filed past in the opposite direction but in the same order.

During this time my companions and myself had perched ourselves upon a well, boarded over and forming a sort of tribune in a vast yard planted with great trees close to the kiosk at the door of which was to take place the ceremony of the kissing of the feet. Opposite to us rose a great building surmounted by a multitude of pillars painted yellow, the bases and capitals picked out in white. The pillars were chimneys and the great building was the kitchen, for every day

fifteen hundred people, according to the Turkish expression, eat the bread of the Grand Seignior.

While waiting for the return of the procession, let me describe the spot where takes place the kissing of the feet. It is a great kiosk, the roof of which, supported by pillars, projects like an awning around the building; the pillars, the bases and capitals of which are carved in the style of the Alhambra, support arcades and joists which bear up the eaves of the roof; these on their under part are curiously wrought into lozenges, compartments, and interlacings. The door, flanked by two niches, opens amid a mass of carvings, scrolls, fleurons, and arabesques, among which twist volutes and rocaille ornaments, no doubt added later, as is often the case with Turkish palaces. On the wall, on either side of the door, are painted two Chinese perspectives such as are seen in children's comedies, representing galleries, the checkered black and white pavement of which is prolonged indefinitely. These curious frescoes must have been the work of some Genoese journeyman glazier taken captive by the Moorish corsairs, and produce a singular effect on this gem of Mussulman architecture.

The Sultan, followed by a few high dignitaries, entered the kiosk, where he partook of a light collation while

the final preparations for the reception were being made. In front of the kiosk, between two pillars of the façade corresponding to the door, was stretched a carpet of black cashmere, on which was placed a throne, or rather, a divan in the shape of a sofa, covered with plates of gold and silver gilt in the Byzantine style. A footstool to match was placed in front of the throne, and the band drew up in a semicircle opposite the kiosk.

When Abdul Medjid reappeared, the band played, the troops shouted, "Long live the glorious Sultan!" and a wave of enthusiasm passed over the crowd. Every one was stirred, even the non-Mussulman spectators. Abdul Medjid stood for a few moments on the footstool. In his fez was an aigrette of heron's plumes clasped with diamonds the mark of supreme power. He wore a sort of frock coat of dark blue cloth fastened with a clasp of brilliants; under it sparkled the gold embroideries of his uniform; white satin trousers, varnished boots which reflected the light, and well-fitting, straw-coloured gloves. His dress, although simple, eclipsed all the splendours of the subordinate personages. Then he sat down and the prostrations began.

It is only the great dignitaries who have the right to kiss the foot of the Glorious Sultan. This particular favour is reserved for the vizier, the ministers, and a few privileged pachas. The vizier, starting from the corner of the kiosk corresponding to the right of the Sultan, traversed the semicircle along the line of body guards and bandsmen; then, having arrived opposite the throne, he advanced to the footstool after having made an Oriental salutation, and bending over the master's foot, he kissed the sacred boot as reverently as a fervent Catholic kisses the Pope's slipper. Having performed this ceremony, he withdrew backward and made room for another. Seven or eight of the chief personages of the empire followed, making the same bow, the same genuflection, the same prostration, and retiring backward. While this was going on, the Sultan's face remained impassive, his fixed eyes seemed to look without seeing, like the marble eyes of a statue; not a muscle moved, not a change came over his face, there was nothing to lead one to suppose he knew what was going on. Nor, indeed, could the splendid Padisha notice, considering the prodigious distance which separates him from mankind, the humble worms that crawled in the dust at his feet; and yet his indifferent

immobility was in no wise magniloquent or affected. It was the aristocratic and careless disdain of the great man receiving honours which are due to him without paying attention to them, the haughty somnolence of a god tired out by his devotees, who are only too glad that he condescends to remember them.

This procession of pachas led me to notice a curious thing, — the fearful stoutness of personages in high station. They were of absolutely monstrous proportions, like hippopotami, and found it very difficult to perform the task called for by etiquette. You cannot imagine the contortions these stout people, obliged to prostrate themselves to the ground and then to rise up, had to indulge in. Some who were broader than they were tall, and looked like globes one on top of the other, ran the risk of upsetting themselves and remaining prone at the master's feet.

Next to the pachas came the Sheik ul Islam, in white caftan and turban of the same colour, with a gold band across the forehead. The Sheik ul Islam is in a way the Mohammedan pope, a very powerful and venerated personage; therefore when, after having made the customary salutation, he prepared to prostrate himself like the others, Abdul Medjid emerged

from his marmorean calm and, satisfied with this mark of deference, raised him graciously.

The ulemas next passed by, but instead of kissing the Sultan's foot, they had to be satisfied with touching with their lips the edge of his frock-coat, not being great enough to merit the former favour. At this point a slight incident occurred. The former Scherif of Mecca, a little old, brown-faced man with a gray beard, who had been dismissed on account of his fanaticism, threw himself at the feet of the Sultan, who repelled him quickly and thus avoided his homage while he imperiously made a sign of refusal. Two tall young fellows, almost like mulattoes, so tanned were they, wearing long green pelisses and turbans with gold bands, and who appeared to be the sons of the old man, also endeavoured to cast themselves at the Sultan's feet, but they were not received any better, and the three of them were escorted out of the place.

After the ulemas came other officers, military or civil, of lower grade, who could not expect to kiss either the foot or the frock-coat. A pacha held out to them the gold fringe of one end of the Sultan's sash at the end of the divan. It was enough for them to touch something belonging to the master. They

arrived, one after the other, and going around the whole circle, put their hand to their heart and their brow, after having placed it almost on the ground, touched the scarf, and passed on. The dwarf, standing behind the throne, looked at them with a sarcastic air and the grimace of a wicked genie. During this time the band was playing selections from "Elisire d'Amore" and "Lucrezia Borgia," the guns were thundering in the distance, and the terrified pigeons on the mosque of Sultan Bayezid flew away in mad whirls and soared above the Seraglio gardens. When the last functionary had paid homage, the Sultan re-entered his kiosk amid frantic cheering, and I returned to Pera to a breakfast which I stood greatly in need of.

CONSTANTINOPLE

FIRES

IN a town such as Constantinople, built almost wholly of wood, and with the carelessness which is the consequence of Turkish fatalism, fires are considered as minor affairs. A house sixty years old is rare. Except the mosques and aqueducts, the walls, the fountains, a few Greek houses in the Phanar quarter, and a few Genoese buildings in Galata, everything is built of wood. The vanished centuries have left no trace, no witness standing on this site constantly swept by flames. The appearance of the city is entirely renewed every half-century, without, however, varying greatly. I do not speak of Pera, the Marseilles of the East, which on the site of every wooden house burned down immediately builds a solid stone edifice, and which will soon be a thoroughly European city.

At the top of the Seraskierat Tower, a prodigiously lofty white lighthouse which rises into the heavens not far from the domes and minarets of Sultan Bayezid, walks continually a sentry watching the immense

horizon unrolled at his feet for the puff of black smoke, for the flash of red flame springing from a roof. The moment the watchman perceives an incipient conflagration, he hangs from the top of the tower a basket in the daytime and a lantern at night, with a certain combination of signals that indicates the quarter of the city. A gong sounds, a lugubrious cry of "*Stamboul hiangin var!*" rises in sinister fashion through the streets, everybody becomes excited, and the water-carriers, who are also firemen, start off at a run in the direction indicated by the watchman. A similar watch is kept on the Tower of Galata, which, on the other side of the Golden Horn, stands almost opposite the Seraskierat Tower. The Sultan, the vizier and the pachas are bound to go in person to a fire. If the Sultan is withdrawn within his harem with some of his women, an odalisque dressed in red, wearing a scarlet turban, goes to the room, raises the portière, and remains standing silent and sinister. The apparition of the blazing phantom tells him that Constantinople is burning and that he has to perform his duty as a ruler.

I was one day seated on a tomb, busy scribbling some verses in the Little Field of the Dead at Pera,

when, through the cypresses, I saw rising a bluish smoke that turned yellow and then black, and through which flashed flames dulled by the brilliant light of the sun. I rose, sought an open spot, and perceived at the foot of the cemetery hill Kassim Pacha burning. Kassim Pacha is a pretty mean quarter inhabited by poor people, Jews and Armenians, and lies between the cemetery and the Arsenal. I went down the main street, bordered by stalls and hovels, the centre being a filthy gutter, a sort of open sewer spanned by culverts here and there. The fire was still confined to the neighbourhood of the mosque, the minaret of which was uncommonly like a candle with a tin extinguisher. I was afraid to see the minaret disappear in the flames, when a change of wind drove them in another direction, so that those who believed they were safe were suddenly threatened.

The street was full of negresses carrying mattresses rolled up, hammals bearing boxes, men saving their pipe-stems, frightened women dragging a child by one hand and carrying in the other a bundle of clothes, khavasses and soldiers armed with long poles and hooks, sakkas traversing the crowd, their pumps on their shoulders, horsemen galloping off in search of reinforcements

without the least thought of foot-passengers; everybody bumping, jostling, tumbling, with cries and insults in every language under the sun. The tumult could not have been worse. Meanwhile the flames were marching on, broadening the range of the damage. Fearing to be thrown down and trampled under foot, I made my way back to the Pera heights and climbing upon a Marmora marble stone, I gazed, in company with Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, at the painful sight at the foot of the hill.

The burning noonday beams fell vertically upon the roofs of brown tiles, or tarred planks of Kassim Pacha, one house after another blazing up like a rocket. First a small jet of white smoke would show through some crack, then a thin tongue of scarlet flame followed the white smoke, the house turned dark, the windows turned red, and in a few minutes the whole of the building fell in amid a cloud of smoke. Against the background of blazing vapour showed on the edges of the roofs, like black silhouettes, men pouring water on the boards to prevent their catching fire; others, with hooks and axes, were pulling down walls to contain the fire. Firemen, standing upon a cross-beam which had remained intact, were directing the nozzles of their

pumps against the flames. From afar these pipes, with their flexible leather hose and their bright brass work, looked like angry adders fighting fire-eating dragons and hurling silver bolts against them. Sometimes the dragon vomited from its black bowels a whirlwind of sparks to drive back the adder, but the latter returned to the charge, hissing and furious, hurling a lance of water that sparkled like diamonds. After alternations of diminution and increase, the fire died out for lack of material. There was nothing to be seen but smoking ruins.

The next day I visited the place. Two or three hundred houses had burned down. It was not much, if one takes into account the extreme combustibility of the material. The mosque, protected by its stone walls and cloister, had remained intact. On the site of the burned hovels rose the brick chimneys that had resisted the fire. Curious indeed were these reddish obelisks, isolated from the buildings which surrounded them the day before. They looked like huge skittles set up for the amusement of Typhon and Briareus.

Upon the still hot and smoking ruins of their vanished homes the former owners had built temporary shelters out of reed mattings, old carpets, and sailcloth,

supported on posts, and were smoking their pipes with the resignation of Oriental fatalists, horses were fastened to posts at the spot where had stood their stable; pieces of wall and ends of nailed plank re-constituted the harem. A cavadji was boiling his coffee on a stove, the only thing left in his stall, on the former site of which all his faithful clients were seated in the ashes. Farther on bakers were taking off with wooden saucers the outer layer of the heaps of corn, which alone had been damaged by the flames. Poor wretches were hunting under the still glowing embers for nails and bits of iron-work, the remains of their fortune, but did not appear particularly unhappy. I did not see at Kassim Pacha those despairing, mourning, wailing groups which a similar disaster would certainly collect in France upon the ruins of a village or of a quarter. In Constantinople it is quite an ordinary affair to see one's home burned down.

I followed close to the Golden Horn, as far as the Arsenal, the track of the fire. The fearful heat was further increased by the radiation from the calcined ground, still heated by the scarce extinguished flames. I walked over hot coals covered with perfidious ashes, through half-consumed débris, — boards, joints, beams,

broken divans, and coffers; sometimes over gray spots, sometimes over black, sometimes through red smoke, and amid the reflections of sunbeams hot enough to bake an egg. Then I returned through a picturesque lane along a brook full of old shoes and fragments of pottery, that afforded, with its two shaky bridges, pretty subjects for water-colour drawings.

I had seen a fire by day; all I needed now was to see one by night. Nor had I long to wait. One evening a crimson light which I cannot compare to anything better than the aurora borealis, flushed the heavens on the other side of the Golden Horn. I happened to be eating an ice on the promenade of the Little Field, and immediately hastened down to hire a caïque to cross over to the scene of the conflagration; when, as I was passing by the Galata Tower, one of my Constantinople friends who accompanied me bethought himself of ascending the tower, whence one can easily see the opposite shore of the harbour. A gratuity did away with the scruples of the keeper, and we started climbing in the darkness, feeling the wall with our hands, trying each step with our feet, up very steep stairs, the spiral of which was broken by landing-places and doors. We thus reached the lantern, and

walking over the copper roof, leaned upon the stone parapet that crowns the tower.

It was the oil and paint stores which were burning. These buildings are situated on the shore, and the water, reflecting the flames, produced the aspect of a double fire, in the midst of which the houses stood out like black silhouettes sharply cut out, and with luminous holes in them. Long lines of fire, broken by the rippling waves, spread out over the Golden Horn, which at that moment looked like a vast punch-bowl. The flames rose to a prodigious height, red, blue, yellow, and green, according to the materials which fed them. Sometimes a more vivid phosphorescence, a more incandescent blaze broke out in the general glow. Innumerable sparks flew into the air like the gold and silver rain of a firework shell, and in spite of the distance, we could clearly hear the crackling of the flames. Above the fire rolled vast masses of smoke, bluish on the one side and rosy on the other, like clouds at sunset. The Tower of the Seraskierat, Yeni Valideh Djami, Souleïman, the Mosque of Achmet, the Mosque of Selim, and higher up, on the crest of the hill, the arcades of the aqueduct of Valens glowed red. The ships and vessels in the harbour stood out black

against the scarlet background. Two or three crafts took fire, and for a time there was reason to fear a general conflagration of the fleet of vessels, but the flames were soon extinguished. In spite of the cold wind which froze us at this elevation — for my companion and myself were dressed rather lightly — we could not drag ourselves away from this disastrously magnificent spectacle, the beauty of which made us understand and almost excuse Nero watching the burning of Rome from his tower on the Palatine. It was a splendid blaze, a pyrotechnical display carried to the hundredth power, but with effects that pyrotechnics can never attain; and as we did not feel that we had lighted it, we were able to enjoy it like artists, while regretting the great destruction.

Two or three days later Pera took fire in its turn. The tekieh of the Whirling Dervishes was soon the prey of the flames, and then I saw a fine example of Oriental phlegm. The sheik of the dervishes was smoking his pipe on a carpet which was pulled away from time to time as the fire advanced. The little cemetery that extends in front of the tekieh was soon filled with all sorts of articles, utensils, furniture, and merchandise, from the threatened houses, everything being thrown

out of the windows for the sake of haste. The most grotesque objects were spread over the tombs in a fearful and comical mess. The population of that quarter — almost all Christians — did not exhibit the same resignation as Turks do under similar circumstances; all the women were crying or weeping, seated upon their heap of furniture; shouts and yells were heard on all sides; disorder and tumult were at their height. At last the firemen managed to check the fire, but from the tekieh to the foot of the hill nothing was left standing but chimney-stalks.

In the worst disasters there are always some comical incidents. I saw a man nearly burned alive while trying to save some stove-piping; and in another place a poor old man and a poor old woman who were mourning their son would not let the beloved body go; it was at last necessary to carry them away by force. That was the touching side. By way of picturesqueness, I noticed the cypresses in the garden of the dervishes, which dried up, turned yellow, and took fire like seven-branched candlesticks.

Three or four nights later, Pera took fire at the other end, near the Great Field of the Dead. A score of

wooden houses burned up like matches, sending up into the blue night-sky sheaves of sparks and burning coals, in spite of the water that was being poured upon them. The High Street of Pera had a most sinister aspect. The companies of firemen, their pumps on their shoulders, traversed it at top speed, upsetting everything and everybody on their way, which they are privileged to do, for their orders are not to turn aside for any one; mouschirs on horseback, followed by squads of grim servants running on foot behind them like the "Turkish Patrol" of Decamps, cast by the light of the torches strange shadows upon the walls; the dogs, trampled under foot, fled in pain, uttering plaintive howls; men and women passed by, bending under bundles; syces dragged frightened horses by the bridle. It was at once terrible and splendid. Fortunately a few stone houses stopped the progress of the fire.

That same week Psammathia, the Greek quarter of Constantinople, became a prey to the flames; twenty-five hundred houses were burned down. Then Scutari took fire in its turn. The heavens were constantly red in some corner or another, and the Tower of the Seraskierat kept its basket and its lantern going up and

down. It seemed as though the demon of fire were shaking his torch over the city. At last everything went out, and the disasters were forgotten with that happy carelessness without which mankind could not possibly go on existing.

CONSTANTINOPLE

SAINT SOPHIA AND THE MOSQUES

IT would be dangerous for a giaour to enter a mosque during Ramazan, even if provided with a firman and protected by khavasses. The preaching of the imams excites increased fervour and fanaticism among the faithful; the excitement of fasting heats empty heads, and the usual toleration due to the progress of civilisation is apt to be forgotten at such times; so I waited until after Ramazan to go on my round.

One usually begins with Saint Sophia, the most ancient, most important monument in Constantinople, which, before it was a mosque, was a Christian church dedicated, not to a female saint as might easily be supposed from its name, but to Divine Wisdom, *Agia Sophia*, personified by the Greeks, and according to them, mother of the three theological virtues.

Seen from the square which extends before Bab-i-Humayoun, — the Augustine Gate, — leaning against

the delicate carvings and the carved inscriptions of the fountain of Achmet III, Saint Sophia presents an incoherent mass of shapeless buildings. The original plan has disappeared under an aggregation of later erections, which have obliterated the general lines and prevent their being easily discerned. Between the counterforts which Amurat III built to support the walls shaken by earthquakes, have clung, like mushrooms in the crevices of an oak, tombs, schools, baths, shops, and stalls.

Above this riot of buildings rises, between four rather heavy minarets, the great dome, supported on walls the courses of which are alternately white and rose, and surrounded by a tiara of windows with trellised openwork. The minarets lack the elegant slenderness of Arab minarets, the dome swells heavily above the disorderly heap of hovels, and the traveller whose imagination had involuntarily been stirred by the magic name of Saint Sophia, which recalls the temple of Ephesus and the Temple of Solomon, experiences a disappointment that fortunately ceases once the interior is seen. It must be said for the Turks that most Christian monuments are just as abominably obstructed, and that many a famous and wonderful

cathedral has its sides covered with excrescences of plaster and boards, and its lace-work spires springing usually from a chaos of loathsome hovels.

To reach the door of the mosque, you follow a sort of lane, bordered by sycamores and turbehs, the painted and gilded stones of which shine faintly through the gratings, and you soon reach, after a few turns, a bronze gate, one of the leaves of which still preserves the imprint of the Greek cross. This lateral door gives access to a vestibule pierced with nine doors. You exchange your boots for slippers, which you must take care to have brought by your dragoman, — for to enter a mosque with boots on would be as great a breach of decency as to keep your hat on in a Catholic church, and it might have more serious consequences.

At the very first step I experienced a singular illusion. It seemed to me that I was in Venice, issuing from the Piazza into the nave of San Marco; only, the proportions had become immeasurably greater, and everything was of colossal dimensions. The pillars rose huge from the pavement covered with matting; the arches, the cupola swelled out like the sphere of heaven; the pendentives, in which the four sacred rivers pour out their mosaic waves, described giant

curves; the tribunes had broadened so as to contain a whole people. San Marco is Saint Sophia in miniature, a reduction of Justinian's basilica on the scale of one inch to the foot. This is not surprising, for Venice, which a narrow sea scarcely separates from Greece, was always familiar with the East, and its architects would naturally endeavour to reproduce the type of the church which had the reputation of being the finest and richest in Christendom. San Marco was begun about the tenth century, and the architect certainly had the opportunity of seeing Saint Sophia in all its integrity and splendour long before it was profaned by Mohammed II, an event which took place in 1453 only.

The present Saint Sophia was built upon the ashes of a temple dedicated to Divine Wisdom by Constantine the Great, and burned down during the rivalries between the Green and Blue factions. Antique as it is, it rests upon a greater antiquity still. Anthemius of Tralles and Isidore of Miletus drew the plans and superintended the building. In order to enrich the new church, the old pagan temples were stripped, and the Christian cupola was supported by the columns of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, still blackened by

the torch of Erostratus, and by the pillars of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, golden with the radiance of their star. From the ruins of Pergamos were brought two enormous urns of porphyry, the lustral waters of which changed into baptismal waters, and later into waters for ablutions. The walls were covered with mosaics of gold and precious stones, and when everything was completed, Justinian could truly exclaim with delight: "Glory be to God, Who considered me worthy to achieve so great a work! O Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

Although Islam, a foe to plastic art, has stripped Saint Sophia of a large portion of its ornaments, it is still a magnificent temple. The mosaics with gold backgrounds, representing biblical subjects, like those of San Marco, have disappeared under a layer of white-wash; the four giant cherubim of the pendentives alone have been preserved, and their six multi-coloured wings still shimmer upon the scintillating cubes of gilded crystal. But the heads which form the centre of the whirlwinds of feathers have been concealed under large gold roses; the reproduction of the human face being abhorrent to Mussulmans. At the very end of the sanctuary, under the vaulting, the lines of a colossal

figure which the layer of whitewash could not completely hide, are vaguely perceived. The figure is that of the patroness of the church, the image of Divine Wisdom, or more accurately, of Holy Wisdom, *Agia Sophia*, which under this semi-transparent veil witnesses with impassibility the ceremonies of a strange ritual.

The statues have been carried away. The altar, made of some unknown metal, formed, like Corinthian brass, of gold, silver, bronze, iron, and melted precious stones, has been replaced by a slab of red marble which points in the direction of Mecca. Above it hangs an old, very much worn carpet, a dusty rag which has for the Turks the merit of having been one of the four carpets on which Mahomet knelt to say his prayers. Huge green discs given by different sultans hang on the walls; they are inscribed with verses from the Koran or pious maxims written in huge gold letters. A porphyry cartouche contains the names of Allah, Mahomet, and the first four caliphs, Abu Bekr, Omar, Osman, and Ali. The pulpit (*nimbar*) in which the khedib stands to recite the Koran, is placed against one of the pillars supporting the apse. It is reached by very steep steps with two open-work balustrades as

carefully wrought as the finest lace. The khedib ascends these steps, the Book of the Law in the one hand and a sword in the other, as in a conquered mosque.

Cords, from which hang tufts of silk and ostrich-eggs, descend from the vaulting to about ten or twelve feet above the ground. They support hoops of iron wire furnished with lamps, and form chandeliers. X-shaped desks, like those used to hold collections of engravings, are placed here and there, and bear manuscript copies of the Koran. Several of these desks are adorned with elegant niello work in mother-of-pearl and copper. Reed mattings in summer and carpets in winter are placed on the pavement, formed of marble slabs, the veins of which, skilfully brought together, seem to flow like three petrified rivers through the building. There is something very remarkable about these mattings: they are all placed obliquely and in contradiction to the architectural lines. They are like a flooring laid diagonally and not harmonising with the walls that surround it. This peculiarity is easily explained. Saint Sophia was not intended to become a mosque, and consequently is not properly oriented in the direction of Mecca.

Mosques, it will be seen, are, so far as the interior is concerned, not unlike Protestant churches. Art cannot exhibit in them its pomp and its magnificence. Pious inscriptions, a pulpit, desks, mats on which to kneel, are the sole ornamentation allowed. The idea of God alone must fill His temple, and it is great enough to do so. However, I confess that the artistic luxury of Catholicism seems preferable, and the alleged danger of idolatry is to be feared only in the case of barbarous peoples incapable of separating the form from the idea, the image from the thought.

The chief cupola, somewhat heavy in its outline, is, like that of San Marco in Venice, surrounded by several smaller cupolas. It is of immense height, and must have been a resplendent heaven of gold and mosaic before Mussulman lime-wash extinguished its splendours. Even as it is, it produced a deeper impression upon me than the cupola of the dome of Saint Peter's. Byzantine architecture is unquestionably the right form for Catholicism. Gothic architecture itself, however great its religious value, is not so wholly appropriate to it. In spite of degradations of all kinds, Saint Sophia is still much superior to all the Christian churches which I have seen, and I have visited a great

many. Nothing can equal the majesty of these domes, of these galleries, supported by jasper, porphyry, and verd-antique pillars, with their capitals in a curious Corinthian style, in which animals, chimeras, and crosses mingle with foliage. The great art of Greece — degenerate, it is true — is still felt here, and one can understand that when Christ entered that temple Jupiter had just left it.

From the top of the galleries, which are reached by easy slopes like those in the interior of the Giralda and the Campanile, one has a capital general view of the interior of the mosque. When I was there, a few of the faithful, crouching upon reed mats, were devoutly prostrating themselves, two or three women enveloped in ferradjes stood by a door, and a hammal, his load resting on the base of a column, was sleeping soundly. A soft, tender light fell from the high windows, and I could see in the hemicycle opposite the nimbar the glitter of the gold trellis-work of the tribune reserved for the Sultan.

Platforms supported by columns of precious marbles and protected by open-work railings, project from the main walls at every point where the naves intersect. In the side chapels, which are not used in Mussulman

worship, are stored trunks, coffers, and bundles of all kinds, for mosques in the East serve as store-houses. People who travel or are afraid of being robbed at home, place their riches in a mosque under the guard of God, and there is no instance of a single thing having been stolen, for theft would then be complicated by sacrilege. The dust falls upon masses of gold and precious stuffs scarcely covered with a coarse cloth or a piece of old leather. The spider, beloved of the Mussulmans because it spun its web at the entrance of the grotto where Mahomet had taken refuge, peacefully weaves its threads over locks which no one touches.

Around the mosque are grouped *imarets* (hospitals), *medresses* (colleges), baths and kitchens for the poor, for Mussulman life centres around the house of God. Hammals fall asleep under its arcades, where the police never disturb them, — they are the guests of Allah; the faithful pray, the women dream there; the sick are borne to them to be cured or to die. In the East practical life is never separated from religion.

I sought in vain in Saint Sophia the imprint of the bloody hand which Mohammed II, riding into the sanctuary, left upon the wall by way of marking his

taking possession of the place, while the terrified women and virgins had taken refuge by the altar, expecting to be saved by a miracle which did not occur. Is the red mark a historical fact, or merely a legend?

Talking of legends, let me tell one that is current in Constantinople. When the doors of Saint Sophia burst in under the pressure of the barbarous hordes that besieged the city, a priest was at the altar, saying Mass. At the sound of the hoofs of the Tartar horses on the pavement of Justinian, at the howls of the soldiery, at the cries of the terrified faithful, the priest stopped the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, took the sacred vases, and walked towards one of the side naves with an impassible, solemn step. The soldiers, brandishing their cimeters, were about to reach him when he disappeared in a wall which opened and closed again. At first it was supposed that there was some secret issue, some masked door, but there was not; the wall, on being tried, proved to be solid, compact, and impenetrable. The priest had walked through the masonry. Sometimes, it is said, faint chants are heard issuing from within the wall. It is the priest, still alive, like Barbarossa in his cavern at Kiefhausen, who is sleepily droning his interrupted liturgy. When Saint Sophia

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The Atmeïdan and the Mosque of Sultan Achmet I.

shall be restored to Christian worship, the wall will open of itself and the priest, emerging from his retreat, will finish at the altar the Mass begun four hundred years ago.

On leaving Saint Sophia I visited a few mosques. That of Sultan Achmet, situated near the Atmeïdan, is one of the most remarkable. It has the peculiarity of possessing six minarets, which has given it in Turkish the name Alti Minareli Djami. I mention this because the fact gave rise during the building to a difference between the Sultan and the scherif at Mecca. The scherif charged the Sultan with impiety and sacrilegious pride, for no temple in Islam must equal in splendour the holy Kaaba, which had the same number of minarets. The work was interrupted, and the mosque ran the risk of never being finished, when Sultan Achmet, like a clever man, hit upon an ingenious subterfuge to silence the fanatical iman: he caused a seventh minaret to be built at the Kaaba.

The high dome of the mosque of Achmet swells majestically amid several other smaller domes between its six square minarets encircled by trellised balconies wrought like bracelets. It is approached by a court surrounded by columns with black and white capitals and

bronze bases, that support arcades forming a quadruple cloister or portico. In the centre of the court rises an exceedingly ornate fountain covered with bloom and complicated arabesques, scrolls, and knots, and covered with a cage of gilded trellis, no doubt in order to protect the purity of the water which is intended for ablutions. The style of the whole of the building is noble, pure, and recalls the finest time of Arab art, although the building is not earlier than the beginning of the seventeenth century.

A pair of bronze gates, reached by steps, leads into the interior of the mosque. The most striking things seen first are the four huge pillars, or rather, the four fluted towers that bear the weight of the principal cupola. These pillars, the capitals of which are carved in the form of stalactites, are girdled half way up with a band covered with inscriptions in Turkish letters. They have a very striking appearance of robust majesty and indescribable power.

Verses from the Koran run round the cupolas, the domes, and the cornices. This motive of ornamentation has been borrowed from the Alhambra, and Arabic writing, with its characters like the patterns of cashmere shawls, lends itself admirably to it. Keystones

alternately black and white border the combings of the arches. The mirâhb, which indicates the direction of Mecca and in which rests the Holy Book, is incrusted with alabaster, agate, and jasper; there is even set in it, it is said, a fragment of the black stone of the Kaaba, a relic as precious to Mussulmans as a piece of the True Cross to Christians. It is in this mosque that is preserved the standard of the Prophet, which is displayed, like the oriflamme under the old French monarchy, on solemn and supreme occasions only. Mahmoud had it brought forth when, surrounded by the imams, he announced to the prostrate people the sentence of death passed against the Janissaries.

A nimbar with its conical sounding-board, *mastaches* or platforms, supported by slender columns from which the muezzins call the believers to prayer, chandeliers adorned with crystal balls and ostrich-eggs complete the ornamentation, which is the same in every mosque. As in Saint Sophia, under the arches of the side chapels are heaped up coffers, boxes, and parcels, left there in deposit under the divine protection by pious Mussulmans.

Near the mosque is the turbeh or tomb of Achmet the glorious Padisha, who sleeps in this funeral chapel

under his painted bier covered with the most precious stuffs of Persia and India, — at his head his turban, with an aigrette of gems; at his feet two enormous candles as big as ship's masts. Some thirty coffins of smaller dimensions surround it. They are those of his children and his favourite wives, who accompany him in death as in life. Within a cupboard sparkle and gleam his sabres, kandjars, and weapons studded with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies.

I need not now speak at any length of the mosque of Sultan Bayezid, which differs from this one only in some small architectural details that could be more readily indicated in a pencil sketch than in a written one. In the interior there are some fine pillars of jasper and African porphyry. Above its cloister hover continually swarms of pigeons as tame as those on the Piazza San Marco. A good old Turk stands under the Arcades with bags of vetches or millet. You buy some from him and scatter it in handfuls. Then from the domes, minarets, cornices, and capitals swoop down in many-coloured flocks thousands of doves, which light at your feet, rest on your shoulders, and slap your face with their wings. You find yourself all of a sudden the centre of a feathered waterspout. Presently there

is not a grain of millet left on the flags, and the birds, having satisfied their hunger, go back to their aerial perch, awaiting another piece of good fortune. These pigeons are the descendants of two wood-pigeons which Sultan Bayezid once purchased of a poor woman who begged for alms, and which he presented to the mosque.

As usual with the founders of mosques, Bayezid has his turbeh near by. There he sleeps, covered with a gold and silver carpet; under his head, with a humility worthy of a Christian, a brick made of the dust collected from his clothes and shoes; for in the Koran, there is a line which runs: "He who has become covered with dust while travelling in the paths of Allah need not fear the fires of hell."

I shall not carry farther this account of mosques, for, with very slight differences, they all resemble each other. I shall merely mention that of Souleïman, one of the most perfect from an architectural point of view, close by which is the turbeh wherein rest by the side of Souleïman I the remains of the famous Roxelana under a bier covered with cashmere. Not far from this mosque there is a porphyry sarcophagus said to be that of Constantine.

THE SERAGLIO

WHEN the Sultan inhabits one of his summer palaces, it is possible, if provided with a firman, to visit the interior of the Seraglio; but do not let that name suggest the paradise of Mahomet. "Seraglio" is a generic word which means *palace*, quite distinct from the harem, the dwelling of the women, the mysterious place into which no profane enters, even when the houris are absent. Ten or twelve people usually collect for the visit, which involves frequent bakshîsh, amounting altogether to not less than one hundred and fifty or two hundred francs. A dragoman precedes the company and settles troublesome details with the keepers of the doors. Undoubtedly he swindles you, but as you do not know Turkish, you have to submit. One must take care to bring slippers, for if in France one uncovers on entering a respectable place, in Turkey you take off your shoes, which is perhaps more rational, for you must leave at the threshold the dust of your feet.

THE SERAGLIO

The Seraglio, or Seraï, as the Turks call it, fills up with its irregular buildings the triangular point laved on the one side by the Sea of Marmora and on the other by the Golden Horn. It is surrounded by a crenellated wall which covers a vast space of ground. A sea wall a few feet wide runs along these two sides. The current runs with extraordinary rapidity; the blue waters surge and boil as if in a furnace, and sparkle brilliantly in the sun. They are remarkably transparent, and one can clearly see the bottom of green rocks or white sand through a maze of reflected rays. Boats can ascend these rapids only by being towed.

Above the weatherworn walls, in which are many stones drawn from antique buildings, rise buildings the windows of which are closed by very fine trellis-work, kiosks in Chinese or rococo style, clumps of pointed cypresses and of plane-trees. Over all weighs down a feeling of solitude and abandonment. It is hard to believe that behind these gloomy walls lives the glorious Caliph, the all-powerful Lord of Islam.

The Seraglio is entered by a gate of very simple architecture, guarded by a few soldiers. Under this gate, in magnificent mahogany closets provided with locks, are rows of muskets arranged in perfect order.

Having passed through the gate, our little band, preceded by an officer of the palace, a khavass, and the dragoman, traversed a sort of hilly, uncultivated garden planted with enormous cypress-trees like a cemetery without tombstones, and we soon reached the entrance to the apartments.

At the request of the dragoman, each person put on slippers, and we ascended a wooden staircase in no wise monumental. In Northern countries, where Arab tales have spread an exaggerated idea of Oriental magnificence, the coolest minds cannot help fancying fairy architecture with pillars of lapis-lazuli, golden capitals, foliage of emeralds and rubies, fountains of rock-crystal, in which sparkle waters like quicksilver. The Turkish style is confounded with the Arab style. There is no relation whatever between the two, and an Alhambra is imagined when in reality there is nothing more than well-aired kiosks and very simply ornamented rooms.

The first hall we entered is circular in shape and pierced with numerous trellised windows. A divan runs all round it, the walls and ceiling are adorned with gildings and black arabesques. Black curtains and a valance cut out like a lambrequin and running along

the cornice complete the decoration. A matting in very fine esparto, which no doubt in winter is replaced by soft Smyrna carpets, covers the floor. The second hall is painted in grisaille distemper in the Italian manner. The third is decorated with landscapes, mirrors, blue hangings, and a clock with rayed dial. On the walls of the fourth are sentences written in Mahmoud's own hand, for he was a skilful caligraphist and, like all Orientals, was proud of this talent; a pardonable pride, for the writing, complicated by the curves and ligatures and interlacings, is closely akin to drawing. After having traversed these halls, a smaller room is reached.

Two pastels by Michel Bouquet are the sole artistic works which attract the glance in this hall, marked by the severe bareness of Islam. The one represents "The Port of Bucharest," the other "A View of Constantinople" taken from the Maiden's Tower, without figures of course. A clock with a mechanical picture, representing Seraglio Point with caïques and vessels, which the mechanism causes to pitch and roll, excites the admiration of the debonair Turks and the smiles of the giaours; for such a clock would be more in its place in the dining-room of a retired grocer than in the

mysterious abode of the Padisha. By way of compensation the same room contains a closet, the curtains of which, drawn back, allow to blaze out with gleam of gold and gems, the real luxury of the Orient. It is a treasury in no wise inferior to that of the Tower of London. It is customary that each sultan should bequeath to this collection some object which he has used more particularly. Nearly all have given weapons. There are kandjars with hilts rough with diamonds and rubies, damask blades in silver sheaths bossed with reliefs, bluish blades covered with Arabic inscriptions in golden letters, maces richly inlaid with niello work, pistols the butts of which disappear under quantities of pearls, corals and gems. Sultan Mahmoud, as a poet and a caligraphist, gave his inkstand, a mass of gold covered with diamonds. Through a sort of civilised coquetry, he sought to introduce a thought amid these instruments of brutal force and to show that the brain is as powerful as the arm. In this cabinet is to be noticed a curious Turkish chimney, made of honeycomb-work, like the stalactites that hang from the ceilings of the Alhambra.

Beyond is a gallery where the odalisques play and exercise under the care of eunuchs, but so sacred a

place is closed to the profane, even when the birds have flown. A little farther on rise the cupolas constellated with great crystal panes that cover the baths, decorated with alabaster columns and marble overlayings, which we had to be satisfied with admiring from the outside.

We put on our shoes again at the door by which we had entered, and continued our visit. We first proceeded by a garden filled with flower-beds with wooden borders, after the old French fashion; then we traversed courts surrounded by a cloister with Moorish arcades which contained the lodgings and the class-rooms of the icoglans or Seraglio pages, and reached the kiosk, or pavilion, containing the library. We ascended to it by a sort of stair with a marble balustrade of exquisite tracery.

The door of the library is a marvel. Never did Arab genius trace upon bronze a more prodigious interlacing of lines, angles, stars, mingling and intertwining in the most complicated fashion in a geometrical maze. A photograph alone could reproduce this fairy ornamentation. A draughtsman desirous of imitating conscientiously with his pencil these inextricable meanders would go crazy after spending a lifetime on the work.

Within are arranged in cedar cases Arab manuscripts, the edges turned towards the spectator, a peculiar arrangement which I had already noticed in the Escorial Library, and which the Spaniards no doubt borrowed from the Moors. Here we were shown on a great parchment roll a sort of genealogical tree containing in oval miniatures the portraits of all the Sultans, done in water-colours. These portraits, it is said, are authentic, which it is hard to believe. They represent pale, black-bearded faces, of uniform type, and the costume is that of the Turks of Molière and Racine, who were more accurate in this respect than is generally believed.

The library having been visited, we were shown into a kiosk in the Arab style, reached by marble steps. Here shone in all its splendour the old Oriental magnificence, of which the apartments we had already traversed presented no trace. The greater part of the room is filled with a throne in the shape of a divan, or bed, with a baldacchino supported by hexagonal pillars of copper, studded with garnets, topazes, emeralds, and other stones *en cabochon*, for the Turks formerly did not cut gems. Horse-tails hang at the four corners from great golden balls surmounted by crescents. This

throne, which is indeed made to be the seat of Caliphs, is exceedingly rich, elegant, and regal.

Barbarians alone possess the secret of this marvellous goldsmith-work, and the feeling for ornament seems to diminish, I do not know why, the more civilisation develops. Without indulging in the mania of an antiquary, it must be confessed that the older the architecture or the weapon, the more perfect is the taste and the more exquisite the work. The modern world, too much taken up with thought, has no longer an accurate notion of form.

A few gleams of light, falling from a half-opened window, sparkled and gleamed upon the chasings and the gems. Tiles of Arab ware were arranged in shimmering symmetrical designs on the lower part of the walls as in the halls of the Alhambra at Granada; the ceiling was formed of rods of silver-gilt, curiously chased, making compartments and roses. In the corner, in the shadow, gleamed a curious Turkish chimney formed in the shape of a niche, and intended to hold a *brasero;* it has a sort of seven-sided, little conical dome of copper, cut out and traceried and inlaid with the most elegant designs of Arab art, for a hood. Some Gothic reliquaries alone can give an idea of this exquisite work.

Opposite the divan opens a window, or rather a loop-hole, fitted with a close gilded grating. It was outside this sort of wicket that ambassadors formerly stood, their communications being transmitted by intermediaries to the Padisha, cross-legged, motionless as an idol under his dais of silver-gilt and gems, between his two symbolical turbans. They could scarcely see through the golden grating the fixed eyes of the magnificent Sultan shining like stars in the shadow; but that was enough for giaours; the shadow of God could not reveal itself more fully to dogs of Christians.

The exterior is no less remarkable. A great projecting roof covers the building, marble columns support the arcades with ribbing and roses; a slab of verd-antique bearing an Arab inscription, forms the threshold of the door, the lintel of which is very low; an architectural arrangement intended, it is said, to compel the vassals and recalcitrant tributaries admitted to the presence of the Grand Seigneur to bow their heads, — a rather jesuitical trick of etiquette, which a Persian envoy funnily eluded by walking in backwards, as one enters a Venetian gondola.

In the description of the Beïram I spoke at length of the portico under which takes place the ceremony,

so I shall not return to it, and will continue my walk somewhat at haphazard, naming things as I come to them. It is difficult to give a methodical account of buildings of different periods and styles, erected without any preconceived plan, according to the caprices and needs of the moment, separated by empty spaces shaded here and there by cypresses, sycamores, and old plane-trees of monstrous size.

From the centre of a clump of trees rises a fluted pillar with Corinthian capital, very effective and called after Theodosius. I mention it because the number of Byzantine ruins in Constantinople is very small. The old city has disappeared, leaving scarcely any traces. The rich palaces of the Greek dynasty of the Palaiologoi and the Komnenoi have vanished; their marble and porphyry columns were utilised in the building of mosques, and their foundations, covered by the frail Mussulman shanties, have little by little been obliterated by conflagrations. Sometimes there is to be seen inserted in a wall a capital or a fragment of a broken torso, but nothing which has preserved its original form. The ground itself must be explored in order to find any of the *débris* of ancient Byzantium.

The interior of Saint Irenæus is filled with muskets, sabres, and pistols of modern models, arranged with a military symmetry that our own museum of artillery would approve; but this brilliant decoration, which greatly delights the Turks, and of which they are very proud, does not seem at all wonderful to a European traveller. A much more interesting collection is that of the historical weapons preserved in a tribune transformed into a gallery at the end of the apse. There we were shown the sword of Mohammed II, a straight blade on which an Arab inscription in gold letters gleams upon the blue damascening; an armlet inlaid with gold and constellated with two discs of gems that belonged to Tamerlane; an iron sword, much dinted, with a cross-hilt, formerly belonging to Scanderberg the athletic hero. In glass cases are seen the keys of conquered cities; symbolical keys just like jewels, damascened with gold and silver.

In the vestibule are heaped up the kettle-drums and pans of the Janissaries; those pans which, when they were upset, made the Sultan tremble and turn pale within the depths of his harem. Quantities of old halberds, of cases of arms, of great cannon, of curiously shaped culverins, recall Turkish strategy before the

reform of Mahmoud; a useful reform no doubt, but regrettable from the picturesque point of view.

The stables, at which I cast a glance, have nothing remarkable, and contained at that time quite ordinary animals, the Sultan having taken his favourite steeds with him. For the matter of that, the Turks are not as fond of horses as the Arabs, although they do like them and have some very fine animals.

That is about all a stranger can see in the Seraglio. No profane glance sullies the mysterious places, the secret kiosks, the inner retreats. The Seraglio, like every Mussulman's house, has its selamlik. It is for the harem that are reserved the refinements of voluptuous luxury, — the cashmere divans, the Persian carpets, the china vases, the golden perfume-boxes, the lacquered cabinets, the mother-of-pearl tables, the cedar ceilings with painted and gilded compartments, the marble fountains, the jasper columns. The dwelling of the men is, so to speak, merely the vestibule to the dwelling of the women, a guard-room interposed between exterior and interior life.

I greatly regretted that I could not enter a wonderful bathroom, the fulfilment of a perfect Oriental dream, of which my friend Maxime Ducamp has given a

splendid description; but on this occasion the guardian showed himself more ungracious, or perhaps stricter orders had been issued. If the houris take vapor baths in paradise, it must be in a bathroom like that, which is a gem of Mussulman architecture.

Fairly wearied by a visit during which I had taken off and put on my shoes six or eight times, I left the Seraglio by the Augustine Gate (Bab-i-Humayoun), and leaving my companions, sat down on the outer bench of a little café, whence, while eating Scutari grapes, I gazed upon the monumental gate surmounted by a dwelling, with its high Moorish arcade, its four pillars, its marble cartouche with an inscription in gold letters, and its two niches in which heads were exposed after being cut off; among others, that of Ali Tepelin, Pacha of Janina, figured there on a silver dish.

I also examined closely the charming fountain of Achmet III, which I glanced at on my way to Saint Sophia. Bar the fountain at Top Khaneh it is the most remarkable in Constantinople, which possesses so many and such beautiful ones. There is nothing comparable in the way of elegance to its roof, curved up like the toe of a Turkish shoe, embroidered with filigree carvings, dotted with capricious finials; with

the pieces of stone lace, the stalactite niches, the arabesques that frame in verses composed by the poet-sultan, the slender pillars, the fantastic capitals, the roses gracefully starred, the cornices foliated and fluted, — a charming maze of ornament, a happy mingling of Arab and Turkish art.

THE ATMEÏDAN

THE Atmeïdan, which extends behind the Seraglio, is the ancient Hippodrome. The Turkish word has exactly the same meaning as the Greek and means the arena for horses. It is a vast square, bordered on one side by the mosque of Sultan Achmet, pierced with grated windows, and on the other sides by ruins or by incoherent buildings. On the axis of the square rise the obelisk of Theodosius, the Serpentine Column, and the Walled Pyramid, — faint vestiges of the splendours which formerly filled this wondrous place. These ruins are about all that is left on the surface of the ground of the marvels of ancient Byzantium. The Augusteon, the Sigma, the Octagon, the Thermæ of Xeuxippus, of Achilles, of Honorius, the Golden Mile-stone, the Porticos of the Forum, — all have vanished under the mantle of dust and forgetfulness that enshrouds dead cities. The work of time was hastened by the depredations of the Barbarians, Latin, French, Turk, and even Greek;

every successive invasion did more damage. Incredible indeed is the blind fury of destruction and the stupid hatred of stones. It must be essential to human nature, for the same fact recurs at every epoch. It seems as though a masterpiece offends the eye of a barbarian, as light does the eye of an owl. The radiance of thought troubles him without his knowing very well why, and he puts it out. Religions also willingly destroy with the one hand while they build with the other, and many religions have made their home in Constantinople. Christianity broke down the pagan monuments, Islam the Christian monuments; perhaps the mosques themselves will disappear in their turn before a new worship.

It must have been a splendid spectacle when the multitude, dazzling with gold, purple, and gems, swarmed under the porticos that surround the Hippodrome, and became enthusiastic alternately for the Green and the Blue drivers, whose rivalry agitated the empire and caused seditions. The golden quadrigæ drawn by thorough-bred horses sent flying under their dazzling wheels the azure and vermilion sand with which, by a refinement of luxury, the Hippodrome was covered, and the Emperor bent from the top of

his palace terrace to applaud his favourite colour. The Blues — if I may say so of Byzantine drivers — were the Tories; the Greens, Whigs; for politics entered into these rivalries of the circus. The Greens even tried to elect an emperor to dethrone Justinian, and it took Belisarius and an army corps to put down the revolt.

Within the Hippodrome, as within an open-air mosque, were collected the spoils of antiquity; a population of statues, numerous enough to fill a city, rose on the attics and the pedestals, — everywhere marbles and bronzes. The horses of Lysippus, the statues of the Emperor Augustus and the other emperors, of Diana, Juno, Pallas, Helen, Paris, Hercules, supreme in majesty, superhuman in beauty, — all the great art of Greece and Rome seemed to have sought a final refuge there. The bronze horses of Corinth, carried away by the Venetians, now prance over the gates of San Marco; the images of the gods and goddesses, barbarously melted down, have been scattered in the shape of bullion.

The Obelisk of Theodosius is the best preserved of the three monuments standing in the Hippodrome. It is a monolith of rose granite of Syêne, nearly sixty feet

in height by six in breadth, gradually growing smaller up to the point. A single perpendicular line of hieroglyphs, sharply cut in, marks each of the four faces. As I am not a Champollion, I cannot tell you the meaning of these mysterious emblems, which are no doubt a dedication to some Pharaoh or other.

Whence came this huge block? From Heliopolis, say the scholars; but it does not appear to me to belong to the oldest Egyptian antiquity. It may not be more than three thousand years old, which is very young for an obelisk; and indeed, its golden, rosy granite is scarcely darkened by a few gray tints. The monolith does not rest directly on the pedestal, being separated from it by four bronze cubes. The marble pedestal is covered with rather barbarous and worn *bassi-relievi*, so that it is difficult to make out the subjects represented, — triumphs or apotheoses of Justinian and his family. The stiffness of the attitudes, the bad drawing, and the lack of expression of the faces, the crowding of the personages without any composition or perspective, are characteristic of a period of decadence. The remembrance of neighbouring Greece is already lost in these shapeless attempts. Other *bassi-relievi*, half concealed by the filling up of

the soil, but known from the descriptions of former writers, represent the methods employed to erect the obelisk. Curiously enough, similar *bassi-relievi* are to be seen upon the pedestal of the obelisk at Luxor, erected on the Place de la Concorde by the engineer Lebas. Greek and Latin inscriptions show that the obelisk, lying on the ground, was raised in thirty-two days by Proclus, Prefect of the Prætoriate, by order of Theodosius, and they celebrate the virtues of the magnanimous emperor. The Egyptian block and the Lower Empire pedestal are in happy harmony and produce the finest effect; only, the obelisk is as sharp on the edges as if it had been just carved out of granite, while the pedestal, thirteen hundred years younger, is already much worn.

Not far from the obelisk squirms the Serpent Column, twisted and intertwined, ascending spirally like the flutings of a Salomonic column. The three silver-crested heads of the serpents which formed the capital have vanished. One tradition states that Mohammed II, riding past in the Hippodrome, cut them down with one blow of his damask blade or mace, in the performance of one of those feats of strength which Sultans were fond of. According to other traditions, he cut off

one only of the three heads; the second and third were broken for the value of the bronze; this is not surprising when the trouble the Barbarians took to extract the iron clasps from the blocks of the Coliseum is recalled. To destroy a palace in order to secure a nail is characteristic of savages. This column, which rises about nine feet from the ground, but the base of which has sunk, seems rather slender in the centre of the vast space. It is said to be of noble origin. According to antiquaries these interlaced serpents supported in the temple at Delphi the golden tripod presented by grateful Greece to Phœbus Apollo, the saving god, after the battle of Platæa won against Xerxes. Constantine, it is said, caused the Serpent Column to be carried from Delphi to his new city. A tradition less generally received, but much more probable in my opinion, if the small artistic worth of the monument is taken into account, maintains that it is only a talisman manufactured by Apollonius of Thyane with which to charm serpents. The reader is free to choose between these two accounts.

As to the Walled Pyramid of Constantine Porphyrogenetes, which was reckoned the eighth wonder of the world, — at a time, it is true, when the most hyper-

bolical exaggeration was common, — it is now only a mass of masonry, a shapeless heap of stones, worn by rain, burned by sunshine, full of dust and cobwebs, full of cracks, decaying in every part and absolutely insignificant in every way from the artistic point of view. This armature of masonry was formerly overlaid with great plates of gilded bronze bossed with *bassi-relievi* and ornaments which, owing to the weight and the worth of the metal, were bound to excite the cupidity of spoilers; and indeed the Pyramid of Constantine was very soon stripped of its splendid covering, and nothing was left but a blackened block eighty feet high. This golden pyramid, which the Paroxysts compared to the Colossus of Rhodes, must have shone superbly under the blue sky of Constantinople among the splendid monuments of antique art, above the colonnades of the circus filled with spectators in sumptuous dresses; but in order to imagine this, one has in thought to perform a complete work of restoration.

The Turks formerly used to race their horses and practise djerrid-throwing on this square, a turf ready prepared for equestrian diversions. The reform and the introduction of European tactics have caused the giving up of this javelin game, which is better suited

to the free horsemen of the desert than to regiments of regular cavalry taught in accordance with the methods of the school of Saumur.

At the end of the Atmeïdan is the Etmeïdan (flesh market). It is a redoubtable and gloomy place, in spite of the sun which floods it with its brilliant rays. On looking at the half-ruined mosque and the walls still scarred by fire, one can easily see the marks of the cannon-balls. The soil, now so white and powdery, has been deeply dyed with blood. It was on the Etmeïdan that took place the massacre of the Janissaries, of which Champmartin sent to the Salon so fiercely Romanticist a painting. The great massacre had a worthy frame.

Sultan Mahmoud, feeling with the instinct of genius that the Empire was decadent, thought that he might save it by providing it with weapons equal to those of Christian realms, and he desired to have his troops drilled by Egyptian officers trained to European tactics. This very simple and wise reform provoked insurmountable objections among the Janissaries; their gray moustaches bristled with indignation; the fanatics shouted "Profanity!" and called upon Allah and Mahomet; the Commander of the Faithful was very

nearly charged with being a giaour because of his obstinacy in introducing the diabolical manœuvres which neither Mohammed II nor Souleïman I had needed to conquer and to retain their conquests.

Happily Mahmoud was a resolute man and not easily intimidated; he had resolved to conquer or die in the struggle. The insolence of the Janissaries, equal to that of the Prætorians and the Strelitzes, could no longer be borne, and their perpetual seditions endangered the throne which they pretended to defend. An opportunity soon occurred. An Egyptian drill-master struck a recalcitrant or purposely careless Turkish soldier. Immediately the indignant Janissaries espoused their comrade's cause, overset their pans in sign of revolt, and threatened to set fire to the four corners of the city. This was, as is well known, their fashion of protesting and testifying their discontent. They crowded before the palace of Kosreu Pasha, their Aga, calling loudly for the head of the Grand Vizier and the muphti who had approved the impious reforms of Mahmoud; but they had not to do this time with one of those nerveless sultans ready to appease howling sedition by casting to it a few heads by way of prey.

On hearing of the insurrection, Sultan Mahmoud made all speed from Beshicktash, where he then was, collected the troops that had remained faithful, called together the ulemas, and took from the Mosque of Achmet near the Hippodrome the standard of the Prophet, which is displayed only when the Empire is in danger. Every true Mussulman is then bound to support the Commander of the Faithful, for it is a holy war. The destruction of the Janissaries was settled upon.

The Janissaries had intrenched themselves on the Etmeïdan close to their barracks. Mahmoud's regular troops occupied the adjacent streets with cannon pointed at the square. The intrepid Sultan rode several times in front of the insurgents, braving a thousand deaths, and calling upon them to disperse; the crisis was being prolonged, a moment of hesitation might cause a failure. A devoted officer, Kara Dyehennin, fired his pistol at the priming of a cannon, which exploded, and the grape cut a bloody line through the first ranks of the rebels. The action was begun. The artillery thundered on all sides, a steady musketry fire scattered bullets like hail upon the dense masses of the bewildered Janissaries, and the battle soon turned into a massacre. It was a perfect butchery, no quarter was given; the bar-

racks where the flying Janissaries had intrenched themselves, were set on fire, and those who had escaped the sword perished in the flames. The number of the dead is variously estimated: by some it is stated at six thousand, by others at twenty thousand, by others again at a still higher figure. The bodies were thrown into the sea, and for months the fishes, fed on human flesh, were unfit for human food.

Sultan Mahmoud's vengeance was not even then satisfied. On walking through the Field of the Dead at Pera and at Scutari, there are to be seen many monuments with their apexes broken off, the marble turbans lying at their feet, like headless men. These are the tombs of former Janissaries, whom death itself could not protect from the imperial wrath.

Was this frightful extermination wise or unwise from a political point of view? Did not Mahmoud, by destroying this great body, destroy one of the living forces of the state, one of the principles of Turkish nationality? Will the material progress accomplished sufficiently replace the old barbaric energy? In the twilight which marks the decline of empires, is the light of reason better than the torch of fanaticism? No one can yet answer the question.

THE ATMEÏDAN

At some distance from the Hippodrome, in the centre of a space covered with the débris of fires, opens on the slope of a hillock like a black mouth, the entrance to a dried-up Byzantine cistern. It is reached by a wooden staircase. The Turks call it Ben Bir Direck, the Thousand and One Columns, although in reality it has only two hundred and twenty-four. The white marble columns end in coarse capitals in a barbarous Corinthian style blocked out or worn away, supporting semicircular arches, and their long lines form several naves. Three or four feet from the base they swell out. This was the point reached by the waters, and the swelling formed the apparent base when the reservoir was full. The remainder of the column then figured a submerged pile. The ground has been raised by the dust of centuries, the falling pieces from the vaulting and detritus of all kinds, for the cistern must originally have been much deeper. One can make out faintly upon the capitals mysterious signs, Byzantine hieroglyphs, the meaning of which is lost. The epsilon and the phi, often repeated, are translated, "*Euge*, *Philoxena*." In point of fact, the cistern was for the use of strangers. It was built by Constantine, whose monogram is imprinted on the great Roman

bricks of the vaulting and of the columns. Now a silk manufactory has been established in it by Jews and Armenians. The wheels and reels were creaking under the arcades of Constantine, and the sound of the looms recalled the rippling of the vanished waters. The cavern, lighted by a pale half-light struggling with deep shadows, is icy cold, and it was with a lively feeling of pleasure that I emerged from this abyss into the warm light of the sun, pitying with all my heart the poor workmen toiling underground like gnomes or kobolds.

At a short distance from this cistern, behind Saint Sophia, there is another called Yeri Batan Seraï (the Underground Palace). This one does not contain a silk factory like Ben Bir Direck. Even as you enter, a damp, penetrating vapour, full of influenza, pneumonia, and lumbago wraps you in its damp mantle. A black water, streaked with a few spangles and livid eddies, laves the mouldy columns and extends under the dark arcades to a depth which the eye cannot sound and which the light of the torches itself does not reach. It is most sinister and terrifying. The Turks pretend that djinns, ghouls, and afrites held their sabbath in this lugubrious palace, and still flap their bats' wings wet

with the tears of the vaulting. Formerly this subterranean sea was traversed in boats. The trip must have been like one on the infernal river in Charon's bark. Some boats, no doubt carried away by interior currents towards some abyss, never returned from this gloomy expedition, which is now forbidden and which, besides, had it been allowed, I felt in no wise tempted to try.

THE ELBICEÏ ATIKA

ON the Atmeïdan, opposite the Mosque of Achmet, rises near the Mekter Khadi (Tent Warehouse) a Turkish building of fine appearance. It is the Elbiceï Atika, the Museum of the Janissaries. This museum, recently opened to the public, is approached by a courtyard filled with fresh verdure and where ripples the water of a fountain in a marble basin. If there were not at the door an official whose business it is to charge you for admission, you might fancy yourself within the palace of a bey. Most pleasantly calm is this retrospective vestiary of the old Turkish empire. The shade and silence of the past fill this peaceful asylum with their soft tints; on setting foot within the Elbiceï Atika one retrogrades from the present into history.

On the landing-place, as a sign or as a sentinel, stands a *yenitcheri kollouk neferi*, that is, a Janissary of the guard. In the days when the Janissaries were powerful, no one could pass a post of those undisci-

plined troops without suffering more or less severely from extortion. One had to pay or be beaten and bespattered with mud and insults.

A manikin, the head and hands of which are carved of wood and coloured not unskilfully, wears the old Janissary costume. This breach of Mussulman custom, which forbids any reproduction of the human face, is very remarkable, and proves that religious prejudices are being weakened by contact with Christian civilisation. This museum, which holds nearly one hundred and forty figures, would have been impossible formerly; now it shocks no one, and often an old Janissary who escaped the massacre comes and dreams there before the garments of his former companions in arms, and sighs as he thinks of the good old times that have gone by.

This yenitcheri kollouk neferi looks like a jolly rascal; a sort of kindly ferociousness animates his strongly marked features, which are still further accentuated by a heavy moustache. It is plain that he could joke while committing murder, and there is in his whole attitude the disdainful nonchalance of a privileged corps which thinks it may do whatever it pleases. His legs crossed, he plays on a *louta*, a sort of three-stringed

guitar, to while away the hours of sentry duty. He wears a red tarbousch, around which is rolled in turban form a piece of common linen; a brown jacket, the ends of which are fastened by a sash; and full blue cloth trousers. In his sash, which fulfils the double duty of an arsenal and a pocket, he has crowded handkerchief, napkin, and tobacco pouch by the side of bristling daggers, yataghans, and pistols. This habit of putting everything into the belt is common to the Spaniards and the Orientals. I remember seeing at Seville a duel with knives in which the only victim was a melon worn in the sash of one of the duellists.

In front of the yenitcheri is a little table covered with old Turkish coins of the smaller denominations, aspres, paras, piastres, which have become rare, the whole representing the tax levied upon the civilians of Constantinople. Near him some golden ears of corn are grilling on a fire to form the meal with which Oriental frugality is satisfied. I pass him without fear, for he is a wooden soldier, and I have paid ten piastres at the outer door.

Opposite this collector Janissary stand some soldiers of the same corps in very similar costumes. Having crossed the threshold, I entered an oblong hall, ill

lighted and filled with great glass cases containing manikins dressed with perfect care and scrupulous accuracy. Here are collected, like types of antediluvian animals in a natural history museum, the individuals and races suppressed by Mahmoud's *coup d'état*. Here lives again, with a dead, motionless life, the fantastic and chimerical Turkey of vast trousers, dolmans edged with cat-skins, high, conical caps, jackets with a sun embroidered on the back, extravagant barbaric weapons, — the Turkey of the *mamamouchis*, of melodramas and fairy tales. It is only twenty-seven years since the massacre of the Janissaries took place, yet it seems as though it were a hundred, so radical is the change that has been worked. By the violent will of the reformer, the old national forms have been destroyed, and almost contemporary costumes have become historical antiquities.

When looking through the glass at these moustached or bearded faces, with their fixed stare, and their colours imitating life, lighted by a faint side-light, one feels a strange sensation, a sort of indefinable uneasiness. The crude reality, different from that of art, is troublous on account of the very illusion it produces; in seeking a transition from the statue to the living being,

the cadaver has been hit upon. Those painted faces in which no muscle moves end by frightening you, like the rouged dead who are carried along with uncovered face. I can quite understand the terror masks inspire in children. These long files of queer beings, preserving the stiff, constrained attitudes in which they have been put, resemble the people petrified by the vengeance of a magician told of in the Eastern tale. The only one lacking is the tall, white-bearded old man, the one living being in the dead city, who reads the Koran on the stone bench at the entrance to the town. He may be represented, if you like, — in prosaic fashion, it is true, — by the man who collects the entrance fees at the door.

I cannot describe separately the one hundred and forty figures enclosed in the glass cases on the two stories. Many have but imperceptible differences in the cut and colour of their dress, and to describe them properly I should have to fill my pages with innumerable Turkish words of repellent orthography and difficult to read. Besides, the work has been done admirably and accurately by George Noguès, the son of the editor-in-chief of the French newspaper at Constantinople, and with an amount of care which a

traveller, who has to see things quickly, cannot bring to the task.

The Elbiceï Atika is composed chiefly of costumes of the former household of the Grand Seignior and the different uniforms of the Janissaries. There are also some manikins of artisans dressed in the old fashion, but these are few in number.

The first functionary of a seraglio is naturally the Chief of the Eunuchs, the Kislar Agassi. The one enclosed in the glass cases of the Elbiceï Atika as a specimen of his class, is most splendidly dressed in a state pelisse of brocade with a flowered pattern, worn over an inner tunic of red silk, and very full trousers held in at the waist by a cashmere sash. He wears a red turban with a twisted muslin band, and yellow morocco boots.

The Grand Vizier, or Sadrazam, has a singularly shaped turban: the upper portion is conical and the lower ribbed in four places; below that are rows of muslin held in and crossed diagonally by a narrow gold band. Like the Chief of the Eunuchs he wears a state pelisse (*kurkla caftan*) of brocade with a red and green flowered pattern. From his cashmere sash projects the carved handle of his kandjar, rough with

gems. The Sheik ul Islam and the Kapoudan Pacha are dressed very much in the same way save as regards the turban, which consists of a fez with a piece of red stuff wound around it.

The Seliktar Agassi, or Chief of the Sword-bearers, has a thoroughly sacerdotal and Byzantine look in his splendidly strange costume. His turban, curiously constructed, gives him a vague resemblance to a Pharaoh wearing the *pschent*, and may have been copied from some hieroglyphic panel. His gold brocade robe with silver flowered patterns, cut in the shape of a dalmatic, recalls a priest's chasuble. The Sultan's sabre, respectfully enclosed in a sheath of violet satin, rests on his shoulder. Next to him is a figure dressed in a black gown (*djubbe*), the sleeves split and embroidered in gold, and wearing a fez. This is the Bach Tchokadar, an officer whose duty it was to carry the pelisses of the Grand Seignior when he went forth. Then comes the Tchaouch Agassi (Chief of the Ushers), in his gold stuff robe, his cashmere girdle fastened by metallic plates, and bristling with a whole arsenal. His gold cap ends in a crescent, one horn in front and one behind, a fantastic head-dress that recalls the lunar Isis. This Chief of the Ushers, who would not be

out of place at the gate of a palace of Thebes or Memphis, has in his hand an iron rod with bifurcated handle not unlike the Nilometer, — another Egyptian resemblance. This rod is the badge of his functions. An Aga of the Seraglio comes next, in a white silk robe drawn in by a sash with gold plates. He wears a cylindrical cap. This other manikin, dressed in the same way save that his golden head-dress swells out into four curves at the top like the *chapska* of a Polish lancer, is a dilciz or mute, one of the sinister beings who executed secret justice or vengeance, who passed around the neck of the rebellious pachas the fatal bow-string, and whose silent apparition made the most intrepid turn pale.

Now come in a group the Serikdji Bachi, who have charge of the turbans of the Grand Seignior, the cooks, the gardeners with red caps like those worn by Catalans, which fall over like a pocket; the porters, the curly-headed Baltadgis with Persian caps; the Soulaks with apricot-coloured dolmans and red trousers just like Rubini when he plays Othello; the Peyiks, with purple gowns and round caps surmounted by a fan-shaped aigrette. The Baltadgis, Soulaks, and Peyiks form the body-guard of the Sultan and surround

him on solemn occasions, at the Beïram, at the Courban Beïram, and when he goes in state to a mosque.

This series is closed by two fantastically dressed dwarfs. These little monsters with faces like gnomes or kobolds are scarcely thirty inches high, and could well maintain their place by the side of Perkeo, the dwarf of the Elector Charles Philip; of Bébé, the King of Poland's dwarf; of Mari-Borbola and Nicolasico Pertusato, Philip IV's dwarfs; and Tom Thumb, the gentleman dwarf. They are grotesquely hideous, and madness sneers upon their thick lips, for the dwarf and the jester are often one and the same. Thought is ill at ease in these deformed heads. Supreme power has always enjoyed this antithesis of supreme abjection. A deformed jester, chattering on the steps of the throne as he shakes his cap and bells, is a contrast which the kings of the Middle Ages always indulged in. It is not so in Turkey, where madmen are venerated as saints, but it is always pleasant, when one is a radiant sultan, to have near one a sort of human monkey to set off your own splendour.

The first dwarf is dressed in a yellow robe fastened by a golden belt, and wears a sort of cap, a caricature of a crown. The second, much more simply dressed,

has huge Mameluke trousers which fall upon his tiny slippers, and is wrapped up in a benich with dragging sleeves, looking like a child who, for fun, has put on his grandfather's clothes. His dark-coloured turban has nothing peculiar. The office of dwarf has not been given up at the Turkish court; it is still honourably filled. In my description of the Beïram I gave a sketch of the Sultan Abdul Medjid's dwarf, a broad, squat monster disguised in the costume of a pacha of the Reform.

In the same case is seen a sick aga being dragged by servants in a sort of two-wheeled bier, which reminded me of the travelling-chaise of Charles V preserved in the Armeria at Madrid. Nowadays agas in good health drive about in coupés and carriages, for Paris and Vienna send their finest works in this line to Constantinople, whence will soon disappear the talikas with painted and gilded bodies, and the characteristic arabas drawn by great gray oxen. Most true it is that local colour is vanishing everywhere.

The remaining portion of the museum comprises the corps of the Janissaries, which is there in its entirety just as if Sultan Mahmoud had not had them shot down on Etmeïdan Square. There are specimens

of each kind. But perhaps before I describe the costumes of the Janissaries, I ought to give some idea of their organisation.

The Yeni tcheri (new troop) were established by Amurat IV, who proposed to have a picked corps, a special guard on whose devotion he could unfailingly reckon. His slaves formed the nucleus of the corps, which later was augmented by recruits and prisoners of war. Europeans, unfamiliar with the intonations of Oriental speech, have corrupted the name Yeni tcheri into Janissary, which unfortunately suggests a different root and apparently means keepers of the gate.

The orta (corps) of the Yeni tcheri was divided into odas or rooms, and the different officers bore culinary titles, comical at first sight, yet easily explained; tchorbadgi or soup-maker, achasi or cook, karacoulloudji or scullion, sakka or water-carrier, strike one as curious military grades. To accord with this culinary hierarchy, each oda, besides its standard, had for ensign a stewpan marked with the regimental number. On days of revolt these stewpans were overset, and the sultan paled within his Seraglio; for the Yeni tcheri were not always satisfied with a few heads, and a

revolt sometimes became a revolution. Enjoying high pay, better fed, backed by privileges which had been granted to them or which they had extorted, the Janissaries ended by forming a nation within the nation, and their aga was one of the most important personages in the empire.

The aga in the Elbiceï Atika is superbly dressed. The most precious furs line his pelisse stiff with gold; his turban is of fine India muslin; his cashmere sash supports a panoply of priceless weapons with damask blades, gem-incrusted hilts, pistols with silver or gold butts, studded with garnets, turquoises, and rubies. Elegant slippers of yellow morocco artistically embroidered complete this noble and rich dress, which is equal to that of the greatest dignitaries.

By the aga's side I may place the santon, Bektak Emin Baba, the patron of the corps. This santon had blessed the orta of the Yeni tcheri on its formation, and his memory was greatly venerated. His name was invoked in battle, in danger, and in critical times. Bektak Emin Baba does not shine, like the aga, by the splendour of his costume. His dress, exceedingly simple, marks his renunciation of earthly vanities. It consists of a sort of gown of white wool drawn in by a

brown sash, and a fez of whitish felt not unlike the cap worn by the Whirling Dervishes. The fez has no silk tuft, but a narrow border of dark-coloured plush. The tight-fitting breeches, coming down to the knee, show the bony, tanned legs of the holy man. He has in his hand a little horn with a copper mouthpiece, the meaning of which attribute I am ignorant of.

Uniform, as we understand it, was not in accordance with the habits of the times, consequently fancy had pretty free play in the costumes of the Yeni tcheri. The various ranks are distinguished by some quaint sign, but the garments are generally like those worn by the Turks at that time. It would take a lithographer's pencil or a painter's brush rather than the writer's pen, to render these varieties of cut and shades and all the details which are apt to overload a description, for in spite of all efforts it can never be quite clear to the reader's eye. Among the numerous artists, I am surprised that there was not one who cared to reproduce this precious collection in a series of water-colour sketches. It would be perfectly easy to obtain the necessary firman to work in the gallery, and the sale of the sketches would be certain, especially now that all eyes are turned towards the East.

Well, until some one does make drawings, let me note as I go a few peculiarities, some striking figures: among others, a bacha karacoulloudji or chief scullion, whose rank corresponds to that of lieutenant. He wears on his shoulder, as a badge of his dignity, a gigantic ladle which might have been taken from the sideboard of Gargantua or Gamachio. This strange decoration ends in a spear-head, no doubt to combine warlike and culinary ideas. A chater or runner, whose head seems to have been taken by a braid-maker who wanted to roll around it a long piece of white ribbon, — the innumerable twists which the stuff makes upon it form a brim not unlike the brim of a round hat. A yeni tcheri oustaci, or superior officer, flanked by an acolyte and wearing the quaintest costume imaginable; he is covered with huge, round plates of metal the size of stew-pan covers, fastened to his belt, which clang and clash. They are inlaid, chased, and curiously wrought. From the sword-hilt hangs a great brass bell like that hung in Spain around the neck of the leading ass in a train. His headgear, rounded at the top like a helmet, is divided by a copper bar, like that seen on certain morions to protect the nose against sword-cuts, and over the back falls a mass

of gray stuff spreading out behind. Full red trousers complete this accoutrement, which is as inconvenient as it is extraordinary. The heralds in ancient tourneys could not possibly be more ill at ease in their massive armours than this unfortunate yeni tcheri oustaci in his full dress. The bacha sakkacci, chief of water-bearers, is no less strangely costumed. His round, white, shapeless jacket cut like a tabard or sack coat, is imbricated and mottled with copper plates. On his shoulders a couple of jumping-jacks, also covered with metal scales, frame in his head in curious fashion. A leather water-skin is fastened on his back by straps. In his belt he has a cat-o'-nine-tails. Farther on are two officers carrying the orta stewpan on a long stick passed through the handle. On the stewpan itself figures in relief indicate the regimental number.

A detailed description of the candle-lighter, of the alms-basin bearer, of the baklava-bearer, and of the gracioso with his fur cap and his tarboush, would lead me too far. I will mention merely the figures of the bombardiers (kombaradji), who formed part of the corps established by Ahmed Pacha (Count de Bonneval), a famous renegade whose tomb still exists at the tekieh of the Whirling Dervishes at Pera, one of the soldiers

of the Nizam Djedid instituted by the Sultan Selim to counterbalance the influence of the Janissaries. It is from the time of this corps, formed from the remains of the militia of Saint Jean d'Acre, that dates the introduction of uniform among Ottoman Turks. The costume of the Nizam Djedid is very like that of the zouaves and *spahis* of our African army. A few specimens of Greeks, Armenians, and Arnaouts complete the collection.

When traversing the Elbiceï Atika, and passing before these closets filled with the phantoms of by-gone days, one cannot help feeling melancholy and wondering if it was not an impulse of involuntary prescience that urged the Turks to make this collection of their ancient national dress, their own national life being so threatened to-day.

MOUNT BOUGOURLOU
PRINCES' ISLANDS

ALTHOUGH the Turks have, properly speaking, no art, for the Koran prohibits as idolatrous the representation of living beings, they are nevertheless endowed to a very high degree with a feeling for the picturesque. Wherever there is a fine view or a pleasant prospect, there is certain to be a kiosk, a fountain, and a few Osmanlis resting on their carpets, remaining for hours at a time perfectly motionless, their gaze wandering dreamily over the distance, and puffing from time to time clouds of blue smoke. Mount Bougourlou, which rises behind Kadikeuï somewhat back of Scutari and from the top of which there is a superb panorama of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, is chiefly frequented by women, who spend whole days under the trees in small companies or in harems, chatting, drinking sherbet, watching their children playing, and listening to the quaint music of the perambulating singers.

My talika, drawn by a stout horse led by the driver on foot, followed at first the seashore, the water often rippling up to the wheels. We passed along the scattered houses of Kadikeuï, crossed the Haïdar Pacha drill-ground, whence start every year the pilgrims to Mecca, traversed the vast cypress wood of the Field of the Dead behind Scutari, and ascended the steep slopes of Mount Bougourlou by a rutty, stony, rocky road, often barred by the roots of trees and narrowed by the projection of houses; for it must be confessed that the Turks are, so far as roads go, utterly careless. Two hundred carriages will in one day wind around a stone in the centre of the road, or smash against it, without a single driver bethinking himself of moving the obstacle out of the way. In my case, in spite of the jolts and the necessarily slow pace, the drive was very agreeable and very animated. Carriages were coming and going; arabas drawn by oxen bore companies of six or eight women; talikas had four seated opposite each other, cross-legged upon pieces of Smyrna carpet, all splendidly dressed, their hair starred with diamonds and gems that sparkled through the muslin of their veils. Sometimes in a modern brougham swept by a pacha's favourite.

There were also many horsemen and pedestrians, climbing more or less gaily the steep flanks of the mountain, and zigzagging up and down.

On a sort of plateau half-way up, beyond which horses cannot go, there was a large number of carriages waiting for their owners, and exhibiting samples of Turkish carriage-making of various epochs, most entertaining and forming a picturesque mass which would have made a pretty subject for a painting. I had my talika draw up in a place where I could be sure to find it again, and continued the ascent. Here and there, on tree-shaded terraces, were Turkish or Armenian families, recognisable by their black or yellow boots and their more or less veiled faces. Of course, when I speak of a family, I mean women only. Men go by themselves and never accompany the females.

At the top of the mountain were cavadjis with their portable stoves, water and sherbet sellers, dealers in sweets and confectionery, the inevitable accompaniment of any Turkish entertainment. Very bright indeed was the sight of the women dressed in rose, green, blue, lilac, diapering the sward like flowers and enjoying the coolness under the shadow of plane-trees

and sycamores; for although it was very hot, the elevation and the sea-breeze combined to produce a delightful temperature.

Young Greek girls, crowned with their diadems of hair, had linked hands and were swinging round to a soft, quaint air, looking against the clear background of the sky like the "Procession of Hours" in Guido's fresco. The Turks viewed them with considerable disdain, unable to understand why people should exert themselves for their own amusement, and least of all, why people should dance for themselves.

I walked on, climbing until I reached a group of seven trees which crowned the mountain like a plume. From this point the whole length of the Bosphorus is seen, as well as the Sea of Marmora with the Princes' Islands, forming a marvellously beautiful prospect. The Bosphorus, shining in places from between its brown banks, appears like a series of lakes; the curves of the shore and the promontories which project into the water seem to narrow it and to close it here and there. The undulations of the hills bordering this marine river are incomparably exquisite. The serpentine line of the torso of a beautiful woman lying down, her hip rising, is neither more voluptuous nor more perfect.

A silvery, tender, bright light like that of a ceiling by Paolo Veronese enwraps the vast landscape in its transparent veils. In the west, on the European shore, Constantinople, with its fringe of minarets; in the east, a vast plain traversed by a road leading to the mysterious depths of Asia; on the north, the mouth of the Black Sea and the Cimmerian regions; on the south, Mount Olympus, Bithynia, the Troad, and in the distant horizon pierced by thought, Greece and its archipelago. What most attracted my attention was the vast, desert, bare country, whither in fancy I followed the caravans, dreaming of strange adventures and startling episodes.

I descended, after half an hour of mute contemplation, to the plateau occupied by the groups of smokers, women, and children. A great circle had formed around a band of Hungarian gipsies playing on the violin and singing ballads in *Calô* dialect. Their tanned faces, their long, blue-black hair, their exotic, crazy looks, their savage and queer grimaces, and their picturesquely extravagant rags made me think of Lenau's poem, "The Bohemians on the Heath," — four stanzas only, but which fill you with the nostalgia of the unknown and the liveliest desire to lead a wandering life.

Whence comes that unchanging race, ever the same, members of which are found in every corner of the world, among different populations, which it traverses without ever mingling with them? From India, no doubt, and it is probably some pariah tribe that refused to accept fatal abjection. I rarely come across a gipsy camp without desiring to join them and share their vagabond existence, — the wild man ever survives in the skin of the civilised; and it needs but a slight circumstance to awaken the desire to get rid of social laws and conventionalities. It is true that after spending a week sleeping by the side of a waggon with an open-air kitchen, one would be apt to regret slippers, a comfortable armchair, a curtained bed, and especially the steak à la Châteaubriant washed down by prime claret, that has gone to India and back, or even the evening edition of the paper. But the feeling which I expressed is none the less genuine.

Highly developed civilisation weighs down upon the individual, and deprives him, in a way, of the possession of himself, in return for the general advantages which it procures; hence I have heard many a traveller say there was no more delightful sensation than to gallop alone in a desert at sunrise with pistols in your belt

and a carbine at your saddlebow; no one watching over you, but no one troubling you either; liberty filling the silence and solitude, and God alone above. I have myself felt something like this when travelling alone on some of the lonely roads of Spain and Algeria.

I found my talika and its driver where I had left them, and we began the descent, an unpleasant business on account of the steepness of the slope and the condition of the road, which I cannot better compare than to a ruined staircase demolished in places. The syce held the horse's head. The latter every minute had to lean back on its hind legs, while the carriage pressed down upon its quarters; jolts fit to jerk out the best fastened heart threw me forward when I least expected it; and so, though I was rather tired, I determined to get out and follow the carriage on foot.

Arabas and talikas full of women and children were also coming down Bougourlou, and at every unexpected jolt there were bursts of laughter and shouts. A whole row of women would tumble down on the opposite row, and rivals embraced each other most involuntarily. The oxen stiffened themselves as best they could against the asperities of the way, and the horses went down with the prudence of animals accustomed to bad

roads. The horsemen galloped straight on as if they were on a level, sure of their Kurdish or Barb steeds. It was a charming pell-mell, thoroughly Turkish in aspect. Although a space of but a few minutes separates the shore of Asia from that of Europe, local colour has been much better preserved in the former, and far fewer Franks are met with.

The road having somewhat improved, I climbed back into the carriage, looking out of the window at the painted houses, the cypresses, and the turbehs which border the road, forming sometimes a sort of island in the centre of the street like Saint Mary le Strand. My driver took me through Scutari, which we had skirted in going through the Haïdar Pacha drill-ground, and then along the seashore as far as the landing-place at Kadikeuï where the steamer was getting under way and sending up clouds of black smoke.

The embarking of the women passengers was the cause of much tumult and laughter. An almost perpendicular board formed the connection between the wharf and the boat; it was very difficult to climb; and in addition, the rail had to be stepped over, which was the cause of a great many rather funnily modest and virtuous grimaces. Night was falling when the steamer

landed its human cargo at Galata, after having shaken it up and down like a swing.

As I had nearly exhausted the curiosities of Constantinople, I resolved to spend a few days at the Princes' Islands, a tiny archipelago in the Sea of Marmora at the entrance to the Bosphorus, which has the reputation of being a very healthy and pleasant resort. The Islands are seven in number: Proti, Antigone, Kalki, Prinkipo, Nikandro, Oxeia, Plati, besides two or three islets which are not reckoned in. Prinkipo is the largest and most frequented of these marine flowers, lighted by the bright Anatolian sun and cooled by the fresh morning and evening breeze. They are reached by English or Turkish steamers in about an hour and a half. The Prinkipo shore shows, on coming from Constantinople, as a high cliff with reddish scarps topped by a line of houses. Wooden stairs or steep paths forming acute angles lead from the cliff top to the seashore, which is bordered by wooden bathing-huts. The explosion of a bomb gives warning that the steamer is in sight, and immediately a fleet of caïques and boats leaves the shore to meet the passengers, for the small depth of water will not allow vessels to approach close.

Rooms had been reserved for me beforehand in the only inn in the island, a clean, bright wooden house shaded by great trees, from the windows of which the view extended over the sea to the very confines of the horizon; opposite was Kalki, with its Turkish village reflected in the sea and its mountains surmounted by a Greek convent. The water laved the cliff at the foot of which was perched the inn, and I could go down in my dressing-gown and slippers and enjoy a delicious bath on a long, sandy beach.

In the evening the Armenian and Greek women rival each other in dress and walk on the narrow space between the houses and the shore. The heaviest and thickest silks are then exhibited, diamonds sparkle in the moonbeams, and bare arms are laden with those enormous gold bracelets with many chains peculiar to Constantinople, and which our jewellers ought to imitate, for they impart slenderness to the wrist and set off the hand to great advantage.

Armenian families are as fruitful as English families, and it is not uncommon to see a stout matron preceded by four or five girls, each prettier than the others, and as many very lively boys. As the ladies walk out bareheaded in low-necked dresses, the promenade looks like

an open-air opera audience. A few Parisian bonnets are to be seen, as on the Prado at Madrid, but they are not numerous.

In the cafés, which all have terraces on the seaside, people eat ices made of the snows of Olympus in Bithynia, or sip tiny cups of coffee with glasses of water, and smoke tobacco in every possible way, in chibouques, in nargilehs, and in the form of cigars and cigarettes.

From time to time a blue glare like that of an electric light startingly lights up the façade of a house, a clump of trees, or a group of people, who turn around and smile. It is a lover, burning Bengal lights in honour of his sweetheart or his bride. There must be a great many lovers in Prinkipo, for one light had no sooner gone out than another flared up. Then, little by little, every one goes home, and about midnight the whole island is soundly and virtuously asleep.

Walking and sea-bathing form the attractions of Prinkipo. In order to improve on them, I went with a pleasant young fellow whose acquaintance I had made at the table d'hôte, on a long excursion on ass's back into the interior of the island. We first traversed the village, the market-place of which was delightful to

the eye with its masses of quaintly shaped cucumbers, watermelons, Smyrna melons, tomatoes, pimentoes, grapes, and curious wares. Then we followed the sea, sometimes close, sometimes at a distance, through woods and cultivated fields, as far as the house of a pope, a good liver, who had us served with raki and ice-water by a very handsome girl. Then, passing around the end of the island, we reached an old Greek monastery in rather bad condition and now used as a lunatic asylum. Three or four poor ragged wretches, pale and mournful looking, were dragging themselves with clanking chains along the walls of a yard blazing with sunshine. We were shown in the chapel some inferior paintings with gold backgrounds and brown faces, such as are manufactured at Mount Athos from Byzantine models for the use of the Greek Church. The Panagia exhibited as usual its brown face and hands through a silver or silver-gilt plate cut out, and the Child Jesus appeared as a little negro boy with a trefoil nimbus. Saint George, the patron of the place, was overwhelming the dragon in the regulation attitude.

The situation of the convent is superb. It is placed upon the platform of a rocky cliff, and from the terrace

the eye can wander through the two limitless azures, — that of the heavens and that of the sea. We returned by another and wilder road, through clumps of myrtles, of terebinth-trees and pines which grow of themselves, and which the inhabitants cut down for firewood. We reached the inn at last, to the great satisfaction of our asses, which had had to be beaten and spurred on vigorously to prevent their going to sleep on the way; for we had been foolish enough not to take the driver with us, an indispensable personage in such a caravan, as Eastern asses have a great contempt for the *bourgeois*, and are in no wise troubled by a thrashing from them.

Four or five days later, having become sufficiently acquainted with the charms of Prinkipo, I started on an excursion on the Bosphorus from Seraglio Point to the entrance to the Black Sea.

CONSTANTINOPLE

THE BOSPHORUS

THE Bosphorus, from Seraglio Point to the entrance to the Black Sea, is constantly traversed by steamers, like the Thames. The caïdjis who formerly reigned despotically over its green, swift waters, now watch the steam vessels go by just as postilions look at railway trains, and consider Fulton's invention absolutely diabolical. However, there are still obstinate Turks and poltroon giaours who use caïques to ascend the Bosphorus, just as with us there are people who, in spite of the railways on the right and left bank, go to Versailles and Saint Cloud in coaches; but they are becoming rarer every day, and the Mussulmans get along capitally with the steamers. Indeed, steamers interest them greatly, and there is not a café or a barber's shop the walls of which are not adorned by a number of drawings in which the artless artist has depicted a steamer as well as he could, the smoke escaping from the funnel and the paddles churning the foaming waters.

I went on board at the Galata Bridge on the Golden Horn, which is the starting-point of the steamers that lie there in great numbers, sending out their black and white vapour, condensed into a permanent cloud, into the light azure of the sky. London Bridge or the Suspension Bridge does not exhibit more animation, a more tumultuous crowd than this landing, the approach to which is very inconvenient; for to reach the boats, one has to get over the railings of the bridge of boats, step over logs, and pass over rotting or broken beams. Nor is it easy to unmoor; nevertheless the sailors manage it, not without colliding occasionally with the neighbouring boats; and at last a start is made. Very shortly the open water is gained, and then you steam along quietly between a double line of palaces, kiosks, villages, gardens, upon bright waters of emerald and sapphire, with a wake of pearls, under the loveliest heavens in the world, in a bright sunshine which makes rainbows in the silvery spray of the paddle-wheels. There is nothing to be compared, to my knowledge, with this two hours' sail upon that lovely line of shore drawn like a boundary between the two parts of the world, Europe and Asia, which are seen at one and the same time.

The Maiden's Tower soon emerges, with its white silhouette showing so charmingly against the blue background of the waters; Scutari and Top Khaneh next appear; above Top Khaneh the Tower of Galata raises its verdigrised conical roof, and on the slope of the hill are the stone houses of the Europeans, the painted wooden homes of the Turks. Here and there a white minaret sends up its slender column like the mast of a vessel; a few clumps of dark green show in round outlines. The massive buildings of the legations exhibit their façades, and the Great Field of the Dead unrolls its cypresses, against which stand out bright the artillery barracks and the military college. Scutari, the Golden City, Chrysopolis, has a similar aspect, the dark foliage of a cemetery forming likewise a background to its rose-coloured houses and white-washed mosques. On both sides life has death behind it, and each city is encircled by suburbs of tombs. But these thoughts, which would elsewhere be gloomy, in no wise trouble the serene fatalism of the East.

On the European shore one soon comes upon Tcheragan, a palace built by Mahmoud in European style with a classical façade like that of the Chamber of Deputies, in the centre of which is the monogram

of the Sultan in letters of gold; it has two wings supported by Doric columns in Greek marbles. I confess that in the East I prefer Arab or Turkish architecture; and yet this grand building, the broad, white stairs of which descend to the sea, is very effective. In front of the palace a splendid caïque with gilded and painted purple awning, bearing on the poop a silver bird, was awaiting His Highness.

Opposite, beyond Scutari, is a long line of summer palaces, painted apple-green, shaded with plane-trees, arbutus and ash trees, most smiling in appearance, and in spite of their trellised windows, recalling aviaries rather than prisons. These palaces are built on the shore close to the water's edge.

Between Dolma Baghtchech and Beshicktash is the Venetian façade of the new palace built for Sultan Abdul Medjid. If it is not in the very best of taste, it is at least quaintly rich and capricious. The white silhouette, carved, wrought, chiselled, and loaded with infinite ornament, stands out elegantly on the bank. It is unmistakably the palace of a caliph tired of Arab and Persian architecture, and who, disdainful of the five orders, has built for himself a vast marble gem traceried like filigree.

Dolma Baghtchech was formerly called Jasonion, for it was here that Jason landed with his Argonauts on his quest for the Golden Fleece.

The steamer runs close by the European shore, on which calling-places are more frequent. As we pass the café of Beschicktash, we can see the smokers squatting in their trellised cabinets, that overhang the water. Soon we leave behind Ortakeuï and Kouroutcheshmeh on the shore, behind which rise in undulating lines hills covered with trees, gardens, houses, and smiling villages.

From one village to the other runs an uninterrupted line of palaces and summer residences. The Sultana Valideh, the Sultan's sisters, the viziers, the ministers, the pachas, the great dignitaries have all built here lovely dwellings with a thorough knowledge of Oriental comfort, which is not like English comfort, but is just as good.

These palaces are built of wood, except the pillars, which are usually cut out of a single block of Marmora marble, or taken from the remains of ancient buildings. Their fugitive grace is none the less elegant. The stories project over each other, there are angles and projections, kiosks with Chinese roofs, pavilions with

terraces adorned with vases, and the paint is constantly renewed. In the cedar-wood gratings of the windows of the apartments reserved for the women are round holes like those made in stage curtains, through which the actors inspect the house and the spectators. It is there that, seated upon squares of carpet, nonchalant beauties watch unseen the vessels, the steamers, and the caïques, while they chew Chios mastic to keep their teeth white. A narrow granite quay, which forms a tow-path, separates these pretty places from the sea.

Near Arnaoutkeuï the waters of the Bosphorus surge and boil, owing to a rapid current called *mega reuma* (the great current). The blue water flashes like an arrow past the narrow quay. There, however muscular may be their sun-tanned arms, the caïdjis feel the sweeps bend in their hands like the blades of a fan, and if they were to attempt to contend with this fierce current, their sweeps would snap like glass rods. The Bosphorus is full of such currents, which vary in their direction, and make it seem more a river than an arm of the sea. On reaching this point a rope is hove from the boat to the land, three or four men hang on to it like tow-horses, and bending their broad shoulders, draw the craft along, its cut-water sending up a great

surge of white foam. The rapid crossed, the sweeps are shipped and the boat traverses without difficulty the dead water. At the foot of the houses are often seen groups of three or four Turkish women seated by the side of their children playing. On the quay young Greek girls are walking, holding each other by the hand and casting inquisitive glances at the European travellers; horsemen pass by, watermen are hauling a private caïque into a boat-house, — figures, indeed, are rarely lacking in the scene.

My readers are now sufficiently familiar with the architecture of the place to render it unnecessary for me to describe the houses of Arnaoutkeuï. I shall, however, note as peculiar some old Armenian dwellings painted black, a colour formerly compulsory, the brighter tints belonging rightfully to the Turks and the ox-blood red and *rosso antico* to the Greeks. Nowadays a house may be painted in any colour except green, the colour of Islam, reserved for hadjis and descendants of the Prophet.

On the Asiatic coast, more wooded and shaded than that of Europe, villages, palaces, and kiosks succeed each other less closely, perhaps, but still numerous. There are Kouskoundjouk, Stavros, Beylerbey, where

Mahmoud had a summer residence built, Tchengelkeuï, Vanikeuï, and opposite Bebek the Sweet Waters of Asia.

A lovely white-marble fountain, embroidered with arabesques and covered with inscriptions and gilded letters, surmounted by a great roof with broad, shelving eaves and small domes surmounted by crescents, which is seen from the sea and stands out against the rich background of verdure, points out to the traveller this favourite resort of the Osmanlis. The vast extent of ground, covered with rich sward and enclosed by ash-trees, plane-trees, and sycamores, is covered on Fridays with arabas and talikas, and on Smyrna carpets loll the idle beauties of the harem. The negro eunuchs, slapping their white trousers with the end of their wands, walk between the groups, looking for some sly glance, some sign of intelligence, especially if there happens to be there a giaour trying to penetrate from afar the mysteries concealed by the yashmak and the ferradje. Sometimes the women fasten shawls to the branches of the trees and swing their children in these improvised hammocks; others eat rose preserves and drink snow water; others again smoke the narghileh or cigarette; all gossip and slander the Frankish ladies,

who are so shameless as to expose themselves with uncovered faces, and walk with men in the streets.

Farther off, Bulgarian peasants wearing the antique sagum and fur-trimmed cap perform their national dance in hope of bakshîsh; cavadjis are preparing coffee in the open air; Jews, their gowns slit on the sides, their turbans spotted with black like a cloth on which pens are wiped, offer various small wares to the passers-by with the servile, mean look of Eastern Hebrews, always bowed under the fear of insult. Caïdjis are smoking, seated on the edge of the quay, with their legs hanging over, while they watch their boats out of the corner of their eye.

It would take too much time to describe, one after another, all these villages which follow each other and are like each other, although with some differences. It is always the same line of painted white houses like the toy villages of Nuremberg, rising along the quay, or else directly out of the water when there is no tow-path, and standing out against the background of rich verdure, from which spring the chalk-white minarets of a chapel or a small mosque. Beyond, the hills, with their soft, easy slopes, rise exquisitely blue in the light of heaven. At times one might wish for a steeper

escarpment, for an arid cliff, for a mass of rock breaking through the ground; everything is too graceful, too smiling, too coquettish, too artificial; one feels the need of strong, violent touches here and there to set off the general beauty.

At certain points in the stream are perched upon a scaffolding of piles curious and picturesque erections like hen-coops, in which fishermen sit watching the passage of schools of fish in order to give notice of the right moment for shooting or hauling in the net. Sometimes they fall asleep and plunge head first from their aerial perch into the water, where they are drowned without even awaking. These look-outs, very like the nests of aquatic birds, seem to have been built for the purpose of providing foregrounds for painters.

At this point the two banks draw very close together. This is the place where Darius led his army across on his expedition against the Scythians, over the bridge built by Mandrocles of Samos. Two hundred thousand men traversed it, a gigantic aggregation of Asiatic hordes with exotic faces, curious arms, fabulous accoutrements, their cavalry mingled with elephants and camels. On two stone pillars erected at the head of the bridge were engraved the names of all the nations

that marched behind Darius. These pillars rose at the very spot now occupied by the château of Guzeldje Hissar built by Bayezid Ilderim, Bajazet the God of War.

Mandrocles, Herodotus tells us, painted a picture of this crossing and hung it in the temple of Juno in Samos, his native country, with this inscription: "Mandrocles, having built a bridge upon the Bosphorus full of fish, dedicated this painting to Juno. By carrying out this project of King Darius, Mandrocles brought glory to Samos, winning a crown." The Bosphorus is four hundred yards wide at this place, and it is here that crossed the Persians, the Goths, the Latins, and the Turks. The invaders, whether coming from Asia or Europe, followed the same route. All these great inundations of nations flowed along the same bed, and surged along the road made by Darius.

The Castle of Europe, Roumeli Hissar, also called Bogas Keçin (cutthroat), shows uncommonly well on the slope of the hill with its white towers of unequal height and its crenellated walls. The three large towers and the smaller by the seashore form in reverse, according to Turkish writing, the four letters, M, H, M, D, which are the name of the founder, Mohammed II. This architectural rebus, which cannot be guessed,

recalls the plan of the Escorial representing the gridiron of Saint Lawrence, in honour of whom the monastery was built. This peculiarity is observable only if one has been told of it beforehand. The Castle of Europe is opposite the Castle of Asia, Anadoli Hissar.

Near Roumeli Hissar extends a cemetery, the tall black trees and white tombstones of which are brightly reflected in the azure of the sea, and which is so bright, flowery, and perfumed that one feels a desire to be buried there. The dead lying in that bright garden, enlivened by the sun and full of song-birds, surely do not suffer from ennui.

The steamer, after having passed Balta Liman, Stenia, Yenikeuï, and Kalender, stops at Therapia, a village the Greek name of which means "cure," — an appellation justified by the salubrious air. It is here that the French embassy has its summer palace. In the graceful little neighbouring gulf, — a golden cup filled with sapphires, — Medea, returning from Colchis with Jason, landed and opened the box containing her magic drugs and philters; whence the name of Pharmaceus formerly given to Therapia.

Therapia is a delightful spot. The quay is bordered with cafés ornamented with a luxury rather rare in

Turkey, inns, summer homes, and gardens. In a passage leading to the landing-place I noticed in the stones of the wall two marble torsos, the one of a man wearing an antique cuirass, the other of a woman veiled in broken draperies, which the barbaric builders had set amid the other stones like common material. The palace of the French embassy, which is to be rebuilt with greater solidity, richness, and taste, is a large Turkish building of white pisé, without any architectural merit, but vast, airy, commodious, and cool even in the greatest summer heats, and situated, besides, on the loveliest site on earth. Behind the palace rise terraced gardens filled with trees of prodigious height, constantly agitated by the breezes of the Black Sea. From the top one enjoys a marvellous prospect. On the shores of Asia spread out the cool shades of the Waters of the Sultan; beyond these the Giant's Mount shows blue, and there it is that tradition places the bed of Hercules. On the European shore Buyoukdereh curves gracefully, and the Bosphorus, beyond Roumeli Kavak and Anadoli Kavak, bends out to the Cyanean Islands and is lost in the Black Sea. White sails come and go like sea-birds; thought is lost in an infinite reverie.

BUYOUKDEREH

BUYOUKDEREH, which is seen from the Therapia terrace, is one of the loveliest summer villages in the world. On the curving shore the waves curl in gentle ripples; elegant dwellings, among which is noticed the summer palace of the Russian Embassy, rise on the seashore against a background of green gardens at the foot of the lower slopes of the hills that form the bed of the Bosphorus. Rich Constantinople merchants have here summer homes, to which they come every evening by steamer and whence they go back to town the next morning.

On the Buyoukdereh shore walk after sunset beautiful Greek and Armenian ladies in full dress. The lights of the cafés and the houses mingle on the waters with the silver trail of the moon and the reflections of the stars; a breeze saturated with perfumes and coolness blows gently and makes the air like a fan handled by the invisible hands of night; orchestras of Hungarian gipsies play Strauss' waltzes, and the boulboul

sings the poem of its loves with the rose, concealed in clumps of myrtle. After a warm summer's day this balmy atmosphere is delightfully comfortable and reviving, and it is regretfully that one turns into bed.

The hotel recently built in Buyoukdereh, and rendered necessary by the number of travellers who did not know where to spend the night or did not care to take advantage of the hospitality of their Constantinople friends, is very well kept. It has a large garden in which rises a superb plane-tree in the branches of which has been built a pavilion in which I breakfasted under the shelter of the dentellated and silky foliage. As I marvelled at the size of the tree, I was told that in a meadow at the end of the High Street of Buyoukdereh there is a very much larger one, known as Godefroy de Bouillon's plane-tree. I went to see it, and at the first glance I thought I beheld a forest rather than a tree. The trunk, formed of seven or eight stems twisted together, looked like a tower rent in places; enormous roots like boa-constrictors half concealed within their holes, anchored it to the ground; the branches that issued from it looked rather like horizontal trees than ordinary limbs. In its sides opened black caverns formed by the rotting wood that had turned to powder under the

bark. Shepherds take shelter there as in grottoes, and light fires without the vegetable giant minding it any more than the ants that travel over its rough bark. Most majestic and picturesque is this monstrous mass of foliage, over which centuries have passed like raindrops, and under the shadow of which rose the tents of the heroes sung by Tasso in "Jerusalem Delivered." But I must not indulge in poetry. Here comes history, which as usual contradicts tradition. Scholars maintain that Godefroy de Bouillon never camped under this plane-tree, and they cite in support of their contention a passage from Anna Komnenius, a contemporary, which gives the lie to the legend: "Then Count Godefroy de Bouillon, having made the passage with the other counts and an army composed of ten thousand horsemen and seventy thousand footmen, reached the great city and drew up his troops in the neighbourhood of the Propontis from the Cosmidion Bridge to Saint Phocas." This is clear and decisive, but as the legend, in spite of the text quoted by the learned, cannot be wrong, Count Raoul established his camp at Buyoukdereh with the other Latin Crusaders until he could cross over to Asia, and the exact memory of the event having been lost, the ancient plane-tree was baptised with

the better known name of Godefroy de Bouillon, which for the people sums up more particularly the idea of the Crusades. Whatever the truth may be, the thousand-year-old tree is still standing, full of nests and sunbeams, watching the years fall at its feet like leaves, becoming more colossal and more robust from age to age, while the desert wind has long since scattered on the sand of Palestine the dust of the Crusaders.

When I visited the plane-tree of Godefroy de Bouillon an araba was drawn up under the branches; the oxen, freed from the yoke, had lain down in the grass and were gravely chewing the cud with an air of serene beatitude, shaking from time to time the silvery foam from their black mouths. Their drivers were cooking their frugal meal in one of the fissures of the tree, a sort of natural chimney with a hearth made of two stones. It was a lovely picture, ready grouped and composed. I had a great mind to go and fetch Theodore Frère from his studio in Buyoukdereh to make a coloured sketch of it; but the araba would have started again, or the sunbeam that so picturesquely lighted up the scene would have vanished before the arrival of the artist. Besides, Frère has in his port-

folios endless similar scenes, which often recur in Oriental life.

It was a lovely day, and I resolved to return the same evening to Constantinople in a two-pair scull caïque, pulled by two robust Arnaouts with shaven temples and cheeks, and long, fair moustaches. Although it was after ten when I started, it was very bright, and certainly brighter than in London at noon. It was not night, but rather a bluish day of infinite sweetness and transparency. I settled myself very carefully in the stern, my coat buttoned up to the neck, for the dew was falling in a fine, silvery mist like the night tears of the stars, and the bottom of the boat was quite wet. My Arnaouts had pulled on a jacket over their striped gauze shirts, and we began the descent of the Bosphorus.

The caïque, helped by the current and driven by four vigorous arms, flew almost as fast as the steamer through the luminous shimmering water sparkling with innumerable spangles. The hills and projections of the shore cast great violet shadows that broke the bright silveriness of the waters, on which the outlines of the vessels at anchor, with their sails furled and their delicate rigging, showed as if they were cut out of black

paper. A few lights shone here and there on the ships or in the windows of the villages. No other sound was heard than the cadenced breathing of the rowers, the regular rhythm of the sculls, the rippling of the water and the distant bark of some wakeful dog. From time to time a meteor traversed the heavens and died out like a firework shell; the Milky Way unrolled its white zone with a brilliancy and a sharpness unknown to our vaporous Northern nights, the stars shone even within the aureole of the moon. It was a marvellous, magnificent, quiet, and serenely splendid scene. As I admired the vault of lapis-lazuli veined with gold, I asked myself, Why are the heavens so splendid when the earth is asleep, and why do the stars waken only when eyes close? No one sees this fairy illumination; it is lighted for the night eyes of owls, bats, and cats alone. Does the Divine Scene-Painter so despise the public that He exhibits his finest canvases after the spectators have gone to bed? That would not be very flattering to our human pride, but earth is merely an imperceptible point, a grain lost in eternity, and as Victor Hugo says, "The normal state of the heavens is night."

It was striking one when I landed at Top Khaneh. I lighted my lantern, and climbing the deserted streets, taking care not to trample on the troops of sleeping dogs which moaned as I went by, I regained my lodgings in the Field of the Dead at Pera, worn out but delighted.

The next day, continuing my tour, I walked to the Sweet Waters of Europe at the upper end of the Golden Horn. Crossing the three bridges of boats, the last of which, recently finished, was constructed at the expense of a rich Armenian, I passed by the Naval Arsenal, where under the sheds are the frames of vessels like skeletons of cachalots or whales. I passed between Eyoub and Piri Pacha and soon entered the archipelago, the little, low, flat islands that separate the mouths of the Cydaris and the Barbyses, which flow into each other shortly before falling into the sea. The Turkish names substituted for these two harmonious appellations are Sou Kiat Hana and Ali Bey Keuï.

Herons and storks, their bills resting upon their breasts, and one foot drawn up under their wings, watch you with friendly look; gulls sweep by and hawks soar in circles above. The farther you proceed, the more the sound of Constantinople dies away, solitude

grows apace, the country replaces the city by insensible transitions. No one traverses the elegant Chinese bridges across the Barbyses, which might be taken for an artificial river in an English park.

The Sweet Waters of Europe are most frequented in winter, as the Sultan has there a kiosk with artificial waters and cascades lined with pavilions in charming Turkish style. This residence was built by Mahmoud, but as it is scarcely ever inhabited and never repaired, it is almost falling into ruins, and the canal is being filled up; the disjointed stones allow the water to escape, and parasitical plants grow over the carved arabesques. It is said that Mahmoud, who had built this lovely nest for an adored odalisque, would never return to it when premature death took away the young woman. Since that time a veil of melancholy seems to have fallen over this deserted palace buried in masses of elm, ash, walnut, sycamore, and plane trees, that seem desirous of concealing it from the traveller's eyes like the thick forest around the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty; and the leafy tears of the great weeping willows sadly drop into the waters.

There was no one there that day, but it was none the less pleasant. After having wandered for some

time under the solitary shades, I stopped at a little café and had some *yaourt* with a piece of bread, a frugal meal greatly called for by my appetite, sharpened as it was by the bracing sea air.

Instead of going back by caïque, I took one of the horses standing for hire at every corner and went back by Piri Pacha, Haaskeuï, and Kassim Pacha as far as San Dimitri, the Greek village near the Great Field of the Dead at Pera; and traversing vast empty spaces, I reached Okmeïdan, which might be taken from afar for a cemetery on account of the numbers of small marble columns which bristle all over it. This is the place where formerly the Sultans practised djerrid-throwing, and these little monuments are intended to perpetuate the memory of extraordinary performances and to mark the distance the dart was thrown. They are exceedingly simple, and their sole ornaments are inscriptions in Turkish letters, with sometimes a gilded copper star at the top. The djerrid has gone out of use, and the most recent of these columns is somewhat old. Ancient customs disappear and will soon be nothing but remembrances.

I had now been seventy-two days wandering about Constantinople, and I knew every corner of it. No

doubt that is little enough time in which to study the characteristics and manners of a people, but it is sufficient to give an impression of the picturesque physiognomy of a city, and that was the sole object of my trip. Life is walled in in the East, religious prejudices and habits are opposed to its being entered, the language is impracticable unless one studies it for seven or eight years; one is therefore compelled to be satisfied with the exterior panorama. A prolonged stay of several weeks more would not have taught me anything additional, — and besides, I was beginning to hunger for paintings, statues, and works of art. The everlasting masked ball in the streets was beginning to tell on my nerves; I was sick of veils, I wanted to see faces. A mystery which at first stirs the imagination becomes tiring at last, when it is plain that there is no hope of penetrating it. One soon gives it up, and merely casts a careless glance at the figures which file by; weariness comes the more quickly that the Frankish society of Pera, composed of merchants, who are very respectable no doubt, is not particularly entertaining for a poet.

So I engaged a cabin on board the Austrian steamer *Imperator* to go to Athens, the Gulf of Lepanto,

Patras, Corfu, the Mountains of the Chimera, and to reach Trieste by way of the Adriatic.

I could see on the rock of the Acropolis the white colonnade of the Parthenon showing against the sky, and the minarets of Saint Sophia no longer delighted me. My mind, turned in another direction, was no longer impressed by surrounding objects. So I left, and although I was glad to leave, I cast a last glance at Constantinople disappearing on the horizon with that indefinable melancholy which fills the heart on leaving a city that will probably never be seen again.